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THE
MAGAZINE OF POETRY

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

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VOLUME III



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME III.

JANUARY—OCTOBER, 1891.

| | |
|---|----|
| BAXTER, JAMES PHINNEY. Portrait engraved on steel by George W. Hall. | 2 |
| ✓ RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB. Portrait by Marceau & Power, Indianapolis, Ind. <i>W. W. Pyrimmer.</i> June. Who Bides His Time. When My Dreams Come True. A Song. A Life-Lesson. The Lost Kiss. When Bessie Died. God Bless Us Every One. Little Orphant Annie. Griggsby's Station. When the Frost is on the Punkin. Quotations. | 3 |
| COOPER, GEORGE. <i>Mary E. Tyson.</i> Beautiful Isle of the Sea. Sweet Genevieve. Must We Then Meet as Strangers. Baby-Land. A Midsummer Day. Mother-Love. A Bird's Carol. An Inquisitive Boy. Quotation. | 11 |
| DORR, JULIA C. R. Portrait by Stimson, Appleton, Wis. <i>Mrs. George Archibald.</i> "O Wind That Blows Out of the West." The Clay to the Rose. Five. Twenty-one. At Rest. When Lesser Loves. At the Last. Quotations. | 15 |
| SHERWOOD, KATE BROWNLEE. Portrait by R. F. Hughes, Toledo, O. <i>Lida Rose McCabe.</i> The Army of the Potomac. Albert Sidney Johnston. The Army Haversack. If I Should See the King Go By. Shakespeare. Ulric Dahlgren. | 21 |
| ✓ NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY. Pen and ink sketch by Bradley, Buffalo, N. Y. <i>I. Arthur King.</i> The Pillar of the Cloud. A Voice From Afar. Vexations. Warnings. Flowers Without Fruit. Seeds in the Air. Quotations. | 27 |
| WERNER, ALICE. <i>Celeste M. A. Winslow.</i> The Last of the Reapers. Among the Hyacinths. Dawn. In a Theatre. Sunday Morning. The Cry of the Nations. A Life's Labor. Quotations. | 31 |
| LOCKER-LAMPSON, FREDERICK. Portrait drawn by George du Maurier, 1872. <i>Alexander H. Japp.</i> The Skeleton in the Cupboard. A Nice Correspondent. "The Widow's Mite." The Jester's Plea. Quotations. | 37 |
| BAXTER, JAMES PHINNEY. <i>Rev. Anson Titus.</i> Dolce Far Niente. Miserere. Two Idyls. Quotations. | 40 |
| KETCHUM, JOHN B. <i>Richard H. Jackson, Jr.</i> Sunset. Late May. Old Wooden Church in the Grove. Afternoon in Summer. Battle Prayer. Quotation. | 43 |
| MASON, MARY AUGUSTA. Portrait by Cobb, Binghamton, N. Y. <i>Charles M. Dickinson.</i> An Autumn Morning. Stars in the Well. For All. If Love Were Life. A Belated Blossom. Uncertainty. The Poet's Song. | 47 |
| WILLIAMS, SELINA TARPLEY. <i>Claude Baxley.</i> Some Morning Roses. Tired. The Swift Ships. Hidden. To a Field Lark. The Webs we Weave. Grandmother and Baby. Quotation. | 49 |
| BADGER, WILLIAM WHITTLESEY. From portrait by L. Alman, New York. <i>Daisy Barnard.</i> The Veterans. The Burns Rescue. Be True to the Dreams of Thy Youth. The Peerless Patti. The Cherry Tree. God's Almoner. Quotation. | 53 |
| DUKE, R. T. W., JR. <i>Henry A. Thurman.</i> Et in Arcadia Ego. Beside Love's Bier. Too Late You Came. The Soul's Reflection. Lost Hours. M. B. M., | 55 |
| WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE. With portrait. <i>Nettie Leila Michel.</i> "I Too!" Tom. Kentucky Belle. Quotations. | 59 |
| DELETOMBE, ALICE S. Portrait by W. Z. Fenner, Gallipolis, O. <i>W. Farrand Felch.</i> A Mystery. Good Night. Compensation. Quotation. | 65 |
| CROFTON, FRANCIS BLAKE. <i>Archibald M' Mechan.</i> The Battle-Call of the Antichrist. The Cry of Cain. An Unconsecrated Grave. Plaint of the Muse in the "Medea" | 67 |
| MARVIN, EDWARD P. With portrait. <i>William Glover.</i> Work Done for God Can Never Die. Only Waiting. When Christians all are One. The Better Land. | 71 |
| STANLEY, MRS. ADA. <i>I. Robert Norton.</i> Moonlight on the Mountains. The Mystic Bed. Lenore. | 72 |
| GOODWIN, REV. H. M., D. D. <i>N. H. Egleston.</i> Life. The Soul of Liberty. To Horace Bushnell. Poetry. Silence. | 73 |
| WETHERBEE, EMILY GREENE. Portrait by Leck, Lawrence, Mass. <i>John R. Rollins.</i> The Old Garden. Fanny Parnell. The Old Elm. The Trailing Arbutus. Quotation. | 77 |
| SPENCER, HIRAM LADD. <i>Arthur John Lockhart.</i> A Hundred Years to Come. To-morrow. Autumn Leaves. Weary. The May Flower. Ænon. Twilight. The Forest Stream is Choked With Yellow Leaves. | 79 |
| FURBER, AURILLA. Portrait by Essery, St. Paul, Minn. <i>Sarah D. Hobart.</i> Water Lilies. Peace. Stir of Wings. Quotations. | 83 |
| HULL, ELIZABETH WHITE. Portrait by H. W. Lawhead, Gilman, Ill. <i>Lucinda H. Westbrook.</i> The Mortgage. Hast Thou Been Tempted? Quotations. | 85 |
| RUDE, ELLEN SERGEANT. Portrait by W. A. Cox, St. Augustine, Fla. <i>Christie Krusen.</i> The Tree of State. Uncaged. Lincoln. Sea Mosses. Into the Likeness. True Charity. Quotations. | 86 |

| | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| SCOTT, CLEMENT. | <i>F. A. H. Eyles.</i> | 90 |
| Three Kisses. The Midnight Charge. L'Addio Penseroso. Somebody's Pride. Eden. | | |
| BELLAMY, ORLANDO R. | <i>Mrs. Angie Beale.</i> | 95 |
| Portrait by Osborn, Oswego, Kan. At Daybreak. Dawn. Morning. I Know not Where. Quotations. | | |
| INGELOW, JEAN.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. | | 97 |
| BURNS, ROBERT.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. | <i>George R. Cathcart.</i> | 102 |
| With portrait. | | |
| SINGLE POEMS. I. | | 107 |
| Little Brown Hands, Mary H. Krout. Carmen Bellicosum, Guy Humphrey McMaster. Brother Bartholomew, Louise Imogene Guiney. The Wild Honeysuckle, Philip Freneau. Plain Language From Truthful James, Francis Bret Harte. Maryland, James Ryder Randall. Over the River, Nancy Priest Wakefield. There is no Death, J. L. McCreery. Vive La France, Frances Fisher. Nothin' to Say, James Whitcomb Riley. Kathleen Mavourneen, Mrs. Crawford. Light, Francis W. Bourdillon. | | |
| PERSONAL POEMS.—A COLLECTION OF SONNETS. I. | | 112 |
| To Mr. Gray, Thomas Warton. Blanco White, Sara Coleridge. Coleridge, Washington Allston. To Wordsworth, Hartley Coleridge. Milton, Ernest Myers. To the Memory of Sydney Dobell, John Stuart Blackie. Shakespeare, Robert Browning. Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot, Algernon Charles Swinburne. To Cardinal Manning, George Meredith. Walt Whitman, James Newton Matthews. Paul Hamilton Hayne, Margaret H. Lawless. Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier. To John Keats, Francis Howard Williams. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Margaret J. Preston. To the Memory of H. H., Thomas Wentworth Higginson. To Bayard Taylor, Edmund Clarence Stedman. | | |
| A COLLECTION OF QUATRAINS. I. | | 117 |
| The Quatrain, Charlotte Fiske Bates. The Quatrain, Frank Dempster Sherman. Fair Friendship Raised his Placid Mask, Oscar Fay Adams. Maple Leaves, Pessimist and Optimist, The Difference, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Woodbines in October, Patience in Art, Charlotte Fiske Bates. Family Jars, George Birdseye. The Miracle, Herbert W. Bowen. To a Dead Woman, H. C. Bunner. Quatrain, Richard E. Burton. Jacobite Toast, John Byrom. Fate, John Vance Cheney. Back From the Darkness, Richard Watson Gilder. The Mariner, William H. Hayne. Tetrastich, Sir William Jones. Sacrifice, Matthew Richey Knight. Death, Walter Savage Landor. A Matrimonial Duet, Matthew Gregory Lewis. Sin, Friedrich Von Logan. Changed Perspective, Sayings, James Russell Lowell. A Touchstone, Charles Henry Luders. Love's Way, W. Wilsey Martin. Pictures, Lewis Morris. Music, William Chadwick Olmstead. A Kiss, Yes, John Boyle O'Reilly. An Atlantic Trip, Frances Sargent Osgood. A Woman's Promise, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Remorse, Alice Wellington Rollins. Pursuit, Summer in Winter, Clinton Scollard. A Red Rose, A Star, Frank Dempster Sherman. Epitaph on General Gordon, Alfred, Lord Tennyson. On Poetry, Chauncey Hare Townshend. In the Woods, W. DeWitt Wallace. Equanimity, William Wheeler. Crumbs of Bread, A. Stephen Wilson. Epigram on Sleep, John Wolcott. | | |
| PRIZE QUOTATIONS. | | 121-492 |
| QUOTATIONS ON POETRY. | | 123 |
| CURRENT POEMS. I. | | 125 |
| Little Myrtle, W. Wilsey Martin. At the Turn of the Road, Oliver Wendell Holmes. The Last Eve of Summer, John Greenleaf Whittier. To the Sunset Breeze, Walt Whitman. Elder Lamb's Donation, Will Carleton. Christmas, J. T. Ward. A Picture, Ella C. Drabble. John Henry Newman, John Fullerton. Beatrice, Constance E. Dixon. The Raising of the Ban, Libbie C. Baer. Tyranny, Julie M. Lippmann. The Grande Ronde Valley, Ella Higginson. The Conundrum of the Workshops, Rudyard Kipling. The Famous Sonnet of Arvers, Mrs. E. W. Latimer. | | |
| BIBLIOGRAPHY. | | 130, 264, 400, 493 |
| NOTES. | | 131, 266, 401, 493 |
| THE EDITOR'S TABLE. | | 136, 269, 402, 494 |
| BIBLIOGRAPHY OF POETRY FOR 1890. | | 137 |
| BUCHANAN, ROBERT. | <i>Lloyd C. Sanders.</i> | 148 |
| Portrait by J. C. Armytage. Hermione; Or, Differences Adjusted. Lord Ronald's Wife. Langley Lane. L'Envoi. To Triflers. Quotations. | | |
| WILLSON, FORCEYTHE. | <i>Edwin H. Lewis.</i> | 155 |
| Sketch by Bradley, Buffalo, N. Y., from photo by Sonrel, Boston, Mass. The Old Sergeant. In State. No More. Quotations. | | |
| BATES, ARLO. | <i>Henry A. Thurman.</i> | 161 |
| Portrait by Marshall, Boston, Mass. A Lover's Messengers. A Shadow Boat. Metempsychosis. Unchosen. A Lament. A Night Ride. Failure. Truth. Heredity. Recognition. A Night Sketch. Forward. Sonnets in Shadow. Content. Quotations. | | |
| GRIFFITH, GEORGE BANCROFT. | <i>I. Arthur King.</i> | 167 |
| Portrait by Jackson & Kinney, Portland, Me. The Swiss "Good-Night." Laura Bridgman. Mary Chilson. The Golden Organ. The Common Blessings. Gather the Grains. A Child's Voice. April Clouds. Our Purest Joys. Trial. | | |
| MOORE, AUGUSTA. | <i>Frances L. Mace.</i> | 169 |
| Homeward. The Brook and the River. Hold Your Own. Love's Outcast. Our Circle. Life's Story. Quotations. | | |
| BATES, MARGRET HOLMES. | <i>W. De Witt Wallace.</i> | 173 |
| Portrait by Marceau & Power, Indianapolis, Ind. Niveveh. Hildegard. If I Had Seen You Lying Still and White. Oh, Gentle Sleep. In Our Midst. Quotation. | | |
| MEYNELL, ALICE. | <i>Katharine Tynan.</i> | 176 |
| Song. Builders of Ruins. An Unmarked Festival. Thoughts in Separation. Renoucement. A Day to Come. The Modern Poet. | | |
| CLEAVELAND, CHARLES LORENZO. | <i>Charles B. Cross.</i> | 179 |
| Greenwood Men. Purpose. A Pinewood Sonnet. Quatrains. Sunnyway. An Obine Song. | | |
| LYTTON, LORD ROBERT. | <i>William Cartwright Newsam.</i> | 183 |
| Portrait by Emil Rabending, Vienna. The Chess-Board. Changes. Forbearance. The First Farewell. Knowledge and Wisdom. The Heart and Nature. Possession. Leoline. Tears. Quotations. | | |
| MCKINNIE, PATTERSON LEON. | <i>James A. Sexton.</i> | 193 |
| Photogravure by Globe Lithograph Co., Chicago, Ill. The Press and Fast Mail. William Tecumseh Sherman. Gladstone. My Mother. The President. The Private Soldier. Quotation. | | |
| RICHARDSON, MARY E. M. | <i>Lizzie Hyer Neff.</i> | 196 |
| Portrait by Latour, Sedalia, Mo. Recollection. On Galilee. The Four Winds. Christmas Hymn. A Snow Storm. "Come Unto Me, and I Will Give You Rest." | | |

| | | |
|---|-------------------------------|---------|
| ROBINSON, HARRIET H. The Thyme-leaved Sandwort. Louisa May Alcott. The Inward Voice. My Madonna. Quotations. | <i>Lucy Larcom.</i> | 200 ✓ |
| ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN. With portrait. After Death in Arabia. She and He. Peace, Good Will. Quotations. | <i>F. A. H. Eyles.</i> | 205 |
| BELL, ORELIA KEY. Portrait by Mrs. L. Condon, Atlanta, Ga. Maid and Matron. The Dead Worker. Since Our Souls Crossed. A Song to Cool my Lady. To Youth. | <i>Mell R. Colquitt.</i> | 211 |
| HEWITT, JOHN H. The American Boy. The Mountains. Song of the American Girl. The Lake Spirit's Song. | <i>G. O. Brown.</i> | 213 |
| SWAFFORD, MRS. M. Portrait by Wright & Holloway, Terre Haute, Ind. Hesperides. The Haunted Battle Field. The Evening South-Wind. Restitution. | <i>Mary E. Cardwill.</i> | 217 |
| MOUNTCASTLE, CLARA H. The Settler's Wife. Autumn. An Appeal. Art Thou Thinking of Me? Quotation. | <i>Oscar A. Reynolds.</i> | 220 |
| KENT, LUCIAN HERVEY. Portrait by Weatherup, Westfield, N. Y. Matter and Mind. Truth. Brevities. Quotations. | <i>H. B. Kent.</i> | 223 |
| KERR, ROBERT, Louis Kossuth. | <i>M. S. L. B.</i> | 225 |
| WELLS, HARRY LAURENZ. With portrait. Unrest. My Roses. The Klamath. Why Fall the Leaves. | <i>Ella Higginson.</i> | 229 |
| WEBSTER, GEORGE W. My Season. Winter's Temple. Lines. Two Sonnets. Golden Sweets. | <i>Charles Wells Moulton.</i> | 231 |
| HARLOW, WILLIAM BURT. With portrait by Doust, Syracuse, N. Y. Kenilworth. Lodore. To a Butterfly Hatched in February. By the Brook. To a Water-Lily. Quotation. | <i>David F. Monash.</i> | 232 |
| DICKINSON, CHARLES M. With portrait by Evans, Binghamton, N. Y. How Far From Heaven. At Mother's Grave. A Morning Miracle. Night's Silence. The Lilies. In the Garden. | <i>Hezekiah Butterworth.</i> | 236 |
| FERRIS, LUCY D. W. With portrait. Invocation. Quotation. | <i>J. M. Ferris.</i> | 241 |
| SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—QUOTATIONS. From a painting by Sir H. Raeburn, 1808. | <i>George R. Cathcart.</i> | 242 |
| SINGLE POEMS. II. Battle-Hymn of the Republic, Julia Ward Howe. That Glorious Song of Old, Edmund Hamilton Sears. Nature's Nestlings, Isadore G. Jeffery. Trust, Mary F. Butts. Let the Toast Pass, Richard Brinsley Sheridan. No Sect in Heaven, Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland. Woodman Spare That Tree, George P. Morris. Revelry in India, Bartholomew Dowling. The Burial of Sir John Moore, Charles Wolfe. Midsummer Invitation, Myron B. Benton. On the Mountain, Mary Augusta Mason. | | 245 |
| PERSONAL POEMS.—A COLLECTION OF SONNETS. II. Shakespear, Matthew Arnold. Milton, William Wordsworth. Milton, Henry W. Longfellow. Robert Browning, Louise Chandler Moulton. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Helen Gray Cone. Matthew Arnold, William P. Andrews. On the Death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, Philip Bourke Marston. When June Shall Come Again, E. M. Edmonds. To Walt Whitman, Dora Read Goodale. To Robert Louis Stevenson, Robert Burns Wilson. | | 252 |
| A COLLECTION OF QUATRAINS. II. On Beau Nash's Picture at Bath, Mrs. Jane Brereton. On the Above Lines, Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. To Madame De Damas, Learning English, Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford. Death, Henry Luttrell. Death, George Colman, The Younger. Death, Walter Savage Landor. To a Young Lady, Thomas Campbell. Epigram on the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The Ermine, The Bees, The Nightingale, The Snake, The Tiger, The Diamond, Falling Stars, Richard Chenevix Trench. Darwin, Mortimer Collins. Popularity, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Modesty, Definition, John Kendrick Bangs. Perseverance, Mary Earl Hardy. Coy, P. McArthur. A Poet's Apology, Charles Washington Coleman. Creation, Charles Henry Luders. Laburnums, W. Wisley Martin. On Bloomfield, Henry Kirk White. Music, Marion Juliet Mitchell. | | 254 |
| QUOTATIONS ON WOMAN. | | 256 |
| CURRENT POEMS. II. Palm Sunday, Rowland B. Mahany. A Song, Alfred, Lord Tennyson. What Shall it Profit, William Dean Howells. Old-Age Echoes, Walt Whitman. Song, Florence Earle Coates. Pansy, Carrie Renfrew. Lines, Alice S. Dele-tombe. Long Ago, Hu Maxwell. Embarrassment, Francis S. Saltus. The Minstrel, Christopher P. Cranch. Sidney Lanier, Charles W. Hubner. The Mocking-Bird, W. L. Shoemaker. A Rondelet, James Graham. Twilight, A. Mary F. Robinson. The Bibliomaniac's Prayer, Eugene Field. The Strangers, John B. Tabb. | | 261 |
| FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.—A STUDY OF HIS POETRY. | <i>Thomas S. Collier.</i> | 269 |
| GALLAGHER, WILLIAM DAVIS. Portrait by Roche, Louisville, Ky. The Mothers of the West. The Laborer. Lines. Quotations. | <i>Alfred W. Harris.</i> | 278-336 |
| PIATT, SARAH M. B. Portrait by Guy & Co., Cork, Ireland. In Primrose Time. There was a Rose. A Doubt. Hearing the Battle. A Woman's Birthday. Two Hunters. The Witch in the Glass. The Descent of the Angel. A Tragedy of the Night. Good-Bye. Fred's Mother. Questions of the Hour. One Happy Woman. Stop the Clock. Quotations. | <i>Nettie Leila Michel.</i> | 279 |
| MITCHELL, S. WEIR. The Quaker Graveyard. How the Cumberland Went Down. A Psalm of Death. September. The Carry. You and I. Quotations. | <i>Nettie L. Champion.</i> | 286 |
| PIATT, JOHN JAMES. Portrait by Guy & Co., Cork, Ireland. Farther. Western Windows. The Mower in Ohio. Reading the Milestone. The Morning Street. The Old Man and the Spring Leaves. The Sight of Angels. Mirage. A Morning in September. The Flower of a Dream. | <i>Benjamin S. Parker.</i> | 291 |
| GOODE, KATE TUCKER. Portrait by Perkins, Baltimore, Md. A Woman's Complaint. In Memory of John Howard Payne. I Want You So. The Path Through the Clover. What He Saw at the Ball. | <i>James A. Duncan.</i> | 297 |
| BARKER, ANNIE E. HUBBART. When the Mists Have Rolled Away. When They go Silently. New Time Rolling On. Painting a Poet. | <i>James G. Clark.</i> | 299 |
| GUSTAFSON, ZADEL BARNES. Portrait by Walery, London, England. Zlobane. Maud's Answer. Katie, the Belle of Glenco'. In the Garden. Morning. Song of Urian. Quotations. | <i>L. H. D.</i> | 303 |
| BROWN, THERON. The Wild Strawberry. The Old Wife. Bunker Hill, 1775. An Autumn Sunset. The Fall Cricket. The Last Relic. Quotations. | <i>Hezekiah Butterworth.</i> | 308 |

| | | |
|---|--|---------|
| IVORY, BERTHA MAY. Portrait by Scholten, St. Louis, Mo. Romola—Self-Exiled. A Broken Fan. The Gates Unclasped. A Surrender. A Love-Leaf. | <i>Eugene Geary.</i> Quotations. | 313 |
| MUNKITTRICK, RICHARD K. Music in Nature. Sleep. Blind. A June Lily. A Lump of Coal. Ghosts. A Gray Day. An Etching. Evolution. Haunted. A Cup of Nature. Her Secret. Constancy. | <i>David Connolly.</i> | 316 |
| WASHBURN, DEXTER CARLETON. My Little Saint. A Cloudy Morning in the Country. The Lamplighter. Jen. | <i>Charles T. Walter.</i> Quotations. | 318 |
| FLANDERS, CHRISTOPHER P. The Voyagers. Poetry. Quotation. | <i>Justin S. Barrows.</i> | 320 |
| OBERHOLTZER, SARA LOUISA. With portrait. The Springtime. Indecision. The Dead Camellia. Come for Arbutus. An Interview with the Spring Wind. A Burial Ode. Quotation. | <i>M. Sheeleigh.</i> | 323 |
| STEVENS, SARAH J. D. A Firelight Dream. Premonition. To a Star. | <i>George C. Chase.</i> | 326 |
| MANVILLE, MARION. Portrait by Pryor, La Crosse, Wis. Little Jack Two-Sticks. August. Recompense. An Immortelle. Questioning. The Death of Cleopatra. My Children. | <i>Margaret H. Lawless.</i> | 329 |
| WALTON, SARAH STOKES. Portrait by Tichenor, Burlington, N. J. Empty Arms. June and December. My Boy. It Might Have Been. They are the Living, We are the Dead. Quotation. | <i>Helen Struthers.</i> | 332 |
| M'GREGOR, DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH. Portrait by Wendel, New York. A Serenade. Algeria. A Reverie. A Gem. | <i>Thomas Mooney.</i> | 341 |
| WEBSTER, MRS. AUGUSTA. Poulain, the Prisoner. The Whisper. The Heart That Lacks Room. The Gift. The Message of Victory. To One of Many. Song. Quotation. | <i>F. A. H. Eyles.</i> | 343 |
| COLLINS, DENNIS B. Portrait by Lloyd, Troy, N. Y. My Dream. A Tear. Quotation. | <i>James Fitz Simmons.</i> | 347 |
| BRADLEE, CALEB D., D. D. God Knows Best. A Poem. Who Shall Be Greatest? In Memoriam. A Sick Person's Prayer. The White Moun- tains. Night. A Poem. | <i>F. W. Ricord.</i> | 349 |
| NOURSE, LAURA A. S. Portrait by Atkinson, Mobile, Ill. New Year Thoughts of 1890. Tying Threads. Voices. There is No Death. Quotation. | <i>A. C. Barney.</i> | 353 |
| LEGGETT, BENJAMIN F. After Harvest. A Word For Shakespeare. A Morning Song. In the Hammock. Eventide. Quotation. | <i>Bailey Aldrich Brown.</i> | 355 |
| TALMAN, JOHN. With portrait. Rest. The Young Elm. Quotation. | <i>Carrie Lee Steele.</i> | 359 |
| HARPER, JOHN M. To a Sprig o' Heather. Arbor Day. Quotations. | <i>Helen Manning.</i> | 361 |
| BARNES, JOHN W. Portrait by Purcell, Macon, Mo. The Prairie Tree. The River of Oblivion. Mirth. | <i>L. Weber.</i> | 365 |
| EFNOR, LOTTIE CAMERON. Sketch by Bradley, Buffalo, N. Y. Dreaming. Lines. A Texas June. To a Lone Flower in February. Quotation. | <i>A. A. McBryde.</i> | 366 |
| JENKS, EDWARD AUGUSTUS. With portrait. The Return. The Discovery. The Life Stream. The Old-Man's "Yesterday." Quotation. | <i>Rossiter Johnson.</i> | 368 |
| LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL.—FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS. | <i>Jeannette Ward.</i> | 373 |
| SINGLE POEMS III. Mother and Poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. 'Ostler Joe, George R. Sims. A Visit From St. Nicholas. Clement C. Moore. Rock me to Sleep, Elizabeth Akers Allen. My Mind to me a Kingdom is, William Byrd. A Contented Mind, Joshua Sylvester. Good Ale, John Still. Lament for Sir Philip Sidney, Mathew Roydon. | | 377 |
| PERSONAL POEMS.—A COLLECTION OF SONNETS. III. To Paul Hamilton Hayne, Philip Bourke Marston. Robert Browning, Cotford Dick. John Henry Newman, M. E. Henderson. Walt Whitman, Robert Buchanan. On the Reception of the Poet Wordsworth at Oxford, Thomas Noon Talford. To Emma Lazarus, Allen Eastman Cross. To Ruskin, C. M. Harger. Keats' Greek Urn, Margaret J. Preston. Sonnet, R. W. Duke Jr. To Edgar Allan Poe, Sarah Helen (Powers) Whitman. Whittier's Eightieth Birthday, Edmund Clarence Stedman. Longfellow, Marion Juliet Mitchell. To Helen Hunt Jackson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Julia Ward Howe—Kate Vannah. Dinah Mulock Craik, Julia P. Boynton. | | 385 |
| A COLLECTION OF RONDEAUS. With Pipe and Flute, Austin Dobson. Crying for the Moon, Alice M. Dowd. First Sight, Edmund Gosse. Knee Deep! Knee Deep! Henry Jerome Stockard. Love Cannot Die, Frances L. Mace. O Love Delay, Clinton Scol- lard. O Sleeping Heart, Constance E. Dixon. Without One Kiss, Charles G. D. Roberts. Rondeaux of Cities, Robert Grant. The Redbreast, Charles H. Luders. | | 387 |
| QUOTATIONS ON MUSIC. | | 392 |
| CURRENT POEMS. III. Two Epitaphs: On Dr. Johnson, Soame Jenyns; On Soame Jenyns, Rowland B. Mahany. The Merrythought, Margaret Johnson. Clear Shining After Rain, Grace Adele Pierce. Francis S. Saltus. Louis Michael Eilshemius. Where the Rainbow Went, Mary Leslie Jenks. The Ideal, Florence Earle Coates. What is the Reason, Emma C. Dowd. July, J. Waller Henry. April, Katherine Pyle. Triumph, Helen Gray Cone. The Transferred Malady, Joel Benton. He, Love, W. Wilsey Martin. St. John's Eve, Julia C. R. Dorr. Theodore DeBanville, Edmund Gosse. To the Winds of June, Mary A. Mason. | | 394 |
| CLYMER, ELLA DIETZ. With portrait by Sarony, New York. The Magic Bark. Mystical Death. The Grave of Love. Easter Monday. Purification. Creation. Love's Strength. Song. The Song of the Wind. I Gave Thee Jewels. Quotations. | <i>Alma Calder Johnston.</i> | 404-432 |
| BARLOW, GEORGE. With portrait by Debenham, Brighton, England. A Gift of Spring. A Southern Vengeance. Husband and Wife at Lord's. The River and the Sea. To N. H. A Picture. The Flower Asleep. Blossoms Above a Tomb. God and Woman. | <i>Arthur Hervey.</i> | 405 |

| | | |
|---|-------------------------------|-----|
| DAVIS, ALONZO HILTON. A Ghost o' the Past. A Lullaby. She is Not Dead. Frae Robbie's Cot. The Little Boy That Went Away. Dinna Gae Oot Frae the Farm. | <i>Robert McIntyre.</i> | 412 |
| MORRIS, SARAH LOUISE. With portrait by Melander, Chicago, Ill. My Guest. An Impromptu. At My Window. True Royalty. Leaves. | <i>Marion E. Clapp.</i> | 417 |
| POWELL, E. P. Dreamland. The Norse Mother. Indian Summer. The Goldfinch. | <i>Orin Root.</i> | 419 |
| ESLING, CHARLES H. A. With portrait by Broadbent & Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa. A Greeting. Sheridan. To Annetta. Paestum. Quatrain. Quotation. | <i>Maurice Francis Eagan.</i> | 423 |
| GRISWOLD, HATTIE TYNG. Under the Daisies. We're Going Home To-morrow. The Maiden's Offering. A Living Sorrow. Creeds and Deeds. Expression. | <i>Nettie Leila Michel.</i> | 425 |
| MARTIN, GEORGE. With portrait. In the Woods of St. Leon. Superstition. Maiden Longings. Keats. Quotations. | <i>John Reade.</i> | 429 |
| HEWLINGS, LUCY M. Thanksgiving. Quotation. | <i>Theron R. Woodward.</i> | 436 |
| COLEMAN, AUGUSTUS A. With portrait. We'll Talk of That When Next we Meet. Mabel. My Christmas Gift. To Ellen. Poetry. Quotation. | <i>Martha Young.</i> | 439 |
| CARNEY, JULIA A. F. Deal Gently with the Erring. Life. A Reply. To John G. Whittier. Faith. Storm and Sunshine. One Boy's Opinion of the "Good Old Times." The Farmer's Song. Quotation. | <i>I. Arthur King.</i> | 441 |
| PRAED, WINTHROP M. Childhood and his Visitors. Josephine. Song. Quotation. | <i>Emma Huntington Nason.</i> | 444 |
| WASHINGTON, LUCY H. With portrait by Worden, Boston, Mass. Work to do for Jesus. Seek Jesus. To a Brown Thrush. Dawn. The Dying Year. Quotation. | <i>Frances E. Willard.</i> | 446 |
| MCAUSLANE, WILLIAM T. A Word. A Dream. Morning at Brodick Arran. At the Coast. The Name of Jesus. | <i>Nellie Townsend.</i> | 451 |
| VALENTINE, EDWARD A. U. With portrait by H. B. Schaeffer, Bellefonte, Pa. Love at Fishing. Andromeda. Sonnets on the Moon. Frogs. Rowing. Autumn. On the Verge. The Pine Tree. Quotation. | <i>Phebe Davis Natt.</i> | 455 |
| MCCARTHY, LAURA S. R. The Banshee. The Star in the East. The Rain. Quotation. | <i>R. N. Webster.</i> | 457 |
| MATHIS, JULIETTE ESTELLE. With portrait by N. H. Reed, Santa Barbara, Cal. Honeysuckles. A Message. One Ambition. | <i>Alice R. Huse.</i> | 461 |
| LLOYD, J. WILLIAM. My Dead. An Invitation. The Valley of Silence. | <i>Mary Hermo Aikin.</i> | 463 |
| WARD, JAMES THOMAS. With portrait by Cooper, Westminster, Ind. Decoration Day. Why Sad? The World of Books. Lines. | <i>J. W. Hering.</i> | 464 |
| DRAPER, JAMES SUMNER. "Dies Irae." Non Dies Irae. "I Think I am Like the Pine Tree." Going to Sleep. | <i>Ellen Sears.</i> | 468 |
| HARVEY, MATTHEW JAMES. With portrait by A. P. Drew, Dover, N. H. October. To a Grasshopper. | <i>Enoch George Adams.</i> | 470 |
| DAVIS, IDA MAY. With portrait by Marceau & Power, Indianapolis, Ind. Benediction. A Memory. Afterglow. The Rose. Chanson. Evening Song. | <i>John Clark Ridpath.</i> | 473 |
| RUSSELL, AMOS BRYANT. With portrait. "Perfect Through Suffering." An Indian Summer. A Reverie. Some Time. | <i>Celia H. Marsh.</i> | 475 |
| DOLSON, EUGENE C. With portrait by H. B. Lindsley, Auburn, N. Y. Past and Present. A Winter's Night. Two Epitaphs. Bloom and Blight. Two Dreams. | <i>John Edwards.</i> | 479 |
| SINGLE POEMS. IV. Too Late, Francis S. Saltus. The Wife's Lover, Augusta Webster. A Song for the Period, James G. Clark. A Day in June, Mattie R. Havens. Some Day, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The New Wife and the Old, John G. Whittier. | | 481 |
| CURRENT POEMS. IV. The Ballad of Melicertes, Algernon Charles Swinburne. Where the Trout Lie, Emma B. Opper. Enigmata, Barry Pain. The Chime, Peter Ibbetson. Timothy, Helen Gray Cone. The Girls of Ninety-One, Margaret E. Sangster. Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume, Margaret Johnson. James Russell Lowell, John Fullerton. Francis S. Saltus, Edith Lenore Montefiore. Foretaste, W. Wilsey Martin. A Culpit, Charles Henry Luders. The Morning, Isaac W. Sanborn. | | 487 |
| INDEXES. | | 495 |



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James Shennedy Baxter.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. III.

No. I.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY was born at Greenfield, Indiana. His exact age he leaves his best friends to guess. Were you to ask him he would perhaps tell you that he is this side of forty. Which side is of little matter, for he will never grow old. His boyhood, aside from a gift of humor beyond his years, was in no wise remarkable. His progress at school was discouraging in the extreme. Of it he has written: "It was a matter of eternal wonder how I could belong to the big class in the Fourth Reader. At sixteen I could not repeat the simplest school-boy speech without breaking down, and rather than undertake it I deliberately chose to take a whipping." But that which he loved he learned with but little effort. Music, painting, drawing and poetry seemed to come naturally to him, and the lessons that the seasons taught in wood and field and stream he knew by heart. After his school days, which never extended beyond the "big class," he took to his brush and pencil, and became a sign painter. It was while following this occupation, that he joined the company of patent medicine venders and sign painters, and made the extended tour over the country about which so much has been written. Though it was a profitless venture, yet some of his best poems came from his overflowing soul in those gypsy days. Upon his return he became the local editor of a newspaper and, as he says, "Strangled the poor little thing to death in three months." Then he went back to his paint-brush again, but soon afterwards, obtaining a position with the *Indianapolis Journal*, he removed to that city and has ever since been engaged in literary work. With success came a desire for self-improvement, and in the last dozen years he has acquired a liberal knowledge of language, literature and history. He is a hard worker, and prefers the unseasonable hours of night for his labor. Often the newsboys are crying the morning papers in the street before he retires. Mr. Riley is a warm hearted, genial, companion-

able man, entirely free from jealousy and envy—the twin accompaniments of little souls. His faults are those that all men the more easily forgive, and which we believe he has now risen above. Mr. Riley began to write poetry almost as soon as he could use a pen, but for a long time he seems to have had no higher ambition than to please himself and to amuse his companions. But the poet, Lee O. Harris, knew and loved the boy, and Benjamin S. Parker, also a poet and a man of good critical judgment, saw in his faulty lines a promise of better things. It was through the encouragement of these men that the young poet was led to a larger faith in himself. He began to write for local papers, notably the *Kokomo Tribune*, to which he contributed a number of dialect poems, over the name of John C. Walker. It was not until the appearance of "Leonainie," published about 1878 as a newly discovered poem by Edgar A. Poe and accepted by a number of leading literary critics as genuine, that he received recognition. Following this came the dialect poems over the name of "Ben. F. Johnson, from Boon," and the books "The Boss Girl," "Afterwhiles," "Pipes o' Pan," and later a volume of poems by a London house, under the expressive title of "Old Fashioned Roses." As an interpreter of nature Mr. Riley stands next to Burns. His versatility is greater, and in the mastery of the faulty every-day language of his countrymen he never had an equal. His spontaneity is surprising. He is like a tuned instrument upon which some invisible hand is forever playing. His thoughts are chaste, and the human sympathy and pure purpose that runs through all his song is the true index of the man, and also his best and most lasting eulogy.

W. W. P.

JUNE.

O QUEENLY month of indolent repose!

I drink thy breath in sips of rare perfume,

As in thy downy lap of clover-bloom

I nestle like a drowsy child, and dose

The lazy hours away. The zephyr throws
 The shifting shuttle of the summer's loom,
 And weaves a damask-work of gleam and gloom
 Before thy listless feet: the lily blows
 A bugle-call of fragrance o'er the glade;
 And, wheeling into ranks, with plume and spear,
 Thy harvest-armies gather on parade;
 While, faint and far away, yet pure and clear,
 A voice calls out of alien lands of shade,—
 "All hail the Peerless Goddess of the Year!"

WHO BIDES HIS TIME.

Who bides his time, and day by day
 Faces defeat full patiently,
 And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
 However poor his fortunes be,—
 He will not fail in any qualm
 Of poverty—the paltry dime
 It will grow golden in his palm,
 Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet
 Of honey in the saltiest tear;
 And though he fares with slowest feet,
 Joy runs to meet him, drawing near;
 The birds are heralds of his cause,
 And like a never-ending rhyme,
 The roadsides bloom in his applause,
 Who bides his time.

Who bides his time, and fevers not
 In the hot race that none achieves,
 Shall wear cool-wreathen laurel, wrought
 With crimson berries in the leaves;
 And he shall reign a goodly king,
 And sway his hand o'er every clime,
 With peace writ on his signet ring,
 Who bides his time.

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

I.

WHEN my dreams come true—when my dreams
 come true—
 Shall I lean from out my casement, in the starlight
 and the dew,
 To listen—smile and listen to the tinkle of the
 strings
 Of the sweet guitar my lover's fingers fondle, as he
 sings?

And as the nude moon slowly, slowly shoulders
 into view,
 Shall I vanish from his vision—when my dreams
 come true?

When my dreams come true—shall the simple
 gown I wear
 Be changed to softest satin; and my maiden-braided
 hair
 Be raveled into flossy mists of rarest, fairest gold,
 To be minted into kisses, more than any heart can
 hold?—
 Or "the summer of my tresses" shall my lover
 liken to
 "The fervor of his passion"—when my dreams
 come true?

II.

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among
 the sheaves
 Of happy harvest meadows; and the grasses and
 the leaves
 Shall lift and lean between me and the splendor of
 the sun,
 Till the moon swoons into twilight, and the glean-
 ers' work is done—
 Save that yet an arm shall bind me, even as the
 reapers do
 The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams
 come true.

When my dreams come true! when my dreams
 come true!
 True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as dew;—
 The blossom in the blackest mold is kindlier to the
 eye
 Than any lily born of pride that blooms against the
 sky:
 And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome
 you,
 My lowliest of lovers, when my dreams come true.

A SONG.

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear;
 There is ever a something sings alway:
 There's the song of the lark when the skies are
 clear,
 And the song of the thrush when the skies are
 gray.
 The sunshine showers across the grain,
 And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
 And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
 The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 Be the skies above dark or fair,
 There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
 There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
 In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue;
 The robin pipes when the sun is here,
 And the cricket chirrup the whole night through.
 The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
 And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
 But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
 There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

A LIFE-LESSON.

THERE! little girl; don't cry!
 They have broken your doll, I know;
 And your tea-set blue,
 And your play-house, too,
 Are things of the long ago;
 But childish troubles will soon pass by.—
 There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
 They have broken your slate, I know;
 And the glad, wild ways
 Of your school-girl days
 Are things of the long ago;
 But life and love will soon come by.—
 There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
 They have broken your heart, I know;
 And the rainbow gleams
 Of your youthful dreams
 Are things of the long ago;
 But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
 There! little girl; don't cry!

THE LOST KISS.

I PUT by the half-written poem,
 While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
 Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
 Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
 But the little bare feet on the stairway,
 And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
 And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
 Cry up to me over it all.

So I gather it up—where was broken
 The tear-faded thread of my theme,

Telling how, as one night I sat writing,
 A fairy broke in on my dream,
 A little inquisitive fairy—
 My own little girl, with the gold
 Of the sun in her hair, and the dewy
 Blue eyes of the fairies of old.

'Twas the dear little girl that I scolded—
 "For was it a moment like this,"
 I said, "when she knew I was busy,
 To come romping in for a kiss?—
 Come rowdying up from her mother,
 And clamoring there at my knee
 For 'One 'ittle kiss for my dolly,
 And one 'ittle uzzer for me!'"

God pity the heart that repelled her,
 And the cold hand that turned her away!
 And take, from the lips that denied her,
 This answerless prayer of to-day!
 Take, Lord, from my mem'ry forever
 That pitiful sob of despair,
 And the patter and trip of the little bare feet,
 And the one piercing cry on the stair!

I put by the half-written poem,
 While the pen, idly trailed in my hand,
 Writes on, "Had I words to complete it,
 Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"
 But the little bare feet on the stairway,
 And the faint, smothered laugh in the hall,
 And the eerie-low lisp on the silence,
 Cry up to me over it all.

WHEN BESSIE DIED.

If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped,
 And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
 If the white feet into the grave had tripped—

WHEN Bessie died—
 We braided the brown hair, and tied
 It just as her own little hands
 Had fastened back the silken strands
 A thousand times—the crimson bit
 Of ribbon woven into it
 That she had worn with childish pride—
 Smoothed down the dainty bow and cried—
 When Bessie died.

When Bessie died—
 We drew the nursery blinds aside,
 And, as the morning in the room
 Burst like a primrose into bloom,
 Her pet canary's cage we hung

Where she might hear him when he sung —
And yet not any note he tried,
Though she lay listening folded-eyed.

When Bessie died —
We writhed in prayer unsatisfied;
We begged of God, and He did smile
In silence on us all the while;
And we did see Him, through our tears,
Enfolding that fair form of hers,
She laughing back against His love
The kisses we had nothing of —
And death to us he still denied,
When Bessie died —
When Bessie died.

GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE.

“God bless us every one!” prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled, and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed, indeed,
That it, at best, could give to him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, “God bless us every one!”
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise,
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes
Turned earthward, listening —

The Anthem stilled — the angels leaning there
Above the golden walls — the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
“God bless us Every One!”

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE.

LITTLE Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the
crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the
hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her
board-an'-keep;

An' all us other children, when the supper things is
done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest
fun

A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs —
An' when he went to bed 'at night, away up stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd
him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't
there at all!

An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-
hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever-
wheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-
about! —

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin,
An' onc't when they was “company,” an' ole folks
was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she
didn't care!

An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run
an' hide,

They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by
her side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she
know'd what she's about!

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is
blue,

An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes
woo-oo!

An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
away, —

You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond
an' dear,

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Tony Smiley James JWiley.

An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's
tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at cluster all
about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out!

GRIGGSBY'S STATION.

PAP's got his patent-right, and rich as all creation;
But where's the peace and comfort that we all had
before?

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

The likes of us a-livin' here! It's jest a mortal pity
To see us in this great big house, with cyarpets
on the stairs,
And the pump right in the kitchen! And the city!
city! city!—
And nothin' but the city all around us ever'-
wheres!

Climb clean above the roof and look from the
steeple,
And never see a robin, nor a beech or ellum tree!
And right here in ear-shot of at least a thousan'
people,
And none that neighbors with us, or we want to
go and see!

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where the latch string's a-hangin' from the
door,
And ever' neighbor 'round the place is dear as a
relation—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see the Wiggenses, the whole kit and
bilin'
A-drivin' up from Shallor Ford to stay the Sun-
day through;
And I want to see 'em hitchin' at their son-in-law's
and pilin'
Out there at 'Lizy Ellen's like they used to do!

I want to see the piece-quilts thet Jones girls is
makin';
And I want to pester Laury 'bout their freckled
hired hand,
And joke her 'bout the widower she come purt' nigh
a-takin',

Till her pap got his pension 'lowed in time to save
his land.

Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where they's nothin' aggervatin' anymore,
Shet away safe in the wood around the old loca-
tion—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

I want to see Marindy and he'p her with her sewin',
And hear her talk so lovin' of her man that's
dead and gone,
And stand up with Emanuel to show me how he's
growin',
And smile as I have saw her 'fore she put her
mourmin' on.

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower
Eighty,
Where John, our oldest boy, he was tuk and
burried—for
His own sake and Katy's,—and I want to cry with
Katy
And she reads all his letters over, writ from The
War.

What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary a pink nor hollyhawk bloomin' at the
door?—
Let's go a-visitin' back to Griggsby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin'
turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of
the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the
fence;
O it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of
peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out
to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
the shock.

They's something kind o' hearty-like about the
atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin'
fall is here—

Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms
 on the trees,
 And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin'
 of the bees;
 But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape
 through the haze
 Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn
 days
 Is a pictur' that no painter has no colorin' to mock —
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
 the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
 And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as
 the morn;
 The stubble in the furries — kind o' lonesome-like,
 but still
 A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed
 to fill;
 The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in
 the shed;
 The hosses in theyr stall below — the clover over-
 head! —
 O, it sets my heart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a
 clock,
 When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in
 the shock!

AFTERWHILES.

O far glimmering worlds and wings,
 Mystic smiles and beckonings,
 Lead us, through the shadowy aisles,
 Out into the afterwhiles.

— *Poem.*

DEATH.

I cannot say, and I will not say
 That he is dead. — He is just away!
 With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
 He has wandered into an unknown land,
 And left us dreaming how very fair
 It needs must be, since he lingers there.

— *Away.*

WORK.

Plague! ef they ain't sompin' in
 Work 'at kindo' goes ag'in
 My convictions! — 'long about
 Here in June especially! —
 Under some old apple tree,
 Jes' a-restin' through and through,
 I could git along without
 Nothin' else at all to do
 Only jes' a-wishin' you

Was a-gittin' there like me,
 And June was eternity!
 — *Knee-Deep in June.*

BEETLE.

The shrilling locust slowly sheathes
 His dagger-voice, and creeps away
 Beneath the brooding leaves where breathe
 The zephyr of the dying day:
 One naked star has waded through
 The purple shallows of the night,
 And faltering as falls the dew
 It drips its misty light.
 O'er garden-blooms,
 On tides of musk,
 The beetle booms adown the glooms
 And bumps along the dusk.

— *The Beetle.*

TREE-TOAD.

“Once in a while some *farmer*
 Would come a-drivin' past;
 And he'd hear my cry,
 And stop and sigh —
 Till I jest laid back, at last,
 And I hollered rain till I thought my th'o
 Would bust right open at ever' note!

But I *fetch*ed her, O *I fetch*ed her! —
 'Cause a little while ago,
 As I kindo' set,
 With one eye shet,
 And a-singin' soft and low,
 A voice drapped down on my fevered brai
 Sayin', — 'Ef you'll jest hush I'll rain!' ”
 — *The Tree-Toad.*

DRUM.

O, the drum!
 There is some
 Intonation in thy grum
 Monotony of utterance that strikes the spirit dumb
 As we hear
 Through the clear
 And unclouded atmosphere,
 Thy palpitating syllables roll in upon the ear!
 — *The Drum.*

TAILHOLT.

They hain't no style in our town — hit's little-lik
 and small —
 They hain't no *churches*, nuther, — jes' the meetin'
 house is all;
 They's no sidewalks, to speak of — but the high
 way's allus free,
 And the little Town o' Tailholt is wide enough fe
 me!
 — *The Little Town o' Tailholt.*

GEORGE COOPER.

simple and unincidental are the lives of most of those who have pleased us through the pen of their pens, that a formula, bearing the words, Birth, Marriage and Death, might suffice to contain almost all that is noteworthy concerning

George Cooper was born in New York City, April 4, 1840. The play-ground of his boyhood was the Bowery of the great metropolis, which at that time probably possessed more to nurture the intellectual faculties than it seems to have at present. He is indebted to the public schools for his early education; but, at the age of thirteen, that larger world, wherein the stern lessons of life were to begin, claimed his entrance. Always a lover of the woods and fields, his delight at that time was to wander at every opportunity far from the busy hum of the great Hive, with a favorite poet as his companion,—for his readings were chiefly classical. Inasmuch as these stolen excursions were so oft-quoted "Angel's visits," they were intensely enjoyed. Almost everything that Cooper has written in verse has been composed of out-of-door rambles. He began the study of law in the office of Chester A. Arthur, who was then by his familiars "The Boy," and whose wild-ambition would have been the presidency. After he had admitted to the bar, Mr. Cooper never practiced to any extent. Many of his early poems are found in *The Round Table*, and *The Saturday* weekly journals of that day. He has contributed to *Pulnam's Magazine*, *The Atlantic*, *Appleton's Journal*, *The Independent*, *the Young People*, *St. Nicholas*, and many periodicals. He is the author of the words of many of the ballads of the hour. Foster, T. S. Millard, Abt, Wallace, and other composers have sought him for his song-writing facilities. Some of his best known song-words are "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "Sweet Genevieve," "I never Kissed Me In My Dream," "Must We Meet As Strangers," "While The Days Are By;" but the list of his productions in verse is almost too long to list. He is the author of "The Chaplet," and "Gospel Melodies," volumes of hymns. As a writer of poems for children, he is quite successful. Numbers of his poems are in school readers and are used as recitations by the little ones. This seems to him more than if he had written "The

Cooper is a family man and devoted to his wife. One of his bright little daughters, eight

years of age, was recently stricken with total blindness, and strange to say was named at her birth, "Muriel," after the blind daughter of "John Halifax" in the novel of that name.

M. E. T.

BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE SEA.

BEAUTIFUL isle of the sea!
Smile on the brow of the waters!
Dear are your memories to me,—
Sweet as the songs of your daughters.
Over your mountains and vales,
Down by each murmuring river,
Cheered by the flower-loving gales,
Oh! could I wander forever!
Land of the true and the old,
Home ever dear unto me,
Fountain of pleasures untold,
Beautiful isle of the sea!

Oft on your shell-girdled shore
Evening has found me reclining,
Visions of youth dreaming o'er,
Down where the light-house was shining.
Far from the gladness you gave,
Far from all joys worth possessing,
Still, o'er the lone, weary wave,
Comes to the wanderer your blessing!
Land of the true and the old,
Home ever dear unto me,
Fountain of pleasures untold,
Beautiful isle of the sea!

SWEET GENEVIEVE.

O, GENEVIEVE, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely Past!
The rose of youth was dew-impleared;
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee;
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.
O, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
The days may bring me joy or woe,
But still the hands of Memory weave
The blissful dreams of long ago,
Sweet Genevieve!

O, Genevieve my early love,
The years but make thee dearer far!
My heart from thee shall never rove,
Thou art my only guiding star!

For me the Past has no regret,
 Whate'er the years may bring to me;
 I bless the hour when first we met,—
 The hour that gave me love and thee!
 O, Genevieve, sweet Genevieve,
 The days may bring me joy or woe,
 But still the hands of Memory weave
 The blissful dreams of long ago,
 Sweet Genevieve!

MUST WE THEN MEET AS STRANGERS?

MUST we then meet as strangers
 After our dreams of joy?
 Oh, must the love we plighted
 One bitter word destroy?
 Life without thee were lonely,
 Thou art my spirit's sigh;
 Let not affection's roses
 Wither and fade and die!
 Oh, must the love we plighted
 One heedless word destroy?
 Must we then meet as strangers
 After our dreams of joy?

Can we now meet as strangers,
 When we recall the Past?
 Will not its beauteous vision
 Deathless in Memory last?
 Give me the smiles of gladness
 Once I could fondly claim!
 Whisper with sweet affection,—
 Whisper that once loved name!
 Oh, must the love we plighted
 One heedless word destroy?
 Must we then meet as strangers
 After our dreams of joy?

BABY-LAND.

How many miles to Baby-Land?
 Anyone can tell;
 Up one flight,
 To your right,—
 Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Baby-Land?
 Little folks in white;
 Downy heads,
 Cradle-beds,
 Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Baby-Land?
 Dream and wake and play;

Laugh and crow,
 Shout and grow,
 Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Baby-Land?
 Why the oddest things;
 Might as well
 Try to tell
 What a birdie sings.

Who is the Queen of Baby-Land?
 Mother, kind and sweet,
 And her love,
 Born above,
 Guides the little feet!

A MIDSUMMER DAY.

THERE'S a flush in the sky of crimson deep;
 From a waking bird there's a drowsy cheep;
 There's a ripple of gold upon the brooks,
 And a glitter of dew in dusky nooks.
 And this is the way
 A midsummer day
 Bids the world good-morning.

There's a tremulous cry from a tree-toad hid,
 And the husky plaint of the katydid;
 Then the fire-flies wink, now high, now low,
 Like a sudden flurry of golden snow.
 And this is the way
 A midsummer day
 Bids the world good-evening.

MOTHER-LOVE.

GLEAMS the lightning's javelin,
 Thunder shakes the midnight skies;
 Beats the rain with ceaseless din,
 Still the mother sleeping lies.

Stirs her babe, as stirs a bird
 Wakened in the downy nest;
 Ah! no little breath unheard—
 Mother clasps it to her breast!

A BIRD'S CAROL.

OVER a little leaf-strewn mound
 A bird alights and sings;
 Wild rapture from its heart outpours,
 Then heavenward it springs,

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Julia C. Eldern

As if the glad soul of the child
 Who sleeps beneath the sod
 Had wandered back to earth again,
 And winged its way to God!

AN INQUISITIVE BOY.

FROM early dawn he roamed about
 With glance inquisitorial,
 And in the house, likewise without,
 He left some sad memorial.

No one could tell from those mild eyes
 What his remote intention was;
 He loved to waylay and surprise,
 And startling his invention was.

A violin he broke in fun,
 And afterward its brother flute,
 To see what made the tune in one,
 And also made the other toot.

The sawdust in a dolly packed
 For him a wild attraction had;
 A watch he could not leave intact—
 From this great satisfaction had.

He dug, to see how grasses grew,
 A bicycle he took apart;
 Folks locked up all their books—they knew
 He loved to take a book apart.

A drum had wondrous charms for him
 To see just where the noise came out;
 With him around the chance was slim
 That, unbroke, any toys came out.

But as he prowled about one day
 With hungry curiosity,
 And near the cradle chanced to stray,
 He shook it with velocity.

Packed off to bed, ere he could sup,
 His lips a gentle sigh came from;
 Because he stirred the baby up
 To find out where the cry came from.

AUGUST.

No silver ripple stirs the brook
 Whose glassy flow slips noiselessly;
 There seems no life where eyes may look;
 The clouds are ships becalmed at sea.
 The song lies hushed in panting throat
 Of bird; grasshoppers tire of play;
 The cricket seldom shrills its note,
 And only then to say:
 "It is a drowsy, drowsy day."
 —*A Drowsy Day.*

JULIA C. R. DORR.

ALTHOUGH a native of the South, having been born in Charleston, S. C., in 1825, Mrs. Dorr, like so many other famous Americans, may be properly called a child of New England. Her mother was the daughter of French refugees from San Domingo, but died when Mrs. Dorr was but a little child. After her death the bereaved husband, William Young Ripley, removed to the north, and in 1830 settled in his native state, Vermont, where he devoted himself to the development of the Rutland marble quarries. Here his daughter grew to young womanhood, familiar with the lives of those who believed in integrity and steady, unpretentious progress among the men, and intelligent, domestic virtues among the women.

From such communities have come the men and women of the Republic, whose strong mental and moral fiber have laid the foundations of the best and highest development in the life of the nation. Take from the roll of honored Americans those of New England birth or immediate ancestry, and take from American literary achievement all that is easily traceable to New England influences, and the result is indeed poverty.

Like so many of her country women, similarly gifted, the literary instinct was early indicated in Mrs. Dorr. As a child she was a writer but never attempted to print her poetry until, after her marriage, Mr. Dorr sent her first published poem to the *Union Magazine* without her knowledge. Mrs. Dorr became the wife of Seneca Dorr, of New York, in 1847. Her literary life dates from this time, her husband's encouragement being no doubt an inspiration to the modest woman.

In 1848 she gained a hundred-dollar prize offered by *Sartain's Magazine* for a short story. This story, entitled "Isabel Leslie," was her first published tale. In 1857 Mr. Dorr removed to Rutland, Vermont, and from that time her hand has never been idle. Her work has constantly appeared in the foremost publications and her books have followed each other at intervals until 1885, when her latest volume, "Afternoon Songs," appeared.

Her books are "Farmingdale" (1854), "Leanmere" (1856), "Sibyl Huntington" (1869), "Poems" (1872), "Expiation" (1873), "Friar Anselmo and Other Poems" (1879), "The Legend of the Baboushka,"—a Christmas Poem (1881), "Daybreak,"—an Easter Poem (1882), "Bermuda,"—an Idyl of the Summer Islands (1884), "Afternoon Songs" (1885).

Both as poet and prose writer Mrs. Dorr has reached excellence. Her portraiture is natural, and

her stories are pure, evincing a deep insight into the motives of the human heart, and a sweet practical sympathy with her kind. Of late years her energies have been mainly devoted to poetry and to the graver writing of the thoughtful nature striving to influence for good those who come within her field of labor.

In her own city her social influence has been, and is, wide, and one who well knows and loves her has written of her these appreciative words: "When summer days were long, and she was bearing the burden and heat of the day as a young wife and mother, Mrs. Dorr's life was eminently quiet and secluded, her pen being almost her only link with the outside world. But with the autumn rest, have come to her wider fields and broader activities. In and around her beautiful home, enriched with treasures from many lands, there has grown up a far-reaching intellectual life of which she is the soul and centre. She is loved and honored in her own town, and there hundreds of women, of all ranks, turn to her for help and inspiration. The year of Mr. Dorr's death, she became the leader of a band of women who founded the Rutland Free Library, the success of which has been remarkable. Mrs. Dorr is still president of the association; and has given to the library, in memory of her husband, what is said to be the finest and most complete collection of books on Political Science to be found in New England, outside of Cambridge University."

A series of letters or essays addressed to the newly married, published some years ago in a New England journal, were collected without her consent and issued in book form by some enterprising Cincinnati publishing house. These are full of the soundest practical advice and are calculated to help to prove that marriage is a failure only when the united parties are a failure. The poetry of Mrs. Dorr is musical, expressive, and full of noblest thought. She hears with a true poet's ear the voices of the universe, and she feels with a true poet's heart the subtle, fine emotions that thrill the rarer souls of earth. Her spiritual perception is clear and all she does is elevated in tone, putting to shame the notorious effusions of many later writers, who seem to have lost sight of the old-time, gracious impulses of refined womanhood.

Personally, her influence is that of one who has lived a life of Christian culture and industry. She has made earnest efforts to draw the attention of her countrywomen to ways of calm, domestic quiet, and to emancipate them from the thralldom of foolish fashion. The customs that avail nothing as aids to comfort and happiness she deprecates. To live the life of true culture and practical benevolence,

ready to uplift to heights of delightful song, and to cheer, encourage and quietly reprove as necessity demands—this is the mission of so true a poet and woman. Among those who are the honor and pride of America none are more worthy.

Mrs. Dorr has been a widow since 1884.

Mrs. G. A.

"O WIND THAT BLOWS OUT OF THE WEST."

O WIND that blows out of the West,
Thou hast swept over mountain and sea,
Dost thou bear on thy swift, glad wings
The breath of my love to me?
Hast thou kissed her warm, sweet lips?
Or tangled her soft brown hair?
Or fluttered the fragrant heart
Of the rose she loves to wear?

O sun that goes down in the West,
Hast thou seen my love to-day,
As she sits in her beautiful prime
Under skies so far away?
Hast thou gilded a path for her feet,
Or deepened the glow on her cheeks,
Or bent from the skies to hear
The low, sweet words she speaks?

O stars that are bright in the West
When the hush of the night is deep,
Do ye see my love as she lies
Like a chaste, white flower asleep?
Does she smile as she walks with me
In the light of a happy dream,
While the night winds rustle the leaves,
And the light waves ripple and gleam?

O birds that fly out of the West,
Do ye bring me a message from her,
As sweet as your love-notes are,
When the warm spring breezes stir?
Did she whisper a word of me
As your tremulous wings swept by,
Or utter my name, mayhap,
In a single passionate cry?

O voices out of the West,
Ye are silent every one,
And never an answer comes
From wind, or stars, or sun!
And the blithe birds come and go
Through the boundless fields of space,
As reckless of human prayers
As if earth were a desert place!

THE CLAY TO THE ROSE.

O BEAUTIFUL, royal Rose,
O Rose, so fair and sweet!
Queen of the garden art thou,
And I — the Clay at thy feet!

The butterfly hovers about thee;
The brown bee kisses thy lips;
And the humming-bird, reckless rover,
Their marvelous sweetness sips.

The sunshine hastes to caress thee
Flying on pinions fleet;
The dew-drop sleeps in thy bosom,
But I — I lie at thy feet!

The radiant morning crowns thee;
And the noon's hot heart is thine;
And the starry night enfolds thee
In the might of its love divine;

I hear the warm rain whisper
Its message soft and sweet;
And the south-wind's passionate murmur,
While I lie low at thy feet!

It is not mine to approach thee;
I never may kiss thy lips,
Or touch the hem of thy garment
With tremulous finger-tips.

Yet, O thou beautiful Rose!
Queen rose, so fair and sweet,
What were lover or crown to thee
Without the Clay at thy feet?

FIVE.

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! —
Seven whole days! Why, in six you know
(You said it yourself — you told me so)
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the seas and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies!
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count — one, two, three, four —
Four whole weeks, and three days more;
Thirty-one days and each will creep

As the shadows crawl over yonder steep.
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky!
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long!" he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow —
Autumn and Winter, Summer and Spring;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting — my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long," he said,
Slow raising his stately head,
"But there's much to win, there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor, must do and dare!
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate!"

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! —
Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! as swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night —
How long, O God! is eternity?"

TWENTY-ONE.

GROWN to man's stature! O my little child!
My bird that sought the skies so long ago!
My fair, sweet blossom, pure and undefiled,
How have the years flown since we laid thee low!

What have they been to thee? If thou wert here
Standing beside thy brothers, tall and fair,
With bearded lip, and dark eyes shining clear,
And glints of summer sunshine in thy hair,

I should look up into thy face and say,
Wavering, perhaps, between a tear and smile,
"O my sweet son, thou art a man to-day!" —
And thou wouldst stoop to kiss my lips the while.

But — up in heaven — how is it with thee, dear?
Art thou a man — to man's full stature grown?

Dost thou count time as we do, year by year?
And what of all earth's changes hast thou known?

Thou hadst not learned to love me. Didst thou take
Any small germ of love to Heaven with thee,
That thou hast watched and nurtured for my sake,
Waiting till I its perfect flower may see?

What is it to have lived in Heaven always?
To have no memory of pain or sin?
Ne'er to have known in all the calm, bright days,
The jar and fret of earth's discordant din?

Thy brothers — they are mortal — they must tread
Oft times in rough, hard ways, with bleeding feet;
Must fight with dragons, must bewail their dead,
And fierce Apollyon face to face must meet.

I, who would give my very life for theirs,
I cannot save them from earth's pain or loss;
I cannot shield them from its griefs or cares;
Each human heart must bear alone its cross!

Was God, then, kinder unto thee than them,
O thou whose little life was but a span?
Ah, think it not! In all his diadem
No star shines brighter than the kingly man,

Who nobly earns whatever crown he wears,
Who grandly conquers, or as grandly dies;
And the white banner of his manhood bears,
Through all the years uplifted to the skies!

What lofty pæans shall the victor greet!
What crown resplendent for his brow be fit!
O child, if earthly life be bitter-sweet,
Hast thou not something missed in missing it?

AT REST.

“‘WHEN Greek meets Greek,’ you know,” he
sadly said,
“‘Then comes the tug of war.’ I deem him
great,
And own him wise and good. Yet adverse fate
Hath made us enemies. If I were dead,
And buried deep with grave-mold on my head,
I still believe, that, came he soon or late
Where I was lying in my last estate,
My dust would quiver at his lightest tread!”
The slow years passed; and one fair summer
night,
When the low sun was reddening all the west,

I saw two grave-mounds, where the grass was
bright,
Lying so near each other that the crest
Of the same wave touched each with amber light.
But, ah, dear hearts! how undisturbed their rest!

WHEN LESSER LOVES.

WHEN lesser loves by the relentless flow
Of mighty currents from my arms were torn,
And swept, unheeding, to that silent bourn
Whose mystic shades no living man may know,
By night, by day, I sang my songs; and so,
Out of the sackcloth that my soul had worn,
Weaving my purple, I forgot to mourn,
Pouring my grief out in melodious woe!
Now am I dumb, dear heart. My lips are mute.
Yet if from yonder blue height thou dost lean
Earthward, remembering love's last wordless
kiss,
Know thou no trembling thrills of harp or lute,
Dying soft wails and tender songs between,
Were half so voiceful as this silence is!

AT THE LAST.

WILL the day ever come, I wonder,
When I shall be glad to know
My hands will be folded under
The next white fall of the snow?
To know that when next the clover
Wooeth the wandering bee,
Its crimson tide will drift over
All that is left of me?

Will I ever be tired of living,
And be glad to go to my rest,
With a cool and fragrant lily
Asleep on my silent breast?
Will my eyes grow weary of seeing,
As the hours pass, one by one,
Till I long for the hush and the darkness
As I never longed for the sun?

God knoweth! Sometime, it may be,
I shall smile to hear you say:
“Dear heart! She will not waken
At the dawn of another day!”
And sometime, love, it may be,
I shall whisper under my breath:
“The happiest hour of my life, dear,
Is this — the hour of my death!”

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PEACE.

O beautiful one, my Country,
 Thou fairest daughter of Time,
 To-day are thine eyes unclouded
 In the light of a faith sublime!
 No thunder of battle appals thee;
 From thy woe thou hast found release;
 From the graves of thy sons steals only
 This one soft whisper,—“PEACE!”
 —*Gettysburg, 1863-1889.*

SILENCE.

Bring us thy peace, O Silence! Song is sweet;
 Tuneful is baby laughter, and the low
 Murmur of dying winds among the trees,
 And dear the music of Love's hurrying feet;
 Yet only he who knows thee learns to know
 The secret soul of loftiest harmonies.
 —*Silence.*

YOUTH.

We would not turn back the dial,
 Nor live over the past again;
 We would not the path re-travel,
 Nor barter the “now” for the “then.”
 Yet, oh, for the bounding pulses,
 And the strength to do and dare,
 When life was one grand endeavor,
 And work clasped hands with prayer!
 —“*No More the Thunder of Cannon.*”

TO-MORROW.

Thou who art fairer than the fair To-day
 That I have held so dear, and loved so much—
 When, slow descending from the hills divine,
 Thou summonest me to join thee on thy way,
 Let me not shrink nor tremble at thy touch,
 Nor fear to break thy bread and drink thy wine!
 —*To-morrow.*

BIRTHDAY.

My birthday!—“How many years ago?
 Twenty or thirty?” Don't ask me!
 “Forty or fifty?” How can I tell?
 I do not remember my birth, you see!
 —*My Birthday.*

NOVEMBER.

Fie upon thee, November! thou dost ape
 The airs of thy young sisters; thou hast stolen
 The witching smile of May to grace thy lips,
 And April's rare capricious loveliness
 Thou'rt trying to put on!
 —*November.*

KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

NO locality, probably, has contributed more varied and distinctive writers to modern American literature than the Western Reserve. Within this charmed region, on Lake Erie's shore, brewed the genius of Howells, Tourgeé, Artemus Ward, Whitlock, Ayres, Hay, Constance Fenimore Woolson, Susan Coolidge, Sarah K. Bolton, Edith Thomas, and last, but not least, the subject of this sketch.

Poetess, journalist, story writer, philanthropist, patron of art and literature, Kate Brownlee Sherwood is one of the widest known and most respected women of the day. She was born in Mahoning County, Ohio, of literary and Scottish descent, and educated at Poland Union Seminary, one of the first institutions of the Western Reserve, giving classic and scientific training on the co-education plan. Shortly before graduation she left school to marry an editor, now General Isaac R. Sherwood, Ex-Secretary of State and Ex-Congressman from Ohio, and present editor of the Canton, O., *Daily News-Democrat*. She learned to set type and all the practical details of a printing office, a knowledge invaluable to her subsequent career. Regular Washington correspondent to Ohio papers during her husband's Congressional life, and six year's editorial charge of the Toledo, O., *Journal*, and seven year's editorship of the Woman's Department of *The National Tribune*, the great soldier organ, emphasize Mrs. Sherwood's position among the foremost women-journalists of the country. She was one of the first members of the Washington Literary Club, and the Sorosis of New York, to whose early annual receptions she contributed characteristic poems, and the Vice-President for Ohio in the first call for a National Congress of Women. She was the organizer of the first auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic outside of New England, and is the recognized founder of the National Association, known as the Woman's Relief Corps, Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. She has served this order as National President, organized the department of relief and instituted the National Home for Army Nurses, shortly to be opened at Geneva, O. Despite Mrs. Sherwood's versatile excellence, however, public instinct gives popular homage to one gift,—song. She has been the chosen singer of many National occasions, including Army Reunions, and is the only Northern poet ever invited by the Ex-Confederates to celebrate the heroism of a Southern soldier. The broad, liberal and delicate manner in which she responded to this significant honor in her

poem at the Unveiling of the Equestrian Statue of Albert Sidney Johnston, at New Orleans, elicited the warmest praise from the gray and blue. A student of French and German, her translations of Heine, Goethe and Frederick Bodenstedt have been widely copied. Her "Camp Fire and Memorial Poems," (1885), has passed several editions.

Mrs. Sherwood is in the prime of life, a woman of distinguished presence and charming manner. She dispenses in her pleasant home an old-time hospitality, refreshing as it is rare. No less rich in heart qualities than intellectual gifts, to her may be truthfully applied Dick Steel's epigram: "To know her is a liberal education."

L. R. McC.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WHAT deeds of son, what deeds of sire,
What deeds of men made free,
O Army, scarred by sacred fire,
To voice a Nation's deep desire,
Hast thou for eulogy?

Antietam! Lo our lines fall back!
"Give us a man," they cry,
"A man, a man," and "Little Mack"
Came riding in the whirlwind's track;
He brought glad victory.

But swift as death to drive the foe,
The hero who shall lead;
Nor Burnside, no, nor "Fighting Joe,"
Shall strike the last exultant blow,
Nor Howard, Pope, nor Meade.

In battle bold, in valor true,
They swung their conquering lines;
But fever slew, and damp and dew;
And lagging years their captives drew
From prisons, swamps and mines.

Not on triumphant wings of night
Do nations rise to fame;
But through the night, with foes to fight,
They wrest the guidons of the right
In Freedom's holy name.

'Tis Grant, 'Tis Grant! Ye valiant ones!
Let all the world make way!
Ye patriot sons speed on your guns!
Awake the slogan, Washington's
The people's hope for aye!

The blue Potomac burns with flame,
The Cumberland 's on fire;

From East to West, from crest to crest,
The bugles blare the mad behest
To slay and never tire.

So fought Potomac's knightliest sons,
With Grant to push and plan;
And thousands ten with Sheridan,
To sweep a scathing hurricane
Across the rebel van.

Those days are fled of storm and strife,
The reveille sounds far;
With sweeter life the air is rife;
The screaming of the scolding fife
No longer calls to war.

Brave Reynolds followed Sedgwick soon,
The kingly Kearney 's low;
The vesper tune of afternoon
Shall blend aneath the waxing moon
A dirge for friend and foe.

Bring songs and songs and flowers and praise,
And mute memorial urns!
Above the bays the guidons raise,
That tell of old heroic days,
The while the camp-fire burns!

Bring cheers and cheers and flowers and tears!
And ho, ye people all!
Rise, hush the jeers of craven years!
The Union and her Volunteers!
Be this the patriot's call.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.

I HEAR again the tread of war go thundering
through the land,
And Puritan and Cavalier are clinching neck and
hand,

Round Shiloh church the furious foes have met to
thrust and slay,
Where erst the peaceful sons of Christ were wont
to kneel and pray.

The wrestling of the ages shakes the hills of Ten-
nessee,
With all their echoing mounts a-throb with war's
wild minstrelsy;
A galaxy of stars new-born flares round the shield
of Mars,
And set against the Stars and Stripes the flashing
Stars and Bars.

'Twas Albert Sidney Johnston led the columns of
the Gray,

Like Hector on the plains of Troy his presence fired
the fray;
And dashing horse and gleaming sword spake out
his royal will
As on the slopes of Shiloh field the blasts of war
blew shrill.

"Down with the base invaders," the Gray shout
forth the cry,
"Death to presumptuous rebels," the Blue ring out
reply;
All day the conflict rages and yet again all day,
Though Grant is on the Union side he cannot stem
nor stay.

They are a royal race of men, these brothers face
to face,
Their fury speaking through their guns, their frenzy
in their pace;
The sweeping onset of the Gray bears down the
sturdy Blue,
Though Sherman and his legions are heroes through
and through.

Though Prentiss and his gallant men are forcing
scour and crag,
They fall like sheaves before the scythes of Hardee
and of Bragg;
Ah, who shall tell the victor's tale when all the
strife is past,
When man and man in one great mould, the men
who strive are cast.

As when the Trojan hero came from that fair city's
gates,
With tossing mane and flaming crest to scorn the
scowling fates,
His legions gather round him and madly charge and
cheer,
And fill the besieging armies with wild disheveled
fear;

Then bares his breast unto the dart the daring
spearsman sends,
And dying hears his cheering foes, the wailing of
his friends,
So Albert Sidney Johnston, the chief of belt and
scar,
Lay down to die at Shiloh and turned the scales of
war.

Now five and twenty years are gone, and lo, to-day
they come,
The Blue and Gray in proud array with throbbing
fife and drum;

But not as rivals, not as foes, as brothers reconciled,
To twine Love's fragrant roses where the thorns of
Hate grew wild.

They tell the hero of three wars, the lion-hearted
man,
Who wore his valor like a star—uncrowned Ameri-
can;
Above his heart, serene and still the folded Stars
and Bars,
Above his head like mother-wings, the sheltering
Stripes and Stars.

Aye, five and twenty years, and lo, the manhood of
the South
Has held its valor staunch and strong as at the
cannon's mouth,
With patient heart and silent tongue has kept its
true parole,
And in the conquests born of peace has crowned its
battle roll.

But ever while we sing of war, of courage tried and
true,
Of heroes wed to gallant deeds, or be it Gray or
Blue,
Then Albert Sidney Johnston's name shall flash
before our sight
Like some resplendent meteor across the sombre
night.

America, thy sons are knit with sinews wrought of
steel,
They will not bend, they will not break, beneath
the tyrant's heel;
But in the white-hot flame of love, to silken cob-
webs spun,
They whirl the engines of the world, all keeping
time as one.

To-day they stand abreast and strong, who stood as
foes of yore,
The world leaps up to bless their feet, Heaven scat-
ters blessings o'er;
Their robes are wrought of gleaming gold, their
wings are Freedom's own,
The trampling of their conquering hosts shakes
pinnacle and throne.

O, veterans of the Blue and Gray, who fought on
Shiloh field,
The purposes of God are true, His judgment stands
revealed;

The pangs of war have rent the veil, and lo, His
high decree:
One heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag from sea
to sea.

THE ARMY HAVERSACK.

LAST night I dreamed the shouts came back
"What have you in your haversack?"
"I'm hungry, Comrade, as can be,
Have you somehardtack left for me?"
"It looks as though we boys at last
Must keep our forty days of fast
I wakened, and my thoughts went back,
To rummage through my haversack.

A weary march, a hopeless fight,
A sad retreat at dead of night,
And then we all at dawn of day
Lay down like cattle by the way;
The pangs of hunger and of thirst
Were rending us like things accursed;
A comrade shouted at my back,
"Come, open up your haversack."

Each spread his treasures at his feet,
In lieu of something there to eat;
A story-book, a Testament,
A housewife by his mother sent;
And one a picture fair to see,
A baby on its mother's knee
And so sweet scenes of home came back,
Around the empty haversack.

A comrade broke into a song,
'Twas Home, Sweet Home," and soon a throng
Had gathered round us where we sat,
Of home and home delights to chat;
Of tables laid with royal fare,
And served with woman's loving care.
"Zip, zip!" a volley swept our track,
And each man grabbed his haversack.

A stricken comrade strove to rise,
The film of death was in his eyes,
"My haversack take—there's some bread,
A letter home, was all he said.
We caught him ere he sank to rest,
We crossed his hands above his breast,
His mother's picture, somehardtack,
We found within his haversack.

We broke the bread, and as I live
It seemed the Lord was there to give,

The morsels were so magnified
By love of him who just had died;
Whose spirit lingered round us there,
To solace us in our despair;
And fling a ray of splendor back
To rest on memory's haversack.

O glad am I for dream that brings
So many half-forgotten things,—
The comradeship that closer grows
When sorrow darkest shadow throws:
The comradeship that until death
Is breathed with every soldier's breath;
That shares its crust in joy, or wrack,
From that old army haversack.

IF I SHOULD SEE THE KING GO BY.

If I should see the King go by
With all his retinue,
In 'broidered robes of red and gold,
And gems of many a hue;
Then would I sigh?
Not I, not I,
No crown'd head at peace may lie.

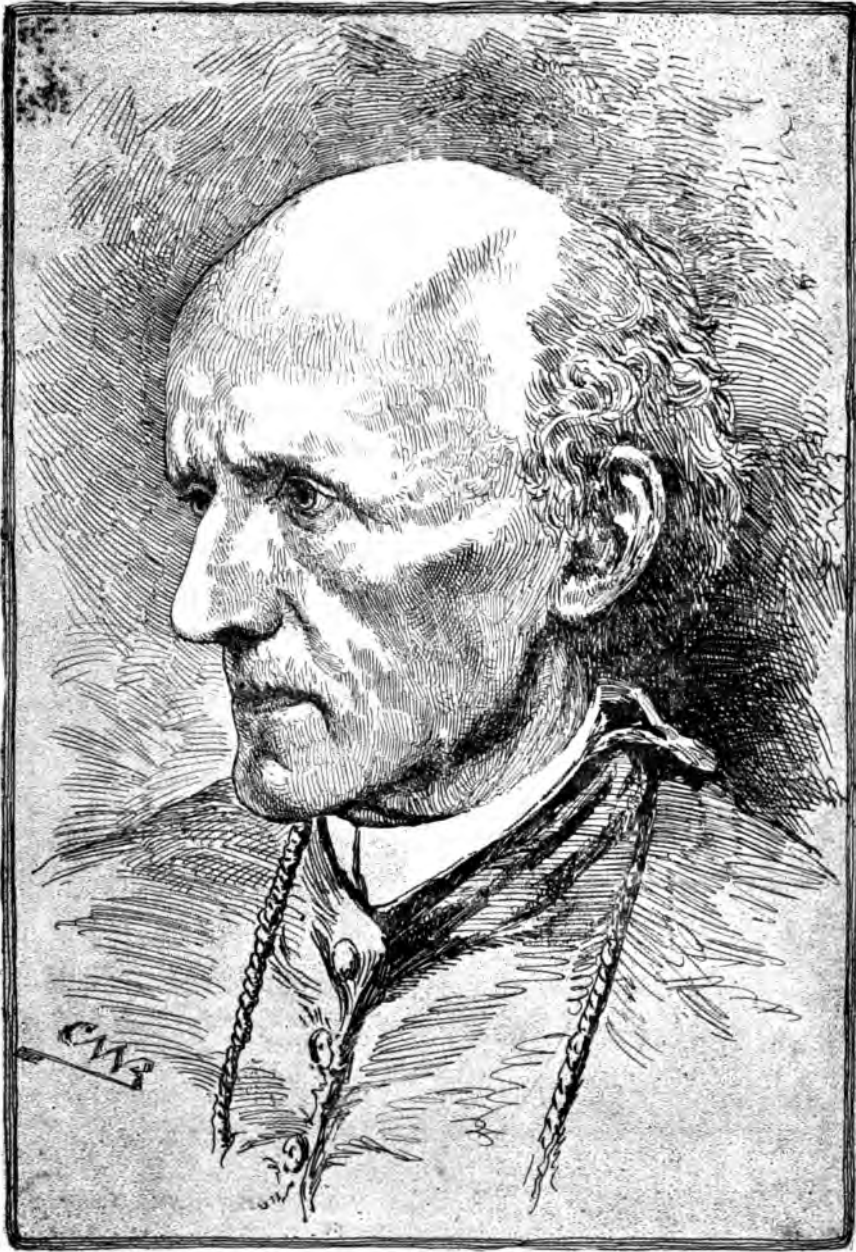
If I should see the King go by,
And he should say to me,
"O friend, 'twere meet that you and I
Should alter Fate's decree,
Come don my robes!"
Not I, not I,
The King's robe is the target's eye.

If I should see the King go by
Along the King's highway,
Methinks that I would rise and cry,
"O King, rejoice to-day,
For who'll deny—
Not I, not I—
That kings have many ways to die?"

✓ SHAKESPEARE.

ON fabled California's flowery strand
There stands, great-girthed and piercing to the
sun,
A tree before whose front the gods might stand
A-tremble at the sign of Mightier One;
Within whose tunneled trunk, 'neath emerald
spires,
The Indian shapes his flints and fans his fires,

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JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

And coyotes creep and horse and rider chase,
 Through ceaseless cycles of the human race.
 The fool will sneer if you the story tell,
 The wise man worship — marvels please him well.
 So thou, perennial Shakespeare, aye must stand
 The mightiest marvel of the human mind!
 Let mauding nomads mar with axe and brand;
 Pause, master spirits; here your master find!

ULRIC DAHLGREN.

A FLASH of light across the night,
 An eager face, an eye afire!
 O lad so true, you may yet rue
 The courage of your deep desire!

“Nay, tempt me not; the way is plain—
 ’Tis but the coward checks his rein;
 For there they lie, and there they cry
 For whose dear sake ’twere joy to die!”

He bends unto his saddle bow,
 The steeds they follow two and two;
 Their flanks are wet with foam and sweat,
 Their riders' locks are damp with dew.

“O comrades, haste! the way is long,
 The dirge it drowns the battle song;
 The hunger preys, the famine slays,
 An awful horror veils our ways!”

Beneath the pall of prison wall
 The rush of hoofs they seem to hear;
 From loathsome guise they lift their eyes,
 And beat their bars and bend their ear.

“Ah, God be thanked! our friends are nigh;
 He wills it not that thus we die;
 O friends accurst of Want and Thirst,
 Our comrades gather,—do your worst!”

A sharp affright runs through the night,
 An ambush stirred, a column reined;
 The hurrying steed has checked his speed,
 His smoking flanks are crimson stained.

O noble son of noble sire,
 Thine ears are deaf to our desire!
 O knightly grace of valiant race,
 Thy grave is honor's trysting-place!

O life so pure! O faith so sure!
 O heart so brave, and true, and strong!
 With tips of flame is writ your name,
 In annals deed and storied song!

It flares across the solemn night,
 It glitters in the radiant light;
 A jewel set, unnumbered yet,
 In our Republic's coronet!

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Cardinal Deacon of the Roman Catholic Church, died at Birmingham, England, August 11, 1890, in the 89th year of his age. He was the son of John Newman, a member of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman & Co. He was born in London in 1801, and was educated at Ealing School and Trinity College, Oxford, where he graduated with classical honors in 1820. In 1825 he was appointed Vice-Principal of St. Alban's Hall, under Dr. (afterwards Archbishop) Whately, and in the following year he became tutor of Oriel College, of which he had been elected fellow. During this period he assisted in the preparation of Dr. Whately's "Treatise in Logic," and also contributed to the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana." In 1828 he accepted the living of St. Mary's, Oxford, with the chaplaincy of Littlemore, and during the fifteen years of his incumbency his preaching gained him a remarkable influence over the younger members of the University. From July, 1838, to July, 1841, he edited the *British Critic*. In 1842 he left Oxford for Littlemore, where he established an ascetic community, over which he presided until his secession from the English Church three years later. In conjunction with Keble and Dr. Pusey, Dr. Newman took a leading part in the famous Tractarian movement. He contributed to the series of "Tracts for the Times" the memorable Tract XC, which fell on the religious world like a bombshell and caused a profound sensation. The leading men of Oxford and the Bishops condemned the tract, and Newman was asked to withdraw it, but declined. A short time subsequently he severed his connection with the English Church and joined the Church of Rome. He was ordained priest, and founded and became the head of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at Birmingham. During a period of four years (1854-8) he held the rectorship of the newly-founded Roman Catholic University of Dublin, afterwards becoming principal of a school for the sons of Roman Catholic gentry which he had established at Edgbaston, near Birmingham. In December, 1877, Dr. Newman was elected an honorary fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and the warmth and enthusiasm with which he was received on the occasion of his revisiting his old university was eloquent proof that the intense personal affection with which he had been regarded in the days when he occupied the pulpit of St. Mary's had not been suffered to die out during the long tale of years that had elapsed since his departure. In May, 1879, Dr. Newman was created and proclaimed a Cardinal Deacon by Pope Leo

XIII, receiving his title from the Church of San Giorgio, in Velabro, and being the first English Cardinal thus identified with the representative Church of English Roman Catholics in Rome. Cardinal Newman was a voluminous writer. His best-known works are his "Apologia pro Vita sua," his "Parochial and Plain Sermons," his "University Sermons," his "Sermons to Mixed Congregations" (delivered after he joined the Church of Rome), his "Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine," his "Lectures on the Idea of a University," "The Grammar of Assent," "The Via Media of the Anglican Church," "The Present Position of Catholics in England" (1851), "Verses on Various Occasions," "Loss and Gain," and his "Dream of Gerontius." A master of irony and an overwhelming controversialist, Cardinal Newman had a nature of rare tenderness, and his power over those who came personally in contact with him was almost unequaled. Mr. Froude and Mr. Gladstone have both testified to his consideration, his gentleness, and the singular and indescribable charm of his manner.

I. A. K.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

WEEP not for me;—
 Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom
 The stream of love that circles home,
 Light hearts and free!

Joy in the gifts Heaven's bounty lends;
 Nor miss my face, dear friends!

I still am near;—
 Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
 Your converse mild, your blameless mirth;
 Now too I hear
 Of whispered sounds the tale complete,
 Low prayers, and musings sweet.

A sea before
 The Throne is spread;—its pure still glass
 Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass.
 We, on its shore,
 Share, in the bosom of our rest,
 God's knowledge, and are blessed.

VEXTATIONS.

EACH trial has its weight; which, whose bears
 Knows his own woe, and need of succoring grace;
 The martyr's hope half wipes away the trace
 Of flowing blood; the while life's humblest cares
 Smart more, because they hold in Holy Writ no
 place.

This be my comfort, in these days of grief,
 Which is not Christ's, nor forms heroic tale.
 Apart from Him, if not a sparrow fail,
 May not He pitying view, and send relief
 When foes or friends perplex, and peevish
 thoughts prevail?

Then keep good heart, nor take the niggard course
 Of Thomas, who must see ere he would trust.
 Faith will fill up God's word, not poorly just
 To the bare letter, heedless of its force,
 But walking by its light amid earth's sun and dust.

WARNINGS.

WHEN Heaven sends sorrow,
 Warnings go first,
 Lest it should burst
 With stunning might
 On souls too bright
 To fear the morrow.

Can science bear us
 To the hid springs
 Of human things?
 Why may not dream,
 Or thought's day-gleam,
 Startle, yet cheer us?

Are such thoughts fetters,
 While Faith disowns
 Dread of earth's tones,
 Recks but Heaven's call,
 And on the wall
 Reads but Heaven's letters?

FLOWERS WITHOUT FRUIT.

PRUNE thou thy words, the thoughts control
 That o'er thee swell and throng;
 They will condense within thy soul,
 And change to purpose strong.

And he who lets his feelings run
 In soft luxurious flow,
 Shrinks when hard service must be done,
 And faints at every woe.

Faith's meanest deed more favor bears,
 Where hearts and wills are weighed,
 Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
 Which bloom their hour and fade.

SEEDS IN THE AIR.

FOR AN ALBUM.

"Igneus est ollis vigor, et caelestis origo Seminibus."

COULD I hit on a theme
 To fashion my verse on,
 Not long would I seem
 A lack-courtesy person.
 But I have not the skill,
 Nor talisman strong,
 To summon at will
 The spirit of song.
 Bright thoughts are roaming
 Unseen in the air;
 Like comets, their coming
 Is sudden and rare.
 They strike, and they enter,
 And light up the brain,
 Which thrills to its centre
 With rapturous pain.
 Where the chance-seed
 Is piously nursed,
 Brighter succeed
 In the path of the first.—
 One sighs to the Muse,
 Or the sweet nightingale,
 One sips the night-dews
 Which moonbeams exhale.
 All this is a fiction;
 I never could find

A suitable friction
 To frenzy my mind.
 What use are empirics?
 No gas on their shelf
 Can make one spout lyrics
 In spite of oneself!

SOLITUDE.

There is in stillness oft a magic power
 To calm the breast, when struggling passions lower;
 Touched by its influence, in the soul arise
 Diviner feelings, kindred with the skies.

—*Solitude.*

ART.

Art's labored toys of highest name
 Are nerveless, cold, and dumb;
 And man is fitted but to frame
 A coffin or a tomb;
 Well suit when sense is passed away,
 Such lifeless works the lifeless clay.

—*Nature and Art.*

MIRTH.

Not a sight so fair on earth,
 As a lady's graceful mirth;
 Not a sound so chasing pain,
 As a lady's thrilling strain.

—*My Lady Nature and Her Daughters.*

BOOK-LORE.

Dim is the philosophic flame,
 By thoughts severe unfed:
 Book-lore ne'er served when trial came,
 Nor gifts, when faith was dead.

—*Zeal and Love.*

MAN.

Son of immortal seed, high-destined Man!
 Know thy dread gift,—a creature, yet a cause:
 Each mind is its own centre, and it draws
 Home to itself, and moulds in its thought's span
 All outward things, the vassals of its will,
 Aided by Heaven, by earth unthwarted still.

—*Substance and Shadow.*

MUSIC.

Music's ethereal fire was given,
 Not to dissolve our clay,
 But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
 And purge the dross away.

—*The Isles of the Sirens.*

ENGLAND.

Dread thine own power! Since haughty Babel's
 prime,
 High towers have been man's crime.

Since her hoar age, when the huge moat lay bare,
 Strongholds have been man's snare.
 Thy nest is in the crags; ah! refuge frail!
 Mad counsel in its hour, or traitors will prevail.
 —*England.*

PENANCE.

Mortal! if e'er thy spirits faint,
 By grief or pain opprest,
 Seek not vain hope, or sour complaint,
 To cheer or ease thy breast:
 But view thy bitterest pangs as sent
 A shadow of that doom,
 Which is the soul's just punishment
 In its own guilt's true home.
 Be thine own judge; hate thy proud heart;
 And while the sad drops flow,
 E'en let thy will attend the smart,
 And sanctify by woe.

—*Penance.*

TRUTH.

Still is the might of Truth, as it has been:
 Lodged in the few, obeyed, and yet unseen.
 Reared on lone heights, and rare,
 His saints their watch-flame bear,
 And the mad world sees the wide-circling blaze,
 Vain searching whence it streams, and how to
 quench its rays.

—*The Course of Truth.*

REVERSES.

When mirth is full and free,
 Some sudden gloom shall be;
 When haughty power mounts high,
 The Watcher's axe is nigh.
 All growth has bound; when greatest found,
 It hastes to die.
 When the rich town, that long
 Has lain its huts among,
 Uprears its pageants vast,
 And vaunts — it shall not last!
 Bright tints that shine, are but a sign
 Of summer past.
 And when thine eye surveys,
 With fond adoring gaze,
 And yearning heart, thy friend —
 Love to its grave doth tend.
 All gifts below, save Truth, but grow
 Towards an end.

—*Reverses.*

SYMPATHY.

Nay, from no fount impure these drops arise;
 'Tis but that sympathy with Adam's race
 Which in each brother's history reads its own.
 —*Messina.*

GOD.

Of the Father Effluence bright,
 Out of Light evolving light,
 Light from Light, unfailing Ray,
 Day creative of the day.
 —*Lauds-Monday.*

THOUGHT.

For spirits and men by different standards mete
 The less and greater in the flow of time.
 By sun and moon, primeval ordinances —
 By stars which rise and set harmoniously —
 By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
 This way and that, of the suspended rod
 Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
 Equal, continuous, for their common use.
 Not so with us in the immaterial world;
 But intervals in their succession
 Are measured by the living thought alone
 And grow or wane with its intensity.
 And time is not a common property;
 But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
 And near is distant, as received and grasped
 By this mind and by that, and every one
 Is standard of his own chronology.
 And memory lacks its natural resting-points
 Of years, and centuries, and periods.
 It is thy very energy of thought
 Which keeps thee from thy God.

—*The Dream of Gerontius.*

GREECE.

From thee the glorious preacher came,
 With soul of zeal and lips of flame,
 A court's stern martyr-guest;
 And thine, O inexhaustive race!
 Was Nazianzen's Heaven-taught grace;
 And royal-hearted Athanase,
 With Paul's own mantle blest.
 —*The Greek Fathers.*

SIN.

Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace,
 So we move heavenward with averted face,
 Scared into faith by warnings of sin's pains;
 And Saints are lower'd that the world may rise.
 —*Isaac.*

VALENTINE.

Valentine! the name is good;
 For it comes of lineage high,
 And a famous family:
 And it tells of gentle blood,
 Noble blood, — and nobler still,
 For its owner freely poured
 Every drop there was to spill
 In the quarrel of his Lord.
 —*Valentine to a Little Girl.*

ALICE WERNER.

MISS WERNER is of German-English parentage, and was born in June, 1859, at Trieste, Austria. Soon afterward the family removed to England and resided at Blackheath. When about two years of age the little girl resumed her travels and located, with her parents, at Dunstan, New Zealand, which was her home until the autumn of 1864. At that time they went to Mexico, but the disturbed condition of the country caused their removal within a year, and after a sojourn in an eastern state they returned to Europe. Later, the family settled at Frankfort, Germany, residing there until 1872. The last six months of that time comprised the young girl's first experience in school, having been taught previously by her elder sisters, and, as she says, "by nature," outdoor life being her especial delight, and to be compelled to live in town seeming to her a wretched fate. The following year she visited Italy, spending much time in Naples, where the glamour of the antique world was cast over the wild, free spirit, and the poetic impulse evolved. Returning to England the family settled in Tonbridge, the father's death occurring the same year. Miss Werner then gave German lessons, and later attended school in London, where she passed the Cambridge senior local examination, and afterward the higher local examination with high honors. Gaining a scholarship in the latter she attended Newnham College, Tonbridge, during two years, then entered Truro, Cornwall, High School, as assistant and mistress, retaining the position until returning home to teach and write.

Miss Werner's first appearance in print was in *Little Folks*, when about fifteen, and her verses saw the light in the *Tonbridge Free Press*. Three years later, a poem, "Voices of the Sea," appeared in the *Quiver*. Such subjects as "The Sculptor of Ephesus," were chosen themes for the poems at this time. "The King of the Silver City, and Other Poems" was published in London in 1882; four years later her more recent poems were collected in a second volume entitled, "A Time and Times, Ballads and Lyrics of East and West," both of which were favorably received. After several years' residence in the quaint old town of St. Andrews, Scotland, where much literary work was accomplished, Miss Werner is now in London, as an editorial writer on the staff of the *Review of Reviews*. Her stories and poems have appeared in American periodicals, as well as in *Blackwood's*, *Longman's*, *Temple Bar*, and other English magazines. Her work over the signature, "A. Werner," has frequently been mistaken for that of a manly pen.

She is a fine linguist, and has translated a life of Garibaldi from the French, and other works. In connection with her brother, Mr. J. R. Werner, author of "River Life on the Congo: A Visit to Stanley's Rear Guard," she has written much concerning African experience. Her brother, Edward Werner, Esq., connected with the British Legation, at Pekin, China, is also an author. Miss Werner's contributions to literature convey no adequate idea of the overflowing wit and humor reserved for her friends and correspondents. C. M. A. W.

THE LAST OF THE REAPERS.

Oh! ho! ho! midnight is soon,—
High in heaven the harvest moon,—
And the stars, like maidens all in white
Pass through the blue vault of the night:—
And the sea-beach glitters with white-fringed
foam,—

Oh! ho, ho! for the harvest home.

Oh! ho, oh! for the harvest home!
Oh! what a night afar to roam!
Sing! is it not enough of bliss
To be on earth such a night as this?
Light, maybe is the sheaf I bring,—
But there was the joy of gathering!

Hark!— the crash,— and the long, low roar,
Rattle and hiss on the pebbly shore—
Outside the sea lies silvered and still,
And the white moon leads it as she will,
But over the rocks flies the leaping foam—
Oh! ho, ho! for the harvest home!

Bare and white does the braeside lie,
Harvested clean beneath the sky:—
Stubbles are sharp to the barefoot tread,—
It seems the others are far ahead;—
Never mind me — I come! I come!
Oh! ho, ho! for the harvest home!

Surely there grows a chill in the air
What was the ghostly cry out there?—
Only the lapwings!— and far away
The startled curlew pipe in the bay—
A chill in the sky, and a cloud on the moon—
Methinks it is time for her setting soon.

Oh! ho, ho! for harvest home!
Dry in the cup is the red wine's foam,
And the lamps are out, and the feast is done,—
And I meet the people, one by one,

Coming out to their work — and lo!—
I turn — in the east the sunrise-glow.

AMONG THE HYACINTHS.

I KNEW you from afar, O loved and lover!
Along the cliff you came,—
Along the jeweled grassy slopes breathed over
With hyacinthine flame.

Above the dark blue waters rose the clamor
Of sea-gulls far away,—
You walked together through the glow and glamor
Of that sweet summer day.

Above, around you wheeled the darting swallows,—
The lark sang in the blue:
The whins were golden — springing in the hollows
The tender brackens grew.

You walked beside your hero — tall and slender,
And clear as sun of south!—
O queenly head, with eyes of radiance tender —
O shy, sweet-curving mouth! —

When days mayhap are dark, that now are golden,
So shall he stand by you —
Your fingers in a steadfast hand-clasp holden —
A strong heart beating true. —

You, that would meet a world in arms, defiant,
And valiant for the truth —
In fights that weary out the self-reliant
And fervid soul of youth,

Shall find a heart for aching head to rest on,
A hand upon your brow,
And faithful eyes to answer every question
With one sweet word, as now.

Eastward you passed, brightening the bright June
weather:—
Whatever hid from view
Lies in the future ye shall pace together,
God keep you both, you two!

DAWN.

It comes — it looms up in the darkness —
Something:— I hardly know
Of a word, or a name to name it;—
But I feel it must be so;
That a time of choice is coming
For weal or for woe.

The pulses of a nation
Beating in fever and pain:
The fever of woe and want —
The fever of greed and gain,—
And the stars are reeling in heaven —
And the great sea moans for her slain.

In the stillness of my life,
I hear the tramp afar
Of the armies marching,
Under the morning star,
To the Armageddon battle,
Where the eagles are.

The days lie dark before me:—
I know not what shall be,
But at midnight or at day-dawn,
When the call comes unto me,
I am ready to rise and follow —
To the death-agony.

O my people, my brothers!
God grant me to be true —
Ever true to Him, highest truth!—
No great thing can I do:—
But, firm as a faithful heart may love,
Ever I stand by you.

Your:— and I see God's angel
Coming along the sky,
With the garments rolled in blood,
And the steadfast eye —
And some say her name is Love,
And some, Liberty.

She comes — who will know her coming?
Or be ready her step to greet,
When she comes with the blood on her brow
And the dust about her feet?
Who will bravely drink of the bitter
Without a hope of the sweet?

Let us be true — heart-loyal —
Ready what time she calls!
Justice and Truth are met
To cast down the age-built walls.
Happy shall be the victors that day,
And blessed he who falls!

IN A THEATRE.

CAPUA, 72 B. C.

We were friends and comrades loyal though I was
of alien race,
And he a free-born Sannite that followed the man
from Thrace,

And there, in the mid-arena, he and I stood face to face.

I was a branded swordsman, and he was supple and strong.

They saved us alive from the battle, to do us this cruelest wrong,

That each should slay the other there before the staring throng.

Faces—faces—and faces! how it made my brain to spin!

Beautiful faces of women, and tiger-souls therein!
And merry voices of girls that laughed, debating of who should win.

Over us, burning and cloudless, dazzled the blue sky's dome;

Far away to the eastward the white snow-peaks of his home;

And in front the Prefect, purple-clad, in the deadly might of Rome.

And so in the mid-arena, we stood there face to face,

And he looked me right in the eyes and said, "I ask thee one last grace—

Slay me, for *thee* I cannot." Then I held his hand a space,

But knew not what I answered: the heavens round and wide

Surged up and down—a flash of steel—my sword was through his side,

And I was down upon my knees, and held him as he died.

His blood was warm on my fingers, his eyes were scarcely still,

When they tore him from me, and the blade that else had healed all ill.

And it is one more day I am theirs, to work their will.

No matter! the sand, and the sun, and the faces hateful to see,

They will be nothing—nothing! but I wonder who may be

The other man I have to fight—the man that shall kill me!

SUNDAY MORNING.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE sunshine sleeps upon the market-square,—
The gray stone fountain in the quietness
Ripples with gentle murmur, that the press

Of feet and din of voices overbear
On week-days;—o'er the flagstones, here and there
Trip rainbow-breasted doves; and May's caress
Lingers on square tower, fretted pinnacles,
Blue skies, green elms, and all things that are fair.
And God seems near—the God our souls adore.—
And that dark phantom the world bends before
Bidding us name it thus, shrinks back forlorn;
And, as the restful glory wraps us round,
St. Mary's bells, a crystal rain of sound,
Break on the clearness of the golden morn.

THE CRY OF THE NATIONS.

*"Rose-colored Republic of Christ
So long in coming to pass."*—ASFROMONTE.

AMID the wrangling and the jar, the singing and the laughter,

The voice of councils and of kings,—if men but pause to hear,

There sounds a low, wild moan through all, and in the silence after

It rises like the deep sea's wail into the heavens clear.

Down the long rank of centuries that wail has still been swelling,

More hopeless as the years roll on and no deliverance bring,

Amid the grind of wheels and tramp of feet we hear it telling

The sorrows of the Peoples, and of Earth that lacks her King.

"Hard, hard are the iron wheels, so pitiless in their grinding,

Sharp are the cruel stones where bleeding feet must tread,

And troop by troop athwart the mist so thick and foul and blinding,

Pale, weary forms pass down unto the stillness of the dead.

"The head is sick, the heart is faint—so helpless and so weary!

O Christ!—the nations writhe in pain and darkness of despair.

No ray of light—no dawn of love to pierce our darkness dreary,—

And in the weary round of toil is none to heed our prayer.

"Six thousand years have passed, and we in hope were ever waiting;—

From darkness of the prison-house our eyes are faint and dim;

Our feet too numb to feel the chains, our hearts too
dull for hating,
The sickness of a hope deferred is lead in every
limb.

“So free and bright the happy ones, whose homes
no pale want darkens,
Whose smiles like sunbeams from above across
our pathway fall!
Yet when we cry out in our pain, who is there turns
and hearkens,
Except in wrath and scorn? — but Thou saidst we
were brethren all!

“Is there no help? for many are the hungry-eyed
oppressors,—
Heavy the yoke, and hot the sun, and oh! the
lash stings sore!
And art not Thou — who once upon the Galilean
mountains
Hadst pity on the multitudes — the same for ever-
more?

“No help to-day — no hope in life for any bright to-
morrow,—
No rest, no freedom, yet we had a faith whereon
to lean;
We looked to Thee to save,—and now they mock
us in our sorrow,—
Cruel! — they tell us Thou art not, that Thou
hast never been!”

O Christ! O Love! we can but cry, look on us in
our anguish!
We cannot cry into the dark, and feel that naught
is there! —
We know not even what to ask, Thou Life of those
that languish;
We are but weak and blind,—but surely Thou
wilt hear our prayer.

We cannot see Thee — faith is weak, and flickers to
its dying,
And love is cold, and taunting lips bid us lie still
and rest; —
And cruel hands are raised to strike us in the mire
low-lying,
And none can understand, but Thou, most loving,
mightiest.

Thou wert, Thou art, and Thou shalt be for ever-
more unfailing;
Thou art; — the same who lived the three and
thirty years of pain.

How long, O Lord, how long? and wilt Thou leave
us to our wailing?

O Christ, O Christ,—the People's Christ,— when
wilt Thou come again?

A LIFE'S LABOR.

O LIFE I knew!
O heart so true!

O fresh young hope! O golden prime! —
This Man — he started to run his race,
With the glow of the sunlight on his face,
To run a-tilt against the time.
All things were wrong, but all should be right
Ere he went to his rest in the cool of night.
This Man — he was but a man, ah me! —
With the heart of gold and the hands of clay,
And the high thoughts that die on the lips away:—
No iron will for the strife had he,—
And yet he could not sink back and rest
With the quiet souls whom the world loves best.
He saw the Good flit ever before,
Like the rainbow afar on the mountains seen,
While the clinging mire of the marsh-flats green
Held fast his feet, though he struggled sore,
Till the right came, and, broken and lone,
Wearily, to rest he laid him down.
Ah me! — and yet I had rather be
That Man, as I saw him lying
With his blue eyes dim in dying,
And the heart that once beat so high and free
Broken with trusting too much,— than they
Who call him fool, and pass on their way!

O life I knew!
O high heart true!

AMERICA.

Yours be the Spartan constancy,
The Roman might of victory,
And majesty of rule and law,—
The Saxon simple heart of awe.
And, gathering up from every age
The great and good for heritage,
Write ye aloft your country's name,
Purged from all youthful sin and blame.

—*America.*

GOD.

Thy children, for ever Thine own!
And though the wild whirlwinds, the lawless-seem-
ing, are sweeping,
Yet the orbits appointed by Thee we know they are
keeping;
We cling in the darkness, one day we shall stand
by the Throne,

Thy children — Thine own.

—*Suspiria.*

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FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.

FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON is not only distinguished among the moderns of *vers de société* but he was one of the first to win acceptance for it. Præd had done not a little to show the way, but he hardly himself succeeded along it. That was left for Mr. Locker, as the name is most familiar, when he was blithely proceeding. Such pieces as these, "On an Old Muff" "A Jester's Moral," are, in their way, very good—there wit, fancy, light irony, a gentle half-moralizing, a gay seriousness, a playful earnestness, are in fine combination; and all is so good in tone. For metrical resource, and for variety in some respects, it may be that his own verses have surpassed him—some of Mr. Austin's ballads are indeed gems in their way, but Mr. Locker will maintain his position as head and teacher of the school.

Frederick Locker was born in 1821. His mother and grandfather were both connected with St. George's Hospital. His grandfather, Captain John Locker, R. N., was, for a considerable time, Lieutenant-Governor of that magnificent establishment, and his father, a civilian, was a civil commissioner of it, and founded the naval gallery.

Mr. Locker, when a young man, entered the Civil Service, and was for some time a *précis* writer in the Admiralty. But from his earliest days he had an interest in literature, and he was a perceptive collector of old books and manuscripts, drawings and pictures. In 1863 he resigned his military appointment to devote himself more completely to his loved pursuits. He has contributed to some of the best newspapers, reviews, and magazines of the time—to the *Times*, to *Blackwood's*, to *Punch*, and to the *Cornhill*. Mr. Thackeray accepted some of his *vers de société* for the early numbers of the latter magazine, speaking of them in the highest tones of praise. In 1857 these verses were collected into a volume, called "Londres," which has run through many editions. In 1867 Mr. Locker edited the "Lyra Elegantiarum" and prefixed to it an original essay; and in 1868 he published "Patchwork," which is truer to the name than many books, for it is really a reproduction of the best things in his commonplace book, notes, and funny incidents, and characteristic extracts from favorite or original books. Mr. Locker is known also for his collection of drawings by old masters, and his early and rare editions of books, more especially of very scarce Elizabethan literature, of which he has printed a *catalogue raisonné*. He married, first, a sister of the

late Earl of Elgin, by which marriage he became related to Dean Stanley, and, secondly, the daughter of the late Sir Curtis Lampson, Bart., of Rowfant, after whose death Mr. Locker added the name of Lampson to his own. One of Mr. Locker's daughters by his first marriage became the wife of the son of Lord Tennyson, now deceased, and she has since married Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is well known in the world of letters. A. H. J.

THE SKELETON IN THE CUPBOARD.

*The most forlorn—what worms we are!
Would wish to finish this cigar
Before departing.*

THE characters of great and small
Come ready made, we can't bespeak one;
Their sides are many, too,—and all
(Except ourselves) have got a weak one.
Some sanguine people love for life,
Some love their hobby till it flings them.—
How many love a pretty wife
For love of the *éclat* she brings them!

* * * * *

A little to relieve my mind
I've thrown off this disjointed chatter,
But more because I'm disinclined
To enter on a painful matter:
Once I was bashful; I'll allow
I've blushed for words untimely spoken;
I still am rather shy, and now
And now the ice is fairly broken.

We all have secrets: you have one
Which mayn't be quite your charming spouse's;
We all lock up a skeleton
In some grim chamber of our houses;
Familiar who exhaust their days
And nights in probing where our smart is—
And who, for all their spiteful ways,
Are "silent, unassuming *parties*."

We hug this phantom we detest,
Rarely we let it cross our portals:
It is a most exacting guest,—
Now are we afflicted mortals?
Your neighbor Gay, that jovial wight,
As Dives rich, and brave as Hector—
Poor Gay steals twenty times a night,
On shaking knees, to see his spectre.

Old Dives fears a pauper fate,
So hoarding in his ruling passion;—

Some gloomy souls anticipate
 A waistcoat, straiter than the fashion! —
 She childless pines, that lonely wife,
 And secret tears are bitter shedding; —
 Hector may tremble all his life,
 And die,—but not of that he's dreading.

* * * * *

Ah me, the World! How fast it spins!
 The beldams dance, the caldron bubbles;
 They shriek,—they stir it for our sins,
 And we must drain it for our troubles.
 We toil, we groan; — the cry for love
 Mounts up from this poor seething city,
 And yet I know we have above
 A FATHER, infinite in pity.

When Beauty smiles, when Sorrow weeps,
 Where sunbeams play, where shadows darken,
 One inmate of our dwelling keeps
 It's ghastly carnival; — but hearken!
 How dry the rattle of the bones!
 That sound was not to make you start meant:
 Stand by! Your humble servant owns
 The Tenant of this Dark Apartment.

A NICE CORRESPONDENT.

"There are plenty of roses" (the patriarch speaks)
 "Alas not for me, on your lips and your cheeks;
 Fair maiden rose-laden enough and to spare,
 Spare, spare me that rose that you wear in your hair."

THE glow and the glory are plighted
 To darkness, for evening is come;
 The lamp in Glebe Cottage is lighted,
 The birds and the sheep-bells are dumb.
 I'm alone for the others have flitted
 To dine with a neighbor at Kew:
 I'm alone, but I'm not to be pitied —
 I'm thinking of you!

I wish you were here! Were I duller
 Than dull, you'd be dearer than dear;
 I am drest in your favorite color —
 Dear Fred, how I wish you were here!
 I am wearing my lazuli necklace,
 The necklace you fastened askew!
 Was there ever so rude or so reckless
 A darling as you?

I want you to come and pass sentence
 On two or three books with a plot;
 Of course you know "Janet's Repentance?"
 I am reading Sir *Waverly* Scott,

That story of Edgar and Lucy,
 How thrilling, romantic, and true!
 'The Master (his bride *was* a goosey)!
 Reminds me of you.

They tell me Cockaigne has been crowning
 A poet whose garland endures; —
 It was you that first told me of Browning, —
 That stupid old Browning of yours!
 His vogue and his verve are alarming,
 I'm anxious to give him his due,
 But, Fred, he's not nearly so charming
 A poet as you!

I heard how you shot at The Beeches,
 I saw how you rode Chanticleer,
 I have read the report of your speeches,
 And echoed the echoing cheer.
 There's a whisper of hearts you are breaking,
 Dear Fred, I believe it, I do! —
 Small marvel that Folly is making
 Her idol of you!

Alas for the World, and its dearly
 Bought triumph, its fugitive bliss;
 Sometimes I half wish I were merely
 A plain or a penniless Miss;
 But, perhaps, one is best with "a measure
 Of pelf," and I'm not sorry, too,
 That I'm pretty, because 'tis a pleasure,
 My darling, to you!

Your whim is for frolic and fashion,
 Your taste is for letters and art; —
 This rhyme is the commonplace passion
 That glows in a fond woman's heart:
 Lay it by in some sacred deposit
 For relics — we all have a few!
 Love, some day they'll print it because it
 Was written to You.

"THE WIDOW'S MITE."

A WIDOW — she had only one!
 A puny and decrepit son;
 But, day and night,
 Though fretful oft, and weak and small,
 A loving child, he was her all —
 The Widow's Mite.

The Widow's Mite — ay, so sustained,
 She battled onward, nor complained
 Though friends were fewer:
 And while she toiled for daily fare,

A little crutch upon the stair
Was music to her.

I saw her then — and now I see
That, though resigned and cheerful, she
Has sorrowed much:
She has, He gave it tenderly,
Much faith; and, carefully laid by,
A little crutch.

THE JESTER'S PLEA.

THE World's a sorry wench, akin
To all that's frail and frightful:
The World's as ugly—ay, as Sin,
And nearly as delightful!
The World's a merry world (*pro tem.*),
And some are gay, and therefore
It pleases them, but some condemn
The World they do not care for.

The World's an ugly world. Offend
Good people, how they wrangle!
The manners that they never mend,
The characters they mangle!
They eat, and drink, and scheme, and plod,
And go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God—
And more of *Mrs. Grundy*.

The time for Pen and Sword was when
"My ladye fayre," for pity
Could tend her wounded knight, and then
Be tender at his ditty.
Some ladies now make pretty songs,
And some make pretty nurses:
Some men are great at righting wrongs,—
And some at writing verses.

I wish we better understood
The tax that poets levy!
I know the Muse is *goody good*,
I think she's rather heavy:
She now compounds for winning ways
By morals of the sternest,
Methinks the lays of nowadays
Are painfully in earnest.

When Wisdom halts, I humbly try
To make the most of Folly:
If Pallas be unwilling, I
Prefer to flirt with Polly;
To quit the goddess for the maid
Seems low in lofty musers;

But Pallas is a lofty jade—
And beggars can't be choosers.

I do not wish to see the slaves
Of party, stirring passion,
Or psalms quite superseding staves,
Or piety "the fashion."
I bless the hearts where pity glows,
Who, here together banded,
Are holding out a hand to those
That wait so empty-handed!

A righteous Work! My masters, may
A Jester by confession,
Scarce noticed join, half sad, half gay,
The close of your procession?
The motley here seems out of place
With graver robes to mingle,
But if one tear bedews his face,
Forgive the bells their jingle.

LOCKER.

Oh! for the poet's voice that swells
To lofty truths, or noble curses—
I only wear the cup and bells,
And yet some tears are in my verses.
Softly I trill my sparrow reed,
Pleased if one should like my twitter;
Humbly I lay it down and heed
A music or a minstrel fitter.

OPPORTUNITY.

The healthy-wealthy-wise affirm
The early birds obtain the worm,—
(The worm rose early too)!

—*Arcadia.*

FAME.

O Fame! on thy pillar so steady,
Some dupes watch beneath thee in vain:—
How many have done it already!
How many will do it again!

—*Væ Victis.*

DEATH.

Who love, can need no special type of Death;
He bares his awful face too soon, too often;
"Immortelles" bloom in Beauty's bridal wreath,
And does not yon green elm contain a coffin?

* * * * *

The end is near, Life lacks what once it gave.
Yet death has promises that call for praises;—

A very worthless rogue may dig the grave,
But hands unseen will dress the turf with daisies.

—*A Human Skull.*

FATE.

All's for the best, indeed
Such is My simple creed,
Still I must go and weed
Hard in my garden.

—*On an Old Muff.*

REALIZATION.

Is human life a pleasant game
That gives the palm to all?
A fight for fortune, or for fame,
A struggle, and a fall?
Who views the Past, and all he prized,
With tranquil exultation?
And who can say,—I've realized
My fondest aspiration?

—*The Jester's Moral.*

CHARITY.

She begs,— and I'm touched, but I've great circum-
spection:

I stifle remorse with a soothing reflection
That cases of vice are by no means a rarity —
The worst vice of all 's indiscriminate charity.

—*Beggars.*

THACKERAY.

He aye had a sentiment tender
For innocent maidens and boys;
And though he was great as a scorner,
The guileless were safe from his sting:—
How sad is past mirth to the mourner!
A tear on the Rose and the Ring!

—*The Rose and the Ring.*

PAST.

I love the Past, its ripe pleasance,
Its lusty thought, and dim romance,—
And heart-compelling ditties.

—*The Old Oak-Tree.*

LIFE.

If life an empty bubble be,
How sad are those who cannot see
The rainbow in the bubble!

—*Bramble-Rise.*

FAREWELL.

Farewell! could wishing weave a spell,
There's promise in those words, *fare well.*

—*The Castle in the Air.*

JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER.

JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER was born in Gorham, Maine, in the spring of 1831. He descends from the pioneers of New England through various ancestral lines. His education was obtained in the schools of Portland, and Lynn, Massachusetts, and under private tutors. In young manhood he prepared to enter the law office of Rufus Choate, the famous Boston advocate, and went to Boston for that purpose, but owing to a partial failure of health, he abandoned the study of law, and sought an out-of-door employment. In 1854 he engaged in mercantile and manufacturing enterprises in Portland, where he has continued to this day. His first contribution to magazine literature was a Christmas article in 1853 to the *Home Journal*, edited by N. P. Willis and George P. Morris. In spite of extensive business he has never relinquished the employment of his pen. He always found delight in literature. Mr. Baxter was a leading promoter and the first President of the Associated Charities, Portland Society of Art, Gorges Publication Society, and the present President of Maine Historical Society. He is a Trustee and Director in Portland Savings Bank, Portland Trust Company and Merchants' National Bank. He has delivered historical lectures before Columbia College and the leading historical societies of America. Bowdoin College recognized his services, bestowing upon him the degree of A. M. A few years since Mr. Baxter erected and donated to the city of Portland its large and magnificent Public Library. The varied, yet ennobling characteristics displayed by Mr. Baxter are worthy of highest regard. As a business man, poet, historian, scholar and benefactor, he stands as an example of what a typical American youth can do for himself and the world. In civil, social, religious, scholastic, historic and business circles he holds an enviable place. His residence in Portland is spacious; and his large collections of art, decorations and books, testify what wealth and culture can do to satisfy the higher desires of the soul.

Though Mr. Baxter has a place among poets, yet it will be as a historian that his widest reputation will be gained. His several volumes on the early history of the New England Atlantic coast are superb in original documents and investigations, giving light to future students of the period, and overturning many of the opinions of former historians who had not the material at hand with which to judge. He has personally, and with expert assistants, sought into the archives of Boston, London, Paris and Madrid, and wherever a document

could be found, pertinent to the subject of commerce, society or religion previous to the Revolutionary days. His historical volumes have been received with a glad welcome by students of similar tastes. Our space is too short to enter upon a resumé of his bibliography, but suffice to say, that the documents he has brought to light and his notes upon them, afford highest evidence of a patient, persistent, methodical and painstaking author. His services to his native state and America are indeed great, and in return Mr. Baxter knows well the esteem in which he is held by his associates and a widening host of friends.

A. T.

DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

THE day o'erbrims with splendor like a rose;
No hint of storm is in the far-off sky;
I watch the blue sea as it comes and goes
Beneath my eye.

Toward the mirroring waters slowly dips
The broad-winged gull, and, rising, seaward
glides;

Toward the city toil the laboring ships
On favoring tides.

There comes to me the tumult of the keys,
The murmur of the marts, and scents which bear
Me into zones where every passing breeze
Is a sweet snare,—

A lure to languor. Ah, but what of this!
I must the sweet spell shatter, and away;
And 'midst the mart's moil, where gray Duty is,
Wear out the day:

For Duty saith, "Life is too real a thing
To waste in worthless ways. For bread men
moan,
For soul and body, bread. 'Twere shame to bring
Them but a stone."

I glance down shamefaced-wise. "'Tis true," I
sigh;
Then goldenly the sun gilds dome and spire,
And then an oriole goes sparkling by,—
A winged fire,—

And a fair city of a long-dead day
Beameth before me, and the gleam of gear,—
Broad shield, and billowy plume, and bannerel gay,
And lissome spear,

Leashed hound and hooded hawk, and rare-robed
dames,

And knights who curb tall steeds; and to my ear
"Sir Launcelot! Sir Galahad!"—glorious names—
The soft winds bear.

And the sound stirs my soul as doth the air
A slumbering lyre; and, come whatever may,
Am I lost to the world and all its care
For one brief day;

And gathering glory in the tourney field
Will I forget my time, and be as one
Who weareth mail, and beareth lance and shield
Till set of sun,

And winneth glance of damosels whose lips,
As they would fain be kissed, smile down on him:
For thoughts skim silent centuries, as swift ships
The oceans skim.

So will I have one joyous holiday,
Despite of men and marts and merchandise,—
A little tide in pleasant fields to stray,
'Neath cloudless skies.

MISERERE.

THE cheerless sun hangs low; the harsh north wind
Blows with a bitter breath from off the sea;
Brown are the southern slopes, where lately dinned
The gauzy locust and the golden bee.

The idle fishers as they seaward gaze
Dream of the silvery spoil their nets have won,
And fondly revel in the vanished days,—
Fairer than when their glowing course was run.

Their mazy nets drift useless on the gale;
Their boats along the barren shore are strown;
And but the billows' never-ending wail
Beats on the ear in dreary monotone.

Gone are the ships which bore in Summer's prime
The wealth of prosperous ports: a single sail
Flits on the sea's dim verge a little time,
Then fades and is forgot like some fair tale,

And all is vacancy,—save when, maybe,
A sea-bird hurrying through the falling night,
In from the sterile pastures of the sea,
Sweeps silent as a shadow 'thwart the sight.

O fruitless earth! O empty sky and sea!
 O wailing waves! O chill and bitter blast!
 Where shall the doubting soul for comfort flee
 Till all this dreariness be overpast?

TWO IDYLS.

JUNE.

WHERE drowsy willows nod and sigh,
 An angler by a brook doth lie;
 Upon his hook a painted fly,
 A dream's soft shadow in his eye:
 Thus like a charmèd prince he seems
 Destined a glorious prize to win,
 Which, like a jeweled javelin,
 Poised as in air on quivering fin,
 Before his vision gleams.

With purest blue the blissful sky
 Pavilions him right royally.
 Sometimes an oriole flames on high,
 Or bee impetuous sparkles by,
 Or bobolink ecstatic flings
 Bubbles of music on the air:
 And so he gathers everywhere
 All sparkling joys together there.
 Like pearls on silken strings.

DECEMBER.

She cometh like a pale surprise
 From the still cloisters of the skies,
 A mystic faith within her eyes;
 And at lone shrines she sadly plies
 Her chilly beads with fingers thin;
 While, like the dews from upper calms,
 To her rapt soul come voiceless psalms,
 Transforming with resistless charms
 The sorrows borne within.

The heavens bring near their fields of gray,
 Where walks the moon's pale wraith by day,
 While crows flit patiently away
 To foodless fields in mute array,—
 Chill fields, where listless willows bide
 By shrouded ponds; for all things wear
 A waiting look in earth and air,—
 A faith in something yet to bear
 Redemption far and wide.

MARCH.

A huntsman, keen of sense and brain,
 Reins his rough steed upon the plain,

And scans the sunless wastes again.
 The bitter blasts beat all in vain;
 He heeds them not, but eye and ear
 Strains as to catch in earth or sky
 A glimpse of something drawing nigh,
 Or haply some familiar cry,
 Amid the chaos drear.

—*Idyls of the Year.*

APRIL.

With shambling gait and vacant smile
 Of mingled innocence and guile,
 A loutish ploughboy climbs the stile,
 Whistling a dubious tune the while,
 And lingers by the sluggish pool,
 Where, safe behind their rushy screen,
 The nimble frogs in jackets green
 Dodge the stone shield with awkward mien,
 And jeer exultant, "Fool!"

—*Ibid.*

MAY.

From a green osier in the sun
 Tossing bright bubbles one by one,
 She sees with glee her gay worlds, spun
 From vapory light, their cycles run.
 Her flute-like laughter all the day
 With witchery fills the balmy air,
 Which toying with her sunny hair
 Weaves many a flossy toil and snare
 For loiterers by the way.

—*Ibid.*

JULY.

She comes from sunlands all aglow,
 A gypsy queen with torrid brow
 And swarthy locks, which to and fro,
 Like roving clouds, the hot winds blow.
 Along the dusty lane she strays,
 Where sunflowers flaunt their garish charms,
 And locusts pipe their shrill alarms,
 While wandering passions e'er in arms
 Meet in her ardent gaze.

—*Ibid.*

SEPTEMBER.

She sits beneath her vine-wreathed eaves
 Shrined like a saint, and ever weaves
 A fantasy of glowing leaves
 And flowers and fruits and gleaming sheaves;
 And looking out from calmest eyes
 With a Madonna's pensive air,
 Matronly-wise through coming care,
 She seems a peaceful charm to bear
 From teeming Paradise.

—*Ibid.*

JOHN B. KETCHUM.

E subject of this sketch is of French and Scotch extract—his ancestors being Huguenot and Scottish reformers. His great-grandfather (a) was a soldier of the Revolution; and, at the close of the war, retired to an estate at Tarrytown, N. Y., where he passed the remainder of his life. He died in the sunshine of love and respect which gilded the declining years of so many men of that heroic age. Here the grandfather and mother of our subject were born; but our poet first saw the light in the city of New York, July 11, 1837; and, in the following year, removed with his parents to Cayuga Falls, N. Y., where the first twelve years of his life were passed. In 1849 the family returned to New York.

Ketchum received only a common school education, mainly at P. S. No. 5, in Fifth street, New York City, being, in 1851, a member of the Second Ninth Class, standing third in the list of graduates. He afterwards studied for a time at the University of the City of New York, but was never admitted to an academical degree. In 1856-57 he worked as a reporter and writer on the staff of the *Yorker*, and *New York Leader*, and had the supervision of many literary young men of that day. He proposed to read law, and was offered the position of the office of the late Hon. William

Noyes, but the outbreak of the war in 1861 developed his latent patriotism, and interrupted his studies; and he became associated with various committees for the temporal welfare and religious instruction of Union soldiers—serving, at the close of the war, with the late Vincent Colyer upon the staff of Governor R. E. Fenton in the reception and care of returning New York state troops. In 1866 he was instrumental in the formation of a new organization for the religious, and temporal welfare of the troops, by organizing the regular army of the United States, in connection with this patriotic work that is best known to his countrymen—having been appointed secretary of the society for nearly a quarter of a century. He was married in 1858 to Catherine A. Terhune, of New York.

Ketchum is a man of refined and quiet manner, of strong religious temperament and poetic sentiment, and one who finds a heaven in a quiet life.

In 1879 he moved to the township of Ramapo in Rockland county, N. Y., where he led a life of pastoral life for nearly nine years; but in 1888 became a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y. Like the denizens of large cities, whose early years are spent in the country, he delights in recollections of his life; and his happiest years, as he has told me,

were passed on the banks of Cayuga Lake, under the shade of sighing trees, or in sight of the Ramapo Mountains in Rockland county, listening to the wordless music of birds, and watching the bursting of apple blossoms. R. H. J., JR.

SUNSET.

SOFTLY underneath Hesperian curtains
Crimson-hued, with gold and purple fringed,
Fades away the clouds of pleasant sunshine,
Leaving all the fair west ruby-tinged.

Sweetly from its white tent of June blossoms,
Shaking out their fragrance to the air,—
Swells the eve-hymn of the joyous wild-bird,
Chasing from the burdened heart its care.

Slowly in the silver-tinted heavens
Wakes the first star, faint with dazzling light;
Growing stronger in the thickening shadows,
Settling fast before the closing night.

Majestic—with sudden shimmer,
Comes the white moon out the Orient sea!
Scattering blessings from the distant region—
Light and promise and full liberty.

When the sunlight of my life is sinking
O'er the Hesper hill of twilight time,—
May God's angel ever then be near me,
Leading where there is no sunset clime.

LATE MAY.

It is a morning of late May,
The gentle rain of yesterday
Has passed, like childhood's tears, away,
And sunshine gilds the hour;
The breeze that comes from Southern vales,
Glides softly o'er the hills and dales,
And drinks the nectar that exhales
From every opening flower.

What glorious sights the orchards show,
Enrobed in garments white as snow,
And waving idly to and fro—
Seas of rosy billows;
Beauteous is the lilac's plume,
Redolent with such sweet perfume;
Beauteous, too, the cherry's bloom,
And foliage of willows.

Now strains of melody I hear,
 As Nature's choristers appear,
 And fill the air with merry cheer
 And joyful carolings;—
 The robin, chief among the choir,
 To various chords attunes his lyre;—
 Now soft and low — then rising higher
 Till all the welkin rings.

I pause amid the dream-like view,
 And ask myself if it be true;
 Or if some fairy fingers drew
 The panorama all;—
 Or if the Power, supreme and wise,
 Presents to our admiring eyes
 This scene, to show how Paradise
 Appeared before man's fall.

OLD WOODEN CHURCH IN THE GROVE.

A SONG for the old wooden church in the grove,
 And that hour of hallowed repose,
 When the Spirit comes down within the old walls,
 In the hush of the Sabbath-day's close;
 When the sun sinks low in the far-distant west
 And the shadows of night are falling,
 As the calm of the even steals over all,
 And the bell is lovingly calling.

In fancy I sit in the pew by the wall,
 And my spirit is pensive and grieves;—
 And I hear the low prayers that trembled and rose
 As the summer-wind sang thro' the eaves:—
 I hear the same voices that chanted in tune
 In the days of the long, long ago,
 Yet singing those hymns as the eve closes in,
 And the music comes sweetly and low.

Though absent and distant an exile I roam,
 I will think of those hours and the time,
 And memory keep green the little, old church,
 And preserve it in story and rhyme:—
 Let them bury me where the tones of the bell
 There my spirit forever will move,
 Where the voice of worshiper riseth in praise,
 From the old wooden church in the grove.

AFTERNOON IN SUMMER.

LISTLESS and languid all—no breath of air
 To stir the branches of those lofty trees;
 No chirp is heard, nor song, nor hum of bees:

I know one spot,— come, I will lead thee there,
 Where zephyrs hide among the soft green leaves,
 And wild flowers bend to kiss the shadowed
 brook; ·
 And, half concealed, the wren her lone nest weaves:
 And sweet Forget-Me-Nots there mildly look
 From out the Moss, with eye like blue of Heaven:
 Then let us hie us to this lov'd retreat;
 And, safely sheltered from the sultry heat,
 Await the calm approach of grateful even;—
 Then 'neath the light of Heaven's silvered queen,
 We'll seek each wild and fairy-haunted scene.

BATTLE PRAYER.

FOR THE U. S. ARMY.—1861.

OH Lord, with Thee is Death and Life!
 To Thee we humbly pray;
 Be with us in the battle-strife —
 Oh, shield our lives to-day!
 Where Death lurks stealthy, there we go;
 Yet dread not cannon's roar;
 No coward-thought our hearts can know,
 No fears oppress us more.

Hear us, oh Lord! and, if Thy will,
 Grant that no unknown grave
 These forms of ours, to-day, may fill —
 Be Thou with us and save!
 We cry again for *life* to Thee —
 Bow low, oh Lord, and hear!
 All earthly weakness here we flee;
 Oh, show Thy face to cheer!

GARFIELD.

"Soldierly the soldier died."
 — MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Fold the brave hands on his breast,
 Leave him to his dreamless rest;
 Night, with dark and solemn brow,
 Hides him in her chamber now;
 And, while years their numbers tell,
 He shall slumber, deep and well.
 Weep not o'er the chieftain's bed,
 Soft it pilloweth his head;
 Life's rude storms above him beat,
 Howls the tempest at his feet,
 Yet they wake no fever now —
 Maddened pulse nor throbbing brow.
 — *The Officer's Funeral.*

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Mary A. Mason.

MARY AUGUSTA MASON.

MARY AUGUSTA MASON was born in Windsor, N. Y., on one of the pleasantest farms in the Susquehanna valley. In early childhood she established close companionship with birds, flowers, and everything sweet and lovely out-of-doors. Nature had a perpetual charm for her, and her splendid health, the roses in her cheeks, the light in her eyes, and her bright and joyous spirit, are largely due to the fullness and freedom of her life in the open air. Her ear has caught the first faint sounds of every season—her eye the first stir of the opening bud, the first flash of a warbler's wing.

Miss Mason has the rare but perhaps unfortunate endowment,—the feeling and fancy of the poet, the ear of the musician, and the eye of the artist. In each of these departments of kindred art she might excel, and she is embarrassed in reaching the highest attainable point in any one of these by her taste for, and tendency toward them all. Her talent for music, both vocal and instrumental, made itself conspicuous at a very early age. From her childhood, she has delighted her friends with her pure and sympathetic voice and her remarkable capacity to carry in her memory and execute the most difficult compositions. Her taste for artistic work disclosed itself later, and a few years ago her first verses were offered to the *Binghamton Republican* and promptly accepted. Further contributions were invited, and since then, poems have flowed from her pen with a freshness and spontaneity that have won wide recognition.

Miss Mason's poetry is fittingly described to those who know her, by the editor of the *New York Home Journal*, as "a truthful transcript of her own nature." She sings, as the birds sing, without apparent effort, and though her manner is light and joyous, her verses often indicate depth of thought and a close acquaintance with the mysteries and losses of life. Miss Mason doubtless inherits much of her artistic talent from both her parents. Her mother, who died last year, was a rare and cultured woman, and her great-grandmother on her father's side was a sister of the distinguished artist, George Catlin. Miss Mason is a young lady and resides at Binghamton, N. Y. Some of her poems lend themselves readily to illustration, and several of them have been widely circulated as souvenirs of the holiday season. As yet, she has published nothing in book form except a dainty collection of her poems for circulation among friends, but she is a regular contributor to several of the leading periodicals.

C. M. D.

AN AUTUMN MORNING.

THE dark dream curtains of the night have silently
been drawn,
And out upon our vision steps the lady of the
dawn—
O'er drowsy hills and valleys she quickly hastens on
That the sun may find no darkness, when he comes,
to look upon.

Already shine the signal fires upon each mountain
crest;
Already some new sense is stirred within each
waking breast;
The sunrise miracle is wrought, yet it is quite the
same
World that lay but yesterday beneath his golden
flame.
Some other light than sunshine has touched each
shrub and tree,
Was it a dream they had of heaven, or of a heaven
to be?

We did not see the Painter or the Painter's hand
divine,
We can only see his labor in every rare design,
Mixed with colors of the rainbow from the palette
of the sky,
And His brushes are the soft winds as they go
lingering by.

The earth is all aglow with fires that burn, but not
consume;
In one long, fragrant breath the flowers breathe out
their last perfume;
The shy young birds that have not flown, sing soft
their first love-tune—
I doubt if it will be more sweet when they come
back in June.
The cricket sentinels tick out the hour with noisy
wing;
Comes forth to greet the morn with praise each
happy, trustful thing.
O, hillsides, warm and tender! oh, valleys, color-
blest!
Where is the soul that cannot see thy beauty and
find rest?

STARS IN THE WELL.

MY memory-clock I turn a little back;
The hands I'll move somewhere to morning-time;
A little maid, in dainty hood and sack,
Comes forth in answer to its silver chime.

She pauses in the doorway half in thought,
Then dances down the steps out toward the well ;
A pause again — a wonder if she ought
To lift the lid from where the fairies dwell ?

It is so dark and deep down there, it would
Be nice if they might run outside and play —
And she would be quite generous and good
And let the little fairies have their way ;

And had not brother said that they were there ?
And ought he not to know ? Then she forgot
That mamma told her she must have a care,
And never go alone too near that spot.

But there the boards lay loose, invitingly,
As if they really wanted to be raised ;
And when they saw a friend had set them free,
Oh, wouldn't then the fairies be amazed !

Her little hands the boards quick turn aside,
Her little face peers in to break the spell.
She sees no prisoned fairies forward glide,
She sees the *stars* a-shining in the well !

The well is dry; the little maid grown up;
The stars long since gone back into the sky;
The fairies come no more with her to sup,
The acorns on the ground unheeded lie;

But I am sure she wishes oft again
That she might all these later dreams dispel,
And look for fairies, and be glad as when
She saw the stars a-shining in the well.

FOR ALL.

THERE is red for the rose and the maiden's cheek,
There is pink for the rose and the clover,
There is white for the rose and the lily meek,—
Roses take, yet they leave much over.

There are songs for the singers, not set to words,
But to wings and the summer weather,
There are songs that could never be sung by birds,
There are flights beyond wings of feather.

There are truths that are sweeter than any dream,
All the hopes of our slow faith proving;
And the home is more fair than a castle in air,
That is made through unselfish loving.

Tears have been given to quiet pain,
And winter for rest to the living,
And death for all who would live again,—
Ah, that is the kindest giving.

There is sunshine enough for us all to share
Without dimming the golden center,
And happiness waits for us everywhere,
And Heaven, for all who would enter.

IF LOVE WERE LIFE.

If love were life and hearts more tender were;
No growing old or dying would there be;
No eyes from too much weeping fail to see;
No more the brow be the interpreter
Of care beneath, nor soul a prisoner
Within a cell, but like a breath that's free,
Would spread itself through all eternity;
If love were life and hearts more tender were.

It is not hard to understand God's plan,
Nor be submissive when submission's sweet;
A flower simply lives to bloom, and man
Should simply live to love, or else defeat
The Master's will, which He has made so clear,
That love enough would make us angels here.

A BELATED BLOSSOM.

A FAIR, sweet blossom, latest of its kind
To bloom, unfolded in the autumn air,
And laid its timid bud and being bare;
Then shed a dewdrop tear, as if it pined
For its companions the unfeeling wind
Had blighted and left shivering, scentless there.
Thus naught but desolation was its share,
For autumn is not June, even flowers find.

Alas for souls and flowers that bloom too late
And find but ruins of a tenderer time!
To bloom with others were a happier fate;
To die with summer were a death sublime.
O Autumn, just one summer day give back,
That this frail thing may die and feel no lack!

UNCERTAINTY.

WHAT we would do were others' woe
Upon our lives to fall,
Seems plain to us, and yet we know
Our own hearts least of all.

THE POET'S SONG.

THE bird, the wind, and the sea
Each singeth its song alone;
But the poet through sympathy
Hath blended them all with his own.

SELINA TARPLEY WILLIAMS.

THE subject of this sketch, more generally known by the pen-name of "Tarpley Starr," comes of good old English stock, on both sides of the house. Her parental grandfather, who came directly from Eccleston Square, London, where his relatives still reside, married Elizabeth, only daughter of Colonel Leroy Peachy, of Lower Virginia. He settled in the beautiful valley of Virginia, now rendered historic by the late war between the states. His second son, Allen, father of Selina, married Helen, seventh daughter of Colonel Meredith Helm, of Revolutionary fame, and settled down to a quiet rural life in Clarke county, not far from the old homestead.

Selina was the third of seven children, and took to verse making before she could fairly form her letters. Upon one occasion, when she was not more than ten years old, the school prize was awarded her for the best impromptu four lines. She enjoyed careful home education, and early developed literary taste. Poetry has ever been with her the solace of life. She has written for many magazines and newspapers, and her fugitives, cast upon the waters, are usually again heard from, and sometimes through odd channels. Upon one occasion, during the late war, a soldier remarked to a lady: "I always wanted to get to Clarke county; they tell me the person lives here who wrote this, the sweetest lines I ever read," and he drew from his pocket "The Swift Ships," which he had cut from a newspaper. The lines are to be found among some miscellaneous verses at the close of a small volume of her poetry entitled, "Lost and Won." Her pieces have floated along the current of literature, and upon more than one occasion, have made their appearance in England, and on the Continent. This wide-spread, popular endorsement, shows that she has reached the heart of the public, and we might mention names, high in literary fame, who have spoken of her most approvingly.*

Miss Williams avoids notoriety, and enjoys nothing more than the retirement of her beautiful country home, where she was born. Many of her years were devoted to the care of invalid parents, and now that these have passed away, she still resides in the same homestead, with a brother as only companion.

Literature is her refuge and pleasure, and she humorously says: "With the birds and the winds, I sing out my songlets, and dream out my sweet little dreams." C. B.

*Longfellow and Whittier.—EDITOR.

SOME MORNING ROSES.

YE must have dropt down last night from the skies,
Though I can't see your little sky-wings,
But there's not one look of this world in your eyes,
You Beautiful Things!

Not a look of its weariness, troubles, or cares,
Not a hint of its earth-smell ye yield,
But perfume, like incense of angels' sweet prayers
Wafted over God's field.

This luminous white has the pearly-gate glow,
And this yellow the golden streets see.
This red is the sky-blush bloomed out on the bough
Of some Paradise tree,

Then dipt in the river that quivers with light
Till the drops crystal down,—every one
Into diamonds that flash in their sun-kindled white,
From some angel's crown.

Perhaps some good angels, last night, in their sport
Leaning over "The Wall" there, could see
Us out in the dark, and "Poor children!" they
thought,
"How sad they must be!

"Some hearts there are desolate, weary, and lone;
Let's throw this 'Good morning' of hope!"
So over the sky-wall these roses dropt down,
To make us look up.

TIRE D.

SO TIRE D now, I fold my hands
In a vague, voiceless way;
But the dear God, He understands,
Although I cannot pray.

Like a little child, that, kneeling down
When night folds round the nest,
Lips in its broken, baby tone:
"Mother, God knows the rest."

When dark and doubt thus hinder me,
Within Thine arms I'd fall,
And lean, O loving One! on Thee—
"Father! Thou knowest all!

"But stumbling, blind, and at a loss,
How can I reach to Thee?
I clasp my arms about Thy Cross—
That brings Thee down to me."

THE SWIFT SHIPS.

THE days come in, and the days go out,
Like silent ships on a silent main,
But the ship that's gone, with its fleet sails on,
Never comes back to the port again.

They cross each other at dead of night,
They cross like dreams and make no sign,
Nor jostle, nor jar as they clear the bar,
Where the sands of time make the crossing line.

Each night one comes, and one goes out;
But never we hear the stretch or the strain,
As they heave the weight of their noiseless freight,
And as quietly put to sea again.

Some morning we hurry off down to the beach
To see what last night's visit hath been;
And there is some waif all precious and safe!
A treasure just dropt from the ship that's been in.

Some morning we come to the best-loved cove,—
But our flowers and shells lie scattered about,
And lo! in the sand is the print of a hand,
And we know that *another ship is gone out.*

Our dearest—our best! these smuggling crafts
How they bear them off—from you and from me!
And nothing comes back but the brine of their
track,
And the dull night-roar of the seething sea.

One morning we'll stand all ready and packed
Awaiting a sail on this same old shore,
But we know it's the last of the fleet all past,
That the ships will come into the port no more.

HIDDEN.

DOWN in our hawthorn meadow, where I some-
times stray,
I hear a lone brook, out of breath, running away
To hide from all the prying eyes of garish day,
And, under covert reeds and bushes, singing its lay.

Yet God's sweet sky beamed in its face as on it
went,
Music as out of wind and wings to it was lent;
Fragrance of mountains and deep woods was in its
scent,
And God's own flowers grew on its banks in glad
content.

And thus a gentle woman's life, unknown abroad,
May bless some still, secluded nook, seen but of
God—
With tender flow of healing waves, by angels
stirred,
With fragrance of celestial bloom in deed and
word,
And music of the angel's harp, set to life's chord.

TO A FIELD LARK.

You dear little aeronaut, cleaving the air
With the diamond keen edge of that glittering
note,
I know you have thousands and thousands to spare
In the magical depths of that prodigal throat.

Sweet spendthrift! just toss me here one living
breath
To pulsate and vibrate my measure along,
To give to it wings to soar above earth,
And make it immortal — my poor little song.

THE WEBS WE WEAVE.

LIKE a "swift shuttle" my days go by—
O Life, from the loom what falls?
Is the web it weaves,
And the pattern it leaves,
Worthy to grace the beautiful walls
Of my Palace beyond the sky?

GRANDMOTHER AND BABY.

Two points upon Life's grand horizon,
Where earth and heaven seem blent in one:
The East, where comes the glad young morning,
The West, where sinks its sun.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

All honor to the noble dead,
Howe'er their cause may go!
For knighthood's code hath proudly said,
Who for his cause his blood would shed
Can be no brave man's foe.
And we demand our dauntless oath
Of every nation's brave—
If Honor's code still holds its troth—
If any spot on all this earth
Holds braver, grander, nobler birth
Than Stonewall Jackson's grave?

—Foley's *Hero-Statue.*

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Will. L. Badger

WILLIAM WHITTLESEY BADGER.

WILLIAM WHITTLESEY BADGER is descended from General Joseph Badger, of New Hampshire, who, as Captain, and afterwards Colonel of the 10th New Hampshire Regiment, fought at Fort Mifflin, Bennington, and Saratoga during the Revolutionary Campaign in 1777, and was on the British sloop which escorted Burgoyne and his army across the Long Bridge, Mass., where they were long imprisoned in barracks on the grounds now occupied by Harvard College. General Whipple's report of the Battle of Bennington, with some of the muster rolls of his New Hampshire Brigade, are now among the Sparks Papers in the College Library. Colonel Joseph Whipple succeeded Whipple as Brigadier General, and was ordered to see his grandson, William Badger, after which our subject is named, twice elected Governor of New Hampshire, in 1830 and 1836. Mr. Badger was doubly patriotic, for his maternal grandfather, Captain Samuel Sterling, of Saybrook, also fought under Washington during all the Revolutionary War. This old stock proved its mettle in the great Rebellion of 1861.

Badger was born in Mendon, now Honeoye Falls, Monroe county, N. Y., the fourth son of Rev.

Badger, a pioneer clergyman of the liberal school who had emigrated from New Hampshire in 1790 and there edited *The Christian Palladium*, a paper published in Monroe county. This was his first school for college at Lima, N. Y., and graduated at Harvard College and Law School in 1856, where he received high honors and won the Boylston Gold Medal for the first prize of his class, for oratory. After graduation to the bar in Rochester, he settled in New York City, where, in 1861, he entered the army as Captain, and served over four years, receiving the promotion, to Lieutenant-Colonel of the 10th Regiment New York Volunteers, in 1864, on many recommendations, as General Emory said, "for gallantry shown on many fields." The brothers that entered the service, he alone survives, and he bears three marks of rebel lead, of which he is now justly proud as a Commander in Chief of the Army, of Hancock Post, No. 259. He was a member of "The Sons of the Revolution." Badger's writings have been mainly orations, public addresses, and sketches of his battles in Virginia, at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Cedar Creek, and the Shenandoah Valley, also Georgia, Louisiana, and the Red River Campaign. He began writing at Lima, and continued at Harvard with his first poem as Class Poet, and the parting song of his father, and a poem prepared for Washington's birth, entitled "A Vision of Liberty," which was

delivered before a number of lyceums, and published in pamphlet form. With a party of Harvard students he aided the rescue of the fugitive slave, Burns, in Boston in 1855, and wrote of it, "The Burns Rescue," and "Be True to the Dreams of Thy Youth." Some of his poems are curiosities and have been much copied. One of his recent songs, "The Veterans," seems to have given new wings to the grand air, "The Red, White and Blue." This was first sung at the Opera House in New York on Memorial Day, 1890. D. B.

THE VETERANS.

COLUMBIA, thy veterans are marching,
Are marching down into the grave;—
But grandly the blue skies are arching
The land which they offered life to save;
Freedom lives, though her brave sons are dying,
And liberty no longer is a lie,
And gallantly the starry flag is flying
Though the veterans are marching down to die.

How soon all the soldiers will be sleeping,
And soon all the pensions will be paid.
Soon a grateful land will be weeping
Where the last old veteran is laid;—
Raise your hats, men, to-day and not to-morrow;
Give a cheer to heroes passing by,
'Tis only craven souls that have no sorrow
While these veterans are marching down to die.

And all the coming years tell the story
How far and fast they marched in 'sixty-one,
With flashing eyes and swords to endless glory,
Till all our noble victories were won;—
Then cheer, men, to-day and not to-morrow;
Drop a tear for soldiers passing by,
And shame the craven hearts that have no sorrow,
When these veterans are marching down to die.

Columbia, thy heroes assemble,
Whom Grant led to fame in 'sixty-five,
And the pale lips of treason shall tremble
While love keeps their memory alive;—
And the old flag shall float on forever,
With new stars still coming into view,
And the sunshine of love waneth never
'Neath the folds of the red, white and blue.

THE BURNS RESCUE.

THERE'S a sign in the times, there's a wild thrilling
cry,
That swells from the earth, and is echoed on high,

From the souls of our sires who for liberty bled,
When Freedom inspired and Washington led.

Shall liberty die on the hills of Tremont,
Where Warren's warm blood was its baptismal
font?

Shall the cradle of Freedom be also her grave,
And the shadow of Bunker Hill rest on a slave?

There's a conflict of laws, and slave-minions com-
bine

With the statutes of sin to oppose the Divine,
And the thunders of Sinai again should be hurled
Giving death to oppression and law to the world.

There's a time when allegiance ceases to bind,
And a higher than human law guides the free mind,
'Tis when might murders right and the govern-
ment's nod,

Demands of our hearts what is treason to God.

Then rebellion is duty; we welcome its dawn,
Though our blood wash in hope-drowning rivers
the sod,

We will welcome the gleaming of every sword
drawn

That can strike for the right, for truth, freedom and
God.

BE TRUE TO THE DREAMS OF THY YOUTH.

If the stone be removed from thy sepulchred heart,
And the Virtues and Graces, white-robed, sit
therein,

If Justice and Truth a bright presence impart,
And the pale angel, Charity, govern thy heart,
Thou art saved, for salvation is life without sin.

If thy soul, unsubdued, has met passion's dread din,
And thy crucified nature has *risen in deed*;

If thy will would go forth in the sphere of its kin,
Roll the stone from all hearts and seat angels within,
Thou art blessed, with a heaven, obtained by no
creed.

If the labor of life is o'erladen with ill,
And thy dreams are false Prophets misguiding thy
power,

If thou thinkest it worketh the Infinite Will,
If thy soul see the *purpose* thy sorrows fulfill,
Thou shalt live, and stern strength shall reward
the dark hour.

When 'tis night in thy spirit, then gaze at the stars,
Inspiration is found on the dark spots of time;

If its influence bless, what are struggles and scars?
The love-light of Venus can sanctify Mars,
And a soul-night, unclouded by sin, is sublime.

Then be true to the dream in which young Hope
began,

And have faith in the ultimate triumph of Truth;
Trust in God, but not blindly, to perfect your plan,
While you *trust* like a child, you must *strike* like
a man,

And *live up* to the destiny-dream of thy youth.

THE PEERLESS PATTI.

THERE have been forms of splendor, which the
shroud

Of time shall never veil from memory's sight;
There have been souls of more than mortal might,
But never did a form so fair and proud
Contain a gem-like soul more purely bright;
Thou seem'st a guardian seraph, strong but kind,
While floats thy wondrous voice, in rapture free,
Wafting, on wings of song, the hearer's mind
Up to the heavens where all is melody:—
Genius and beauty, only once combined,
Have owned their heiress and their child in thee.

THE CHERRY TREE.

My love is like a cherry tree
With richest fruit o'erladen,
She blushes when she smiles at me —
A rare and ruddy maiden.

And though that tree was early blown
And many a hand has shaken,
Its blossoms only fluttered down
And left its fruit untaken.

Though many a breeze has fragrant been
With all those blossoms wasted,
Their loss but lets the sunshine in
To fruit as yet untasted.

Now ripe and sweet it looks to-day,
But just to high to grasp it
The boughs will gently wave away,
And I must climb to grasp it.

Come down to me, ye bending boughs,
Come, yield thee, graceful beauty,
Thy lips are cherries, and my vows
Shall teach them love, and duty.

"Then why not climb," she laughing said,
 "And stop this pretty rhyming;"
 Alas, my cherry tree is dead
 Unless this seems like climbing.

GOD'S ALMONER.

AS SOME fair Nun holds up the Cross
 To keep imagined Fiends away,
 And, all regardless of her loss,
 Remains for life a soul at bay,
 While God's best providences wait
 To offer her a nobler fate —

So once a Maiden said to me,
 Surprised at my too bold advance,
 "You need the grace of God, I see,
 You bold Knight with the daring lance;
 Man's own deserts have never won
 A Woman's worthiest benison."

Alas, too true, my heart replies,
 But this great truth sends back to her,
 "In this sad world no Man denies
 That Woman is God's Almoner;
 And hers the mission high to fill
 To grant His grace, almost at will."

One-half the Christian world to-day
 Will bow at Sacred Mary's throne,
 While all the other half will pray
 Each to a Mary of his own —
 Nor pray in vain, for God will be
 Within His highest mystery.

He lives and moves in noble hearts,
 His grace abounds in Woman's breast;
 And her warm love, His love imparts
 To all whom it hath truly blessed;—
 How many a Fiend the world hath known,
 Who, truly loved, a Saint had grown!

Come, then, Grand Almoner of Him
 •Who made the heart, and knows its need;
 Come, Sacred Woman! Seraphim
 And Angels hear for what I plead,
 And they will hold their Sister true,
 Or false, by what I gain from you.

LOVE.

When beauty blooms, and Love is fed,
 The wine of life is strong and red.
 —For a Wooden Wedding.

R. T. W. DUKE, JR.

THE Old Dominion is famous for its younger literary workers. Among this literary band, R. T. W. Duke, Jr., of Charlottesville, is favorably known. He is a member of the law firm of Duke and Duke. He comes from an old Virginia family, and is thirty-six years of age. He was educated at the University of Virginia, receiving the medal as the best essayist of the class of 1873-74. He has been practicing law with his father and brother for fifteen years, and is now Judge of the Corporation Court of the city of Charlottesville. He has written a great deal, but published very little, and whilst devoted to letters, has but little time to give to them. *The Century*, *Lippincott's*, and other magazines and newspapers have published poems by him.

Mr. Duke is married, and has three children.

H. A. T.

ET IN ARCADIA EGO.

BECAUSE I choose to keep my seat,
 Nor join the giddy dancers' whirl,
 I pray you do not laugh, my girl,
 Nor ask me why I find it sweet,
 In my old age to watch your glee—
 I too have been in Arcady.

And though full well I know I seem
 Quite out of place in scenes like this,
 You can't imagine how much bliss,
 It gives me just to sit and dream
 As your fair form goes flitting by,
 How I too dwelt in Arcady.

For, sweetheart, in your merry eyes,
 A vanished summer buds and blows,
 And with the same bright cheeks of rose,
 I see your mother's image rise,
 And o'er a long and weary track,
 My buried boyhood wanders back.

And as with tear-dimmed eyes I cast
 On your fair form my swimming glance;
 I think your mother used to dance
 Just as you do, in that dead past,
 Long years ago—yes, fifty-three,
 When I too dwelt in Arcady.

And in the music's laughing notes
 I seem to hear old voices ring,
 That have been hushed, ah, many a spring:

And round about me faintly floats
The echo of a melody,
I used to hear in Arcady.

And yonder youth; nay, do not blush,
The boy's his father o'er again;
And hark ye, Miss, I was not plain,
When at his age: "What, must I hush?
He's coming this way:" Yes, I see,
You two yet dwell in Arcady.

BESIDE LOVE'S BIER.

MEN came and wondered when he died,
And stood with wet eyes by his bier:
"We never dreamed," some wildly cried,
"That Love could die, he was so dear."
Some only looked awhile and sighed,
Then went their way, they had no tear.
One moaned, "I've wandered far and near
And sought for Love, and would have died
For his sweet sake — I find him here."
Another kissed his cold white brow.
"Farewell!" he cried, "thou wilt not move,
Eternal slumber holds thee now,
No resurrection comes for Love."
But one who stood apart a pace,
Drew near him gently, "Love," said he,
"He never truly knew thy face,
Who saw thee dead, nor died with thee."

TOO LATE YOU CAME.

TOO LATE you came; my days have sped,
These many years through sun and shade;
Once I had hailed your coming, Love,
But now my cold heart does not move,
And though your soft eyes are a-flame,
Too late you came.

Go seek some other soul's distress,
I've grown too old for wantonness,
And learned what false, vain folly lies
In flattering lips and laughing eyes.
Go, Love! Your arrows miss their aim!
Too late you came.

THE SOUL'S REFLECTION.

ONCE in the night time I was looking up,
And saw the stars slow circling round the pole,—
Orbs that through endless epicycles roll,

And worlds on worlds; lo! in a daisy's cup,
A tiny dew-drop did reflect the whole.
And all the azure sky and countless spheres
That gleam in Heaven through the varied years
Lay in this little globule. Oh! my soul,
Thou mote in nature, is not this to thee
An emblem of thyself? Ere thou hast passed
Beyond Time's threshold and God's purpose vast
Breaks on thy sight, yet canst thou clearly see
The one great goal man may attain at last,
And mirror in thyself eternity.

LOST HOURS.

THEIR advent is as silent as their going,
They have no voice nor utter any speech,
No whispered murmur passes each to each,
As on the bosom of the year's stream flowing,
They pass beyond recall, beyond our knowing,
Farther than sight can pierce or thought can
reach,
Nor shall we ever hear them on Time's beach,
No matter how the winds of life are blowing.

They bide their time, they wait the awful warning
Of that dread day, when hearts and graves un-
sealing,
The trumpet's note shall call the sea and sod,
To yield their secrets to the sun's revealing.
What voices then shall thrill the Judgment morning
As our lost hours shall cry aloud to God?

M. B. M.

Manibus date lilia plenis.

PEACE! Peace! No tears nor shadow of regret,
No cypress here nor any sprig of rue:
Bring roses dripping with the morning dew,
And lilies with the earliest rain-drops wet:
Bring purple pansies and the violet,
And all the sweetest flowers that ever grew
Save those suggesting sorrow; we would strew
Only bright buds above thee and forget
Our sorrow in thy joy, sweet sister; tears
Are not for thee: ours is alone the pain,
The doubt, the darkness, and the care-racked
brain;
Thou hast escaped the weariness of years,
And we weep not that death th' immortal birth,
Gives back to Heaven the angel lent to earth.

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CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

SYNONYMOUS with literature is the name of Constance Fenimore Woolson, springing from a literary family, yet winning her own laurels independent of those already accorded to her brilliant ancestry.

Miss Woolson was born at Claremont, N. H., in 1848, and is a daughter of Charles Jarvis Woolson and Hannah Cooper Pomeroy. Mrs. Woolson, Constance's mother, was a woman of marked literary ability. She was a niece of Fenimore Cooper, after whom Constance was named. The Woolsons moved to Cleveland, O., when Constance was quite young. Her education, with the exception of a time passed at Madame Chegary's French school in New York City, was obtained at a young ladies' seminary in Cleveland. In 1869 Miss Woolson's father died, and shortly thereafter she began writing. In 1873 she moved with her mother to the Southern States, residing principally in Florida until 1879. In that year her mother died, and Miss Woolson went to England where she has since resided. Besides contributing to different periodicals, Miss Woolson has published several novels, the first, "Anne" (1882), being an instant success. N. L. M.

"I TOO!"

"LET us spread the sail for purple islands,
Far in undiscovered tropic seas;
Let us track the glimmering arctic highlands
Where no breath of men, no leaf of trees
E'er has lived." So speak the elders, telling
By the hearth their list of fancies through,
Heedless of the child whose heart is swelling,
Till he cries at last, "I too! I too!"

And I, too, O my Father! Thou hast made me—
I have life, and life must have its way;
Why should love and gladness be gainsaid me?
Why should shadows cloud my little day?
Naked souls weigh in thy balance even—
Souls of kings are worth no more than mine;
Why are gifts e'er to my brother given,
While my heart and I together pine?

Meanest things that breath have, with no asking,
Fullest joys: the one-day's butterfly
Finds its rose, and, in the sunshine basking,
Has the whole of life ere it doth die.
Dove, no sorrow on thy heart is preying;
With thy full contentment thou dost coo;

Yet, must *man* cry for a dove's life, saying,
"Make me as a dove — I too! I too!"

Nay, for something moves within — a spirit
Rises in his breast, he feels it stir;
Soul-joys greater than the doves inherit
Should be his to feel; yet, why defer
To a next world's veiled and far to-morrow
All his longings for a present bliss?
Stones of faith are hard; oh, could he borrow,
From that world's great stores one taste for this!

Hungry stands he by his empty table,
Thirsty waits beside his empty well —
Nor with all his striving, is he able
One full joy to catch where hundreds swell
In his neighbor's bosom; see, he sifteth
Once again his poor life through and through —
Finds but ashes: is it strange he lifteth
Up his cry, "O Lord! I too! I too!"

TOM.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell
through,
And I with it, helpless there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Anyone's missing him.

Then, what a shout —
Oh, how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We 're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.

The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice, shrieking his
name,
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. Oh, God, what a cry!
The axes went faster; I saw the sparks fly

Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
 That scorched them — when, suddenly, there at their feet
 The great beams leaned in — they saw him — then, crash,
 Down came the wall! The men made a dash,—
 Jumped to get out of the way,— and I thought,
 “All’s up with poor little Robin!” and brought
 Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
 The sight of the child there,— when swift, at my side,
 Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
 Straight as a dart — caught the child — then came
 Back with him, choking and crying, but — saved!
 Saved safe and sound!

Oh, how the men raved,
 Shouted, and cried, and hurrahd! Then they all
 Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
 Where I was lying, away from the fire,
 Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you’d admire
 To see Robin now; he’s as bright as a dime,
 Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
 Tom, it was, saved him. Now, isn’t it true
 Tom’s the best fellow that ever you knew?
 There’s Robin now! See, he’s strong as a log!
 And there comes Tom too —

Yes, *Tom was our dog.*

KENTUCKY BELLE.

SUMMER of ’sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone
 away —
 Gone to the country-town, sir, to sell our first load
 of hay —
 We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever
 you’ve seen;
 Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky
 Belle;
 How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn’t begin
 to tell —
 Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave
 her to me
 When I rode North with Conrad, away from the
 Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
 The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on,
 row after row:

The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as
 kind could be;
 But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the
 Tennessee.

O, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a
 hill!
 Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never
 is still!
 But the level land went stretching away to meet the
 sky —
 Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary
 eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the
 moon,
 Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
 Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all
 forlorn;
 Only the “rustle, rustle,” as I walked among the
 corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn’t wait any
 more,
 But moved away from the corn-lands out to this
 river shore —
 The Tuscarawas it’s called, sir—off there’s a hill,
 you see —
 And now I’ve grown to like it next best to the
 Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding
 like mad
 Over the bridge and up the road — Farmer Rouf’s
 little lad:
 Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped
 to say,
 “Morgan’s men are coming, Frau; they’re gallop-
 ing on this way.

“I’m sent to warn the neighbors. He is n’t a mile
 behind;
 He sweeps up all the horses — every horse that he
 can find:
 Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan’s terrible
 men,
 With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the
 glen.”

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at
 the door;
 The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools
 on the floor;
 Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man,
 was gone:
 Near, nearer Morgan’s men were galloping, gallop-
 ing on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar:
 "Kentuck!" I called; "Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
 I led her down the gulley that turns off there to the right,
 And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a sound—
 The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
 Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
 Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
 But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
 They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along—
 Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and through day;
 Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
 To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the West,
 And ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance:
 Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
 And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
 When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
 As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place:
 I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see;
 Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
 Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!

The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
 And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South!

O, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
 Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do:
 The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
 Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
 Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth:
 "Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
 Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought him to;
 I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
 And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
 Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"O, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
 Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! O, what will Morgan say?"
 But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back from the door—
 The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
 And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly:
 They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
 But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
 For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways;
 Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,

Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweep-
ing away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken
at last:
They almost reached the river by galloping hard
and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they
gained the ford.
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his
terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening — kept him against
his will —
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale
and still:
When it was cool and dusky — you'll wonder to
hear me tell —
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Ken-
tucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead — my pretty, gen-
tle lass —
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old
Blue-Grass:
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I
had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-
out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew
how:
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a
backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to
swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky
Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was
shining high;
Baby and I were both crying — I couldn't tell him
why —
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on
the wall,
And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in
Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word
to me;
He knew I couldn't help it — 't was all for the Ten-
nessee:
But, after the war was over, just think what came to
pass —
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old
Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky
Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty,
and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her
with whip or spur:
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like
her!

HOPE.

"Yes, hope returneth ever.
It is the coward's part to loiter sad
Among the April trees in leaf-buds clad;
Even my dead are living and are glad
In some fair spring!
Immortal am I,—mind, is there a choice?
Immortal am I,—heart, O heart, rejoice!
Immortal am I,—soul, lift up thy voice
With faith, and sing,
The spring returneth ever." — *Two Ways.*

INCONSTANCY.

. . . Her pretty youth will run
Its swift course to some other lover; Fate
Ne'er lets such sweet maids pine, though they may
try —
A few months lent to tearful constancy,
The next to chastened sorrow — slow decline
To resignation; then, the well-masked bait
Of making some one happy, though at cost
Of sweet self-sacrifice, which soon is lost
In that content which, if not real love,
Looks strangely like it.

— *Two Women*

WOMAN.

How should a woman love?—Although we hate
Each other well, we need not try to prove
Our hate by silence — for there is a fate
Against it in us women; speak we must,
And ever shall until we're turned to dust,
Nay — I'm not sure but even then we talk
From grave to grave under the church-yard walk—
Whose bones last longest — whose the finest
shroud. — — *Ibid.*

BLONDE.

Face clear-cut and pearly, a slender
Small maiden with calm, home-bred air;
No deep-tinted hues you might lend her
Could touch the faint gold of her hair,
The blue of her eyes, or the neatness
Of quaint little gown, smoothly spun
From threads of soft gray, whose completeness

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Alicia S. Dietzinger.

Doth fit her withdrawn gentle sweetness—
A lily turned nun.

—*Ibid.*

HORSE.

I think I like the best
Of all dumb things, a horse of Blue-Grass breed,
The Arab courser of our own new West,
The splendid creature, whose free-hearted speed
Outstrips e'en time itself. Oh! when he wins
The race, how, pulsed with pride, I wave my hand
In triumph, ere the thundering shout begins,
And those slow, cautious judges on the stand,
Have counted seconds! Is it not a joy—
One of the few life holds without alloy?

—*Ibid.*

PREJUDICE.

Do you decide
The right and wrong for this broad world of ours,
Poor little country-child whose feeble eyes
Veiled o'er with prejudice are yet so wise
That they must judge the earth, and call it good
Or evil as it follows their small rules,
The petty, narrow dogmas of the schools
That hang on Calvin?

—*Ibid.*

MAN.

O little ant toiling along the ground!
You cannot see the eagle on the wind
Soaring aloft; and so you go your round
And measure out the earth with your small line,
An inch for all infinity!

—*Ibid.*

SIN.

I hold
Those lives far nobler that contend and win
The close, hard fight with beautiful, fierce Sin,
Than those that go untempted to their graves,
Deeming the ignorance that haply saves
Their souls, some splendid wisdom of their own.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

Mad, mad my love for thee! the same to-day—
The same, the same. I could not be a wife—
I could not stop the sun! No love but thee,
My own, my own; no kiss but thine—no voice
To call me those sweet names that memory
Brings back with tears. Ah! had I any choice
I still must love thee down beneath the sod
More than all else—though grandest soul than God
Had ever made did woo me. Love, my heart
Is thine, and ever must be thine; thy name
Is branded there.

—*Ibid.*

ALICE S. DELETOMBE.

THERE is no more interesting spot along the banks of "La Belle Rivière" than where the historical little town of Gallipolis, Ohio, is situated. It is the birthplace and home of the subject of this sketch, who is descended from an old French family long identified with the history of the town. In early childhood Miss Deletombe displayed a talent for music, inherited from her mother, but delicacy of health prevented full development of this rich faculty, and the musical bent was turned into poetical channels, the eager soul finding that outlet of expression a silent solace through many sad years. One of her earliest effusions written on her slate at school, when a child, was discovered by her teacher, whose words of praise and encouragement induced her in after years to seek publication under a *nom de plume*, as her sensitiveness was averse to criticism and publicity, a peculiarity which has ever been at war with her best interests. It is a remarkable fact that but few of her friends know of her as a poet, and that for twenty years she has written for the mere pleasure of expressing her poetical thoughts, and not for any ulterior ambition or reputation.

Miss Deletombe's poems are inspirations born of emotion more than reason, of heart not art, which well out of a warm, passionate, beauty-loving heart. As such, they are true poems of the soul, and in spite of some metrical defects, are too good to be lost to the world. The late Paul H. Hayne declared "A Mystery" to be "a true, dramatic poem." In many of her poems there is a sad undercurrent as of one who had long struck minor chords in listless fashion, to please no other ear save her own, and so we must take them, listen and be silent, not disturbing the player's *rapport*, lest the melody cease.

The admixture of French and German blood, she might say, "puts glamour into all I see." She has the French vivacity subdued by German sentiment, subtlety and harmony. The result is music and poetry.

W. F. F.

A MYSTERY.

It is so strange I cannot make him speak,
Whose eyes of old would brighten at the faintest
tone
My lips would utter: Will he never break
This long, sad silence—can he not hear the moan
Of mingled love and fear? I touch his hand
That oft clasped mine and tenderly caressed,
It lies so passive now and cold—and I can never rest

Until I know why I am left here all alone
With this which seems—yet *is* not, *can* not be mine
own!

I must wait longer: Do not bid me go
Until the waking. It would grieve him so
To wake and find me gone! I know the hour is
late,

But he will soon awaken—I must watch and wait.
I fancy how his eyes, so sweetly blue, will gleam
With the old brightness—then the earth will seem
A Paradise again! But while I eager wait
With faintest touch of trembling lips I press
The hair I love; it is so soft to kiss, sweet to caress,
And tenderly I smooth it off the snowy brow.

It is so cold! From trembling hope to wildest fear
I grow

Bewildered—Do I dream? or is this dread of Death
too strangely true?

My love! my all! no longer mine—this clay
O'er which I weep and linger—yet longing—turn
away—

One more last kiss—the touch for which I long, yet
dread

'Tis true. O, God! be pitiful, my love is dead!

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night, my love!
Adown the hills are shadows creeping
And heavy clouds are with me weeping,
While winds are sighing
That summer's dying,
And I, in loneliness so sad to-night
Look out into the fading light
To say, "Good night, my love!"

Good night, my love!
The memory of the summer past,
Its love, its joys will ever last.
Though with the fading leaves,
My heart now grieves,
Hope's light within will brightly burn,
I know a spring-time happy will return.
Till then, Good night, my love!

Good night, my love!
Tho' it is long to wait through wintry weather
For that bright spring when we together,
The storms all past
That now our sky o'ercast,
Shall each the other's heart make glad—
As spring the barren fields in verdure clad,
Yet I can wait. Good night, my love!

Good night, my love!
One whisper more I send to thee
With whom my thoughts will ever be;
There shines afar
A beaming star,
That lights anew my hopes of love.
It seems a promise from above!
Good night, my love!

EVENING.

LIKE some staunch patriot on a battle field—
Who, with a dying effort, once more waves
His colors proudly ere he will consent to yield
His life, to man's last and unconquerable foe,—
The dying Day has thrown her banner high
Where gloriously, in gold and crimson waves,
It floats in beauty o'er the evening sky;
The Day, exhausted from the effort, sinks
Gladly and faint into the Night's wide arms.
Peace! quiet! rest! The afterglow has come,
And like a tender blessing from on high
Soft shadows fall upon the wearied world.
O, Victory! art thou won and dost thou reign
Where wounded, bleeding hearts and ghastly slain
Lie closely heaped, and bitter murmurings of pain
Fall from the lips that erst knew laugh and song?

L' ENVOI.

Unknown, life's victors perish in the strife,
Unseen, the noblest effort of the strong,
Who, like the dying day, swift lost in night,
Find victory in death—rest, life, and Light!

COMPENSATION.

Now that thy kisses fall on lips and eyes,
In thy fond, warm embrace the Past now dies.
Love brings no questioning to mar the bliss
Of moments rare and full of joy as this—
Enough that thou art here. All memories
Of absence cruel and of silence drear
Have faded like some vision of the night
That dies before the richer dawn of light.
Soft as the twilight's veil o'er sunset's glow
Love's sweet caressing tone hath soothed my woe.

SILENCE.

Not the faintest cloud in the sky afar
To dim the moon or the glitter of star,
Not a sound to disturb the quiet of night
With its grandeur of peace and glory of light.
—*Silence.*

FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON.

FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON, the Provincial Librarian of Nova Scotia, was born in Ireland forty-seven or forty-eight years ago, and is an man and graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. Many years he has written spasmodically for papers and magazines in the United States and Canada, and is less known as a poet than as a prose writer.

He is the author of "The Bewildered Traveller" (New York, 1875), "The Major's Big Stories" (London, 1881), and "Hairbreadth Escapes of Major Mendax" (Philadelphia, 1889). His last year a critical essay of his "Haliburton: the Poet and the Writer," has also been published by the Haliburton Society of Nova Scotia, as the volume of their transactions. A. MCM.

BATTLE-CALL OF THE ANTICHRIST.

One of the soldiers with a spear pierced His side, and blood and water came there out.—St. John xix. 34.

THOUGHT of the fated reign of peace
In the soul of Antichrist, I dreamed;
His brow darkened, and his hate-lit eyes
Glares lurid through the mist of space.
Fast and shadowy rose the Lord of War
Took his right hand at the far White Throne,
Singing unutterable blasphemies.
He gazed upon our shuddering world,
His hilt, with voice that fires or freezes souls,
With a circling summons on the winds
To battle called his myrmidons:—

See, despot, trembling for a blood-bought
Crown!
A smouldering flame that threatens thine own
House
To burn another's; lead thy people on
To blinding lights of glory to their doom:
(Ever the spear
Is the spirit of the Prince of Peace!)

Victory to thy chariot and ride on,
Singing the pride of nations, Conqueror!
The maimed warriors write alone; for thou
Thou art the arm of God for his vile images
(And scorn of mine
The man who pleads for them at God's right hand.)

Be not to reckon the ruin thou hast made:
The comet's course foredoomed, and thine?
The nameless name outweighs a million deaths;
The sighs of the millions are mute in the acclaim
Of multitudes.
Is the grief of Christ to me or thee?)

"Aspiring statesman, watch thy time to break
The trustful slumber of a rival race
By sudden protest; shunning all the pangs
And weariness of warfare, buy thy fame
With others' blood,
(For human blood flowed in the veins of Christ.)

"Flushed with a spotless triumph, patriots,
From meek defense pass on to stern revenge
And urge the war of races and bequeath
A heritage of hatred to your sons,
(For motherland'
Stabbing his soul who 'came not to destroy!')

"Wake, silent trump of holy discord! Sword
Of God and Gideon, hew the Gentiles down!
Smite for the love of graceless babes unborn!
Clash, rival crosses, mock the Crucifix!
Blaze, lethal fires!
(I will accept the incense that He loathes.)

"Poets sublime who sway the souls of men
Sing still of arms and human hecatombs
And wrath and glory and the pride of race:
Let rhymsters mumble of love, pity, and peace.
(Sing ye the spear
That glances from its victims to Christ's heart.)

"And thou, enthusiast, whose genius caught
The soul of Revolution and enchained
Its fiery essence in a song, thy strains
Again shall stir rapt throngs to fratricide:
'To arms! to arms!'
(Christ mocks me with His pity from His throne!)

"Sound, trump and drum and fife and clarion,
Sound to the rhythmic march of warriors,
With Christian benedictions on their pride,
And tender smiles upon their waving plumes,
(Marching in pomp
To wound the wearied spirit of their Christ!)

"Oh, pygmy pomp and blazon of man's war!
When Michael strove with Satan 'mid the stars,
There were seraphic deeds and agonies,
And not this earthly death! Nathless I crave
Great heaps of slain—
The sin of His own slayers tortured Him.

"Hail to thy memory! war of wars, that jarred
Awhile the calm of heaven, when Pride and Hate,
Galled by the still rebuke of endless love,
Rose, fought and fell; and to thy memory hail,
Symbolic spear!
That wounded the dead Christ on Calvary.

"Dear is the murderer's dagger; dear the rack
That strains the frame of one who testifies
With his last breath to Christ; dearest the spear
That stabbed Him on the Cross and stabs Him still,
Each thrust a balm
To soothe my sleepless memory in Hell."

THE CRY OF CAIN.

EVEN, O God, from me, the wanderer
Even from me, stained with a brother's blood,
Even from me who sought to flee Thy curse,
At last from me accept an offering!
Even from me whose fruit Thou didst disdain,
From me who thought acceptance was my due,
From me who met divine rebuke with hate,
From me a rebel, ruthless, impotent;
From me who through these weary, barren years
Have borne Thy brand upon my wasted brow,
Yet fiercely kept my impious head unbent,
Defiant of the lightning and the gloom;
Despising all the pity of my kind,
And hopeless of the mercy of my God;
Rearing a doomed and godless progeny
Far off from Eden in this land of Ind.

But now a dream, that tortures with new pain
My spirit in its cold trance of despair,
Shows me the endless chain of woe which hangs
From that first link forged by this cruel hand.
Into Thy world who brought the taint of blood,
Into Thy world bring I the scourge of war!
I see the legions mustering for the strife,
And hear the battle-cries in unknown tongues.
I hear the call of glory and of greed;
Ambition's pleadings thrilling patriots' hearts;
The summons of religion to destroy
Ring from the brazen throat of Lucifer!
I hear the wailing of the fatherless,
And desolate curses upon me, the sire
Of carnage, and the moan of maids who weep
For death of lovers and undying love!
I see the flames of temples flare and fade,
And in the waning light the expectant eyes
Of Pest and Hunger glisten; and hard by
Vultures and wolves on writhing valor prey.
I see dark iron thundering flame and death;
The poisoner's phial and the assassin's knife;
The rack, the wheel, the cross—the spear that
wounds
At every thrust the shrinking side of God!

My punishment is more than I can bear:—
Ever the sounds of laughter in my ears,
Yet no man's hand may touch my charmed life;
And my own hands are nerveless, for I fear

To meet my brother's pale and pleading face*
More than all things that haunt me, save one
dream,—

A dream of anguish of a dying God!
O *murdered* God! can there be hope for *me*?

Even from me, Maker, wilt Thou accept
The primal offering of a humbled heart,
That owns Thy rod a father's, while it smites,
And sees long vengeance lightening into love.

AN UNCONSECRATED GRAVE.

BESIDE that fountain, 'neath the summer sky,
He yearned— impatient for the strife to be—
To see, to know, to mount, the world defy,
And drink the mirage of futurity!

And fame were his to-day and fair content,
If tangled skein by daring could be freed
Or Alpine height be won by sheer ascent
Or Fate be vanquished by a dazzling deed.

But by that fountain, on a dreary day,
Was hid a harp that burst from overstrain
And, cased in God's unconsecrated clay,
Is waiting, tuneless, to be strung again.

PLAINT OF THE NURSE IN THE "MEDEA."

CHORIAMBICS.

VAIN, ah! vain was your art, vainer your toil,
maladroit bards of yore,
Who wove lyrics to please, pæans to thrill, hearts
that were glad before;
Who found strains that could charm men in their
mirth— musical fantasies
That could heighten our joys, gladden our feasts,
brighten our revelries.

But no tones of the harp, notes of the pipe, never a
tuneful lay,
Not a song of your songs, maladroit bards, ever
availed to stay
The sad footsteps of Care, urged by the Gods, turn-
ing our light to gloom,
Bringing chill to the soul, withering hope, pregnant
with Dread and Doom.

Yet if Music would lull Sorrow to sleep, this were
a boon to all
Kinder far than to weave measures to grace revel or
banquet hall.
Fast beat hearts in the full flush of the feast, fragrant
with wine and flowers,
Wanting never a sweet chord on the lute swifter to
speed the hours.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY



E. P. Marvin.

REV. EDWARD P. MARVIN.

EDWARD P. MARVIN, whose name has become familiar to many by his contributions to evangelical literature, and by his pastoral and evangelistic work, is a native of Western New York, and now resides at Lockport, that state. His parents were from Connecticut, and they were of genuine Puritanical stock. By thorough Christian training he was brought to Christ, and his call to the Gospel ministry was contemporary with his conversion to God. He had commenced the study of law, fired with the ambition of a Cæsar, but all worldly desires were cheerfully surrendered to his new Sovereign and new calling. He has been led to write extensively for the press, but has not aspired to poetic attainments or fame, having only written rhymes by the way as fitfully moved by the "divine afflatus." He wrote an epic entitled, "The Wanderer," and some classical translations while in college, and several lesser poems while in Princeton Theological Seminary. He has the perceptive and emotional nature of a rare poet, but not in any high degree the conceptive and imaginative faculty. He is an extensive reader of the best poetry of all ages. Some of his poems are in the hymnology of the day. He is an ardent Pre-millennialist, and he loves to write and preach on that "Blessèd Hope" as the Pole-star of the Church. W. G.

WORK DONE FOR GOD CAN NEVER DIE.

Ho! ye who spend your strength for naught,
And slight the blessings Christ hath bought,
Toilers for earth and time and sense,
Oh, what shall be your recompense?
Of all that's done beneath the sky,
Little hath immortality;
What's done for earth fails by and by,
What's done for God can never die.

Ho! ye who join the eager strife,
For gold or fame or pride of life,
Indulge the lusts of flesh and eye,
And for the world with worldlings vie,
Death shall undo your toils so vain,
And leave you no abiding gain;
What's done for time ends by and by,
What's done for God can never die.

Scepters and crowns will mock our trust,
Monarchs may crumble back to dust,
By moth or rust or theft or fire,
Treasures will flee and hopes expire;

Desire shall fail and strength decay,
The world itself shall pass away;
What's done for sense fails by and by,
What's done for God can never die.

When comes the King in royal might,
To crush the wrong and crown the right,
When all the saints in glory meet,
No more to die, no more to weep;
When thrones are set and crowns are given,
With all the rich rewards of heaven,—
Oh, in that glorious by and by,
What's done for God can never die.

ONLY WAITING.

ONLY waiting for a letter,
Only waiting for a word;
Be the tidings worse or better,
Some relief they will afford.
Only hoping in the morning,
Only watching still at eve;
While no tidings come to cheer me
And my anxious heart relieve.

Much in wonder, much in sadness,
Doubting, but believing still;
Trusting that some sweet to-morrow
May my heart with gladness fill.
Only thinking of a parting
Through the long, long, weary day;
Only hoping for a meeting
That shall every grief repay.

Only dreaming—nightly dreaming
Of a cherished absent one;
Changed, or dead, or haply weeping,
As I weep,—alone—alone.
Only waiting for a letter,
Only waiting for a word;
Be the tidings worse or better,
Some relief they will afford.

WHEN CHRISTIANS ALL ARE ONE.

GOD speed the day of prophecy,
When Christians all are one;
Let Jesus' prayer ascend the air,
And Jesus' will be done.
The Church with schism and strife within,
The world in unbelief and sin—
God bring the Golden Era in,
When Christians all are one.

Fair Zion's glory then will rise,
 When Christians all are one;
 The nations view with wondering eyes,
 And love and trust the Son;
 Salvation bless each heart and home,
 Peace, love and joy shall banish gloom,
 And earth be filled with Eden's bloom,
 When Christians all are one.

Oh! sweet and heavenly is the sight
 Where Christians all are one—
 Where brethren joyfully unite
 In Jesus' love alone.
 Of heaven on earth we know no more,
 For there the Lord doth blessings pour—
 The gift of life forevermore—
 Where Christians all are one.

Then let us pray God speed the day
 When Christians all are one;
 Let Jesus' prayer ascend the air
 And Jesus' will be done.
 The Church with schism and strife within,
 The world in unbelief and sin—
 God bring the Golden Era in,
 When Christians all are one!

THE BETTER LAND.

THERE is a place where those that love
 May meet to love again;
 And feel in that reunion sweet,
 They have not loved in vain.

There is a clime whose genial air
 Is freighted with perfume;
 Whose cloudless skies are ever fair,
 And fadeless beauties bloom.

There is a home of saints in light,
 Where weary souls may go;
 A new creation, fair and bright,
 Redeemed from every woe.

There is a bright, angelic train,
 Of matchless form and grace,
 Bound by a love that cannot change,
 Nor time can e'er efface.

There hearts are ever young and warm,
 And beat forever true;
 No painful sighs the bosom harm,
 And eyes are tearless, too.

There Sundered souls that wept and pined
 Through life's long, weary way,
 Shall meet and full fruition find
 In heaven's eternal day.

MRS. ADA STANLEY.

AMONG the gifted daughters of Vermont, Mrs. Ada Stanley, wife of Hon. A. E. Stanley, of Leicester, takes a prominent place. Doubtless our evergreen hills are conducive to strong, vigorous intellects; but be that as it may, Vermont has an array of talent, both in poetry and prose, of which she may justly be proud. Mrs. Stanley was born in Brandon, Vt., from which place her parents removed to Western New York, while Ada was yet quite young. Educated at the Wyoming Academy, Wyoming, N. Y., and the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, Lima, N. Y., her later life gave ample evidence of the high educational facilities she then enjoyed. After her graduation she was for many years a very popular and successful teacher. While yet at school and in these years of teaching, she was a regular contributor to several periodicals, both in poetry and prose. Returning to Vermont to rest and regain strength, she met and afterwards married, June 3, 1860, Albert E. Stanley. Two talented sons have been born to them, one residing in Massachusetts and one in Minnesota. With the advent of household cares, Mrs. Stanley did not, however, drop the pen as many poems and much prose written in the years that since have passed attest. No complete collection of her writings has been published.

Mrs. Stanley is at present living in a quiet little home in Leicester, Vt., with her honored husband, and where many friends of distinction find kindly welcome.

I. R. N.

MOONLIGHT ON THE MOUNTAINS.

'TIS moonlight on the mountains,
 And the winds are fast asleep,
 There's a murmur 'mong the woodlets,
 And dimples on the deep;
 'TIS a holy thing in midnight,
 When the world is calm and still,
 To watch the lights and shadows
 O'er mountain, vale and rill.

I pause in breathless silence,
 For the gods of night are there,
 And the voices of the night-time
 Are whispering on the air;
 And the spirits of old poets,
 Like far-off gleams of bliss,
 Are ever, ever wandering,
 On such a night as this.

There's a spell of wild enchantment
 Thrown round my raptured sight,

And a flood of golden revery
Has filled my soul to-night;
There are voices of the midnight,
Which talk to me of bliss,
When I gaze on moon-lit mountains,
On such a night as this.

THE MYSTIC BED.

THE chamber is low and dark and deep,
Where many a one goeth down to sleep;
And the pilot who openeth the entrance door,
Closeth it never to open more;
And the occupant drest in a robe of white,
Looketh ne'er again on the morning light.

The bed is so narrow and hard and cold,
The pillow is covered with damp and mould;
And like frozen mist in the clear starlight,
Are the sheets so thin, and strangely white,
And the counterpane rests, with a heavy fold,
On the sleeper there, so still and cold.

No window to let in the sweet moonlight,
To shine on the face so calm and white,
Or nestle, like pearls, in the golden hair,
Where lieth a rose, all withered there.
Not even the fragrant breath of the flowers
Can enter therein on the morning hours.

And down upon that mysterious bed,
Sometime I shall lay my weary head,
Whose gentle hand, in the bright summer hours,
Will gather for me sweet beautiful flowers?
What loving friend will hallow my rest,
And place the white rose upon my breast?

LENORE.

BEAUTIFUL river! trembling with light;
Singing thy love-song softly at night,
Flow by the lone grave, on the green shore;
Where lies my sleeper, gentle Lenore.

Beautiful river! pride of the vale;
Softly reflecting moonbeams so pale;
Flinging thy wavelets, light on the shore:
Sing to my lost one, slumbering Lenore.
* * * * *
Beautiful wild-flowers cover her grave;
Sad, sobbing willows over her wave.
Song-birds their music sweetly outpour,
Over the grave of slumbering Lenore.
* * * * *

REV. H. M. GOODWIN, D. D.

MR. GOODWIN is a native of Hartford, Conn., having been born there on the 8th of June, 1820. He is a descendant of a long line of clerical ancestry, embracing, on the maternal side, one of the early presidents of Yale College, "Rector" Elisha Williams, and some of the most distinguished ministers of New England.

After passing through the Hopkins Grammar School at Hartford, Mr. Goodwin entered Yale College, from which he graduated in 1840. His classmates at school and college remember him as of a quiet and meditative cast of mind, not prominent in the athletic games then in vogue, nor offering any decisive indication of what his future course in life would be. Not long after leaving college, however, and after a few years employed in school teaching, moved perhaps by his inherited ministerial blood, he engaged in theological study at New York, New Haven and Andover. But the chief molding force in his character, both intellectual and spiritual, was the influence of the distinguished Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, who was for several years his pastor, and his life-long friend.

In the year 1850, Mr. Goodwin went to the West, and became the pastor of the First Congregational Church in Rockford, Illinois. He remained such for twenty-one years, good proof in itself of the sterling quality and great ability of the man. During this period he was also an active and influential trustee of the Rockford Female Seminary.

After so long and efficient service in Rockford, Mr. Goodwin sought rest, and the needed opportunity for special literary and theological study, by spending two years abroad, chiefly in Germany. Soon after his return to this country he published a theological treatise entitled, "Christ in Humanity," dealing chiefly with the doctrine of Christ's person. It was recognized both here and abroad as a work of marked ability.

In 1875 Mr. Goodwin was appointed Professor of English Literature and Art in Olivet College, Michigan, and remained as such until 1887, during the same time performing also the duties of associate pastor of the Congregational Church in Olivet, where he still resides in the pursuit of literary and theological studies.

Mr. Goodwin's life has been eminently a literary one. He early became a contributor to magazines of the higher class, and during his professional life has published many articles of a theological, philosophical and literary character, in the leading journals and periodicals.

As a writer of poetry Mr. Goodwin is little known

beyond the comparatively limited circle of his personal friends, as his verses have been few in number, and thrown off in an occasional and desultory way as the by-play or recreation from severer studies.

N. H. E.

LIFE.

"Is LIFE worth living"? asks the Cynic Sage:
That hangs upon the question, What *is* Life!
To breathe, to eat and sleep, or in vain strife
With Nature's laws a hopeless war to wage,
And reap unrest and pain from youth to age—
This is not life, but death. He only lives,
Who from the heart's full fountain freely gives,
And takes as freely Love's large heritage.
Who saves his life shall lose it; and the prize,
If gained, is not worth having. He who dies
For God and Truth and lost Humanity,
Scorning delights to live laborious days,
Shall win, not wealth, nor place, nor human praise,
But Life indeed, and Immortality.

THE SOUL OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTY is of the Soul, and Soul is Form,
And doth inform the beauty that we see.
The art that fashions flower and bird and tree,
And paints the rainbow with such tints as warm
The blood of sluggish Age, and make the heart
Of childhood leap with joy and ravishment,
Comes from a Soul of Beauty immanent
Within the world; a Spirit that hath part
In all the joy it gives; a Heart that feels
Through all its depths the grandeur it reveals.
He, with an Artist's deep and still delight,
Rejoices in his works, and calls them good;
And from his calm and blissful solitude,
Looks on our human joy with gladness infinite.

TO HORACE BUSHNELL.

I.

MAN of the childlike heart and prophet eye,
Given to our age, like him of old, to lead,
Through strife and murmuring tongues, the chosen
seed
Of God's elect from their captivity:—
What though upon thy Pisgah's lonely height,
So far above the faithless multitude,
Thou seem'st invested, to their wondering sight,
With clouds and shadows that below thee brood,—
Truth's cloudless heaven is round thee, and thine
eye
Feeds on the vision of the Promised Land,
Whither the blended tribes, a winnowed band,

Truth-led, shall yet go up rejoicingly,
When thou, O man of God! in sufferance blest,
Art safely gathered to thy glorious rest.

1849.

II.

The hour at length is come, O man of God!
Moses, at once, and Luther of thine age:
Prophet, reformer, teacher, saint and sage;
Whose consecrated feet so long have stood
Upon the Mount, within the secret place
Of God's pavilion, listening to the tone
Of heaven's deep harmonies, until thy face
Shone with the glory that it looked upon:—
Heaven claims its own. From henceforth thou
shalt be

A name and power unseen, but felt the more.
We ne'er shall look upon thy like again!
Enter thy twofold immortality,—
There, 'mid the good and great ones gone before;
Here 'mid the choir of ever-during men.

1876.

POETRY.

CLOUDS, glory-fringed, floating through depths sub-
lime,

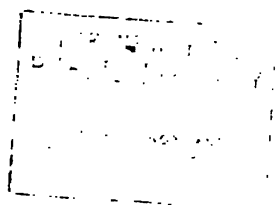
Telling of realms supernal, boundless, free;
Words winged with flame, shot from Eternity,
To illumine and glorify this world of Time.

Ships sailing o'er Imagination's seas,
Wafted by winds that blow from heavenly shores,
Bearing rich freight of thought and precious ores
Of Truth, to garnish the Soul's palaces.

Leaves rainbow-tinted, falling in a shower,
Which men do garner like rich harvest sheaves;
Alas, they are but faded autumn leaves:
The tree they fell from lives on evermore.

SILENCE.

GREAT sea of Silence! rounding in our life,
With all its bubbling noises, as the sky
Enfolds the earth in its infinity;—
In thee are buried grief and pain and strife
And all the sounds that ear and heart do fill—
The ringing laugh, the shriek of agony,
The shout of nations, and the infant's cry—
All sink into thy bosom, and are still.
And not alone these voices of the earth:
In thy vast womb lie hid things unexpressed
And inexpressible—the speechless prayer,
The unborn thought that never comes to birth;
The love that lives and dies within the breast—
Yet naught of all is lost, since God is there.





Emily G. Neckerline

EMILY GREENE WETHERBEE.

EMILY GREENE WETHERBEE is a native of Milford, N. H., and a descendant of George Nathaniel Greene, of Revolutionary fame. Her earliest years were spent in Charlestown, Mass., whence at the age of twelve she removed to Lawrence, Mass., where she has since resided, with the exception of some years spent as a teacher in the public schools of Boston. She received her education in the schools of Lawrence, and since graduation, being a lady of decided literary tastes, has improved all opportunities afforded for self-culture. She has been for many years a very successful teacher in the Lawrence High School. Poems from her pen have appeared from time to time in the *Journal*, *Transcript*, and *Globe*, newspapers published in Boston, also in the *New England Journal of Education* and the publications of the American Institute of Instruction; but though of a poetic temperament, and having a keen perception of whatever is beautiful in nature and art, poetry has occupied by no means the larger share of her time and talent. Her contributions in the form of essays and lectures before many teachers' institutes, and before the Old Residents' Association, a very popular society, and of which Miss Wetherbee was President for six years, have been quite numerous and valuable. She is also an excellent reader, and has given several public recitations, not only to home audiences, but to many others in different parts of New England, having a fine voice, and entering fully into the spirit of the author recited, and presenting in her readings remarkably good impersonation of the characters presented. J. R. R.

THE OLD GARDEN.

I SHALL ne'er forget the spot, the dear old country garden;

The arbor which the grape vines covered o'er;
The morning-glories climbed o'er the old stone wall before it,

The honeysuckle twined around the door.

The fragrance of the pinks floated through the open doorway,

Like sparks around the tulips flew the bees;
The hollyhocks, like sentries, looked down, in rows so stately,

On daffodillies swaying in the breeze.

The larkspur nodded gay in the warm, bright summer sunshine;

The marigolds were radiant in their pride;
While flaunting poppies scorned, in their brilliant robes of scarlet,

The meek and humble lily by their side.

The rose-bush strewed the ground with its fragrant, snowy petals;

Ah, never were the roses half so fair,
When sister Anna stood, in her bridal dress all blushes,

A bud half opened glistened in her hair.

And when our mother lay, with her hands so meekly folded,

From earthly labors evermore at rest,
We smoothed the soft gray hair, kissed the face so cold and silent,

And placed one wet with dew upon her breast.

Far sweeter than the fragrance of Araby's famed perfumes,

And grander than the laurel or the palm,
Were the homely flowers loved in youth's bright happy morning,

Whose memory to the weary soul brings balm.

Oh, dear old childhood's home, you are lost to me forever,

And strangers see your summer roses blow,
I would that on my heart I could feel the sunshine falling

As it fell upon your glories long ago.

FANNY PARNELL.

DIED JULY 19, 1882, AGED 29.

THE pen is still that wrote in living numbers

Those stirring lyrics of a people's throes,
That roused a nation from its deepest slumbers,
And waked the world to pity for its woes.

More potent than the ring of sword or cannon,

This fair-haired girl, with light and slender hand,
Could rouse the dwellers by the Lee and Shannon
Against the tyrant foe to take their stand.

Now pale and cold she lies—the brave, true woman—
Who knew no narrow bounds of sect or creed,

Whose every heart-beat was so softly human,
Whose only watchword was a nation's need.

Bring lilies pure and robes of virgin whiteness,

A leaf of shamrock green upon her breast,
Emblem of Ireland's love, its vernal brightness
Dimmed by the tears of that land loved the best.

And place her name aloft by those in story,
 Prophets, whose eyes beheld the distant dawn,
 Who, though they have not trod the path of glory,
 Still from the heights have heralded the morn.

In conflict bold, when falls one leader daring,
 The lines press ever onward all the same;
 Another hand, aloft the standard bearing,
 Shows to the ranks below some patriot name.

And though the green flag now is draped with
 mourning
 For this fair poet who held its folds so dear,
 On Erin's woes we trust the day is dawning,
 And that her sure deliverance now is near.

THE OLD ELM.

STRETCHING to heaven its brown and leafless
 branches,
 It stands here grand and strong;
 A silent watchman in this busy city
 It has o'erlooked so long.

A hundred winters in its quiet grandeur
 It has defied the blast,
 And stood unmoved through all the devious changes
 Of the long buried past.

Living for years beneath its grateful shadow,
 I've learned to love it well;
 And oft imagined if its leaves had language,
 The tales that they could tell

Of dwellers 'neath the roof of this old mansion,
 In all the years now gone;
 Fair lives, that hoped and loved, and toiled and
 sorrowed,
 Their summer long since done.

Its broad, green branches oft have waved in gladness
 O'er childhood's lovely grace,
 And drooped as if to touch with fond caresses
 Some happy bride's sweet face.

Sometimes 'neath stormy winds and tempests
 bending,
 It seems to moan and weep
 For those who have been borne from out these
 portals,
 To rest in death's cold sleep.

I look to-day up through its arching branches
 And see the sapphire sky;

While all around in cold and Parian whiteness
 The dazzling snow-fields lie.

And yet I know that soon in freshened splendor
 'Twill spring's fair tresses show,
 And that the sweet and fragrant breath of summer
 Is warm beneath the snow.

The buried brooklets soon will burst their fetters,
 The dainty violets bloom,
 And truant blue-birds on the winds come flocking
 To build in it their home.

How good and true the lesson that it teaches
 Of faith and hope and love;
 That nature's heart, in its eternal goodness,
 Is tuned to that above.

And that the one who sends the storm and tempest,
 And all our sorrow knows,
 Will make the dreary desert of our sadness
 To blossom as the rose.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

OFF BY the side of snowdrifts cold, upspringing
 The little May flowers grow,
 Seeking beneath their broad green leaves protection,
 From chilling winds that blow.

But when, from out their hiding places peeping,
 They meet the sun's warm rays,
 Their pure, pale cheeks, with modest blushes
 burning,
 Turn crimson 'neath his gaze.

BELLS.

Never from lonely minster,
 Or old cathedral gray,
 Pealed forth such glorious music
 As comes to me to-day
 From far away New England,
 The fairest land I know;
 The haunts of happy childhood,
 The home of long ago.
 Fly swiftly on your mission,
 Good ship, across the sea,
 That I may hear the greeting
 These bells will bring to me.

— *The Bells of Lawrence.*

HIRAM LADD SPENCER.

THE question was recently raised,—who wrote the verses, "A Hundred Years To Come"? They are tritely familiar to most readers, and are mingled with the present writer's recollections of childhood. They travel periodically the round of newspaperdom, and find their lodgment in anthologies, without claimant. They may be found in Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," without the name of the author, which was only recently disclosed, in response to some inquiries of the editors of the *St. John Progress*. They were written while he was a school-boy, at Brandon, Vermont, U. S. A., and, by some friend of the youthful muse, were sent to the *Voice of Freedom*, a country paper of very limited circulation; thence the song's flight began, and, like the bird that never tires, it has continued on the wing, ever and again reappearing, and welcomed as often as it reappears. He has written much of genuine excellence; but this first venture must be regarded, by its fortune in meeting the public taste, as the most successful.

The author of this musical, sweet and tenderly-reflective lyric, so native and so simple, Hiram Ladd Spencer, was born at Castleton, Vermont, more than half a century ago, and received an academic education at the seminary in his native town,—an institution, by the way, which celebrated its centennial August 10, 1887. When he was twenty-two years old he removed to Boston, drawn easily to that all-attractive centre, to persons especially of literary tastes and aspirations; and there he remained for some time. The five years preceding the War of the Rebellion were spent in the southern states. As we have already stated, his literary career began in boyhood, and from the time he was fifteen years old, he wrote frequently for his own amusement, and some of his maturer work appeared in the *New York Tribune*, and in *The Knickerbocker*, *Graham's*, and *Sartain's* magazines.

After the war, Mr. Spencer removed to St. John, New Brunswick, where he went into business, and prospered for a time. There the writer made his acquaintance, at the time when he joined to his commercial concerns the editorship of the *Maritime Monthly*, a magazine of excellent quality, published by a literary society in this most enterprising of our Canadian sea-board cities, during the years 1874-5, but which was soon discontinued, from insufficient patronage. Mr. Spencer was known at this time by his pen-name, "Enylla Alleyn;" and, though he wrote chiefly in verse, could, when he was called to it, express himself editorially in direct and plea-

santly-flavored prose. It is matter of regret that so good work as he was doing there was not allowed to continue.

By the great fire that in 1877 desolated St. John, reducing so many to poverty and homelessness, our poet's property was swept away, and he found himself one of that large number who had "lost everything." The warehouse, in the office of which I found him one afternoon, and where we chatted pleasantly, was gone, with all that it contained; but though daunted for a little season, he was not discouraged beyond recovery. Since that time he has been devoted to literary work, writing for English and American magazines, and has been on the staff of leading St. John papers. He was recently connected with the *Saturday Gazette*, and is now associate editor of the *Evening Gazette* (daily).

Of Mr. Spencer's verse it remains to say, that, while he is tempted to no ambitious height, and makes no large and grave attempt, within the limits he has chosen, or which nature has chosen for him, he is genuine and excellent. The occasional lyric or sonnet gratifies his fancy, and affords a sufficient outlet to his emotion. He has the home-feeling, and would say, with Barry Cornwall,—

"Our ambition, our delight,
Are in simple things."

His sonnets have met with frequent commendation, and in this species of composition he excels, while, from the comparative frequency with which he attempts it, one is led to suspect that it is the form his taste instinctively selects. His songs, brief and pregnant, are of the fancy and the heart.

A. J. L.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

WHERE, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy cheek,
The lofty brow,
The heart that beats
So quickly now?
Where, where will be our hopes and fears,
Joy's pleasant smiles, and Sorrow's tears,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street,
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon aisle with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale trembling age
And fiery youth,

And childhood with
Its brow of truth;
The rich, the poor, on land and sea—
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves will sleep,
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come;
And others then
Our lands will till,
And other men
Our homes will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day,
A hundred years to come.

TO-MORROW.

WITH outstretched hands I follow thee,
In sorrow,
To-morrow!

But vainly—and thou laugh'st at me,
To-morrow! To-morrow!
Ah, me! to leave this shadow-land,
Upon thy sunlit shore to stand;
Ah, me! to clasp thy jeweled hand,
To-morrow! To-morrow!

Thou beckonest, and I pursue,
In sorrow,
To-morrow!

Earth's falsest heart to thee is true,
To-morrow! To-morrow!
But thou art falser than the wind,—
A dream, a vagary of the mind;
And they that seek thee never find,—
To-morrow! To-morrow!

AUTUMN LEAVES.

AUTUMN leaves! O autumn leaves!
I wonder not ye pale, to be
A witness to the guile of life,
And man's inconstancy.

Autumn leaves! O autumn leaves!
Ye well may blush on every tree;
Though faithful be the sun and moon,
The brook, the river, and the tree.

Ye well may blush, and fade and fall,
O autumn leaves, by hill and lea,

Since falser than the winds that blow
Men e'er have been, and e'er will be.

WEARY.

WEARY, weary, weary,
Weary, weary he said!
Ah, for the dreamless pillow,
Ah, for the dreamless bed!
Weary, weary, weary,
He sighed as my path he crost;
All that I hope for is vanished,
All that I loved is lost!

I dreamed, but my dreams were ever
The dreams of a fevered brain;
I hoped, but my hopes were only
The hopes that are born of pain.
Weary, weary, weary!
The rest that all men dread
Were sweet to this thobbing heart of mine,
And sweet to this aching head.

Weary, weary, weary,
He said as he passed from my sight;
Weary, weary, weary!
Away in the desolate night.
With the wail of the winds that wander,
With the moan of the mournful sea,
Came back the sigh of that weary
And desolate soul to me.

THE MAY FLOWER.

WATCHED by the stars the sleeping Mayflower
lies,
On craggy mountain slope, in bosky dell,
Beneath the red and yellow leaves that fell
Ere autumn yielded to bleak winter's reign:
But when at spring's approach the tyrant flies,
Our Mayflower wakes and buds and blooms
again:—
Queen of the forest—flower of flowers most
sweet!
Delight and wonder of a thousand eyes!
Thou dost recall a day that flew too fleet,
A hope that perished in a sea of sighs!
We all have hoped for that which might not be,
But thou, sweet flower, forbiddest to despair:
After the winter comes a spring to thee,—
And waves retire when storms to rage forbear.

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ÆNON.

HEN Ænon died, I cried: "O heart, for thee
Nor flower shall bloom, nor sun shall shine
again;"

When Ænon died, I cried: "As falls the rain
Shall fall my tears thro' all the years to be!"
It, as he faded in men's thoughts, in mine
The recollection of the past grew gray:
Does it disturb that long, long rest of thine,
That thou art thus forgotten,—Ænon, say?
See the white-sailed ships go down the Bay;
Of warning lights I catch the ruddy gleam;—
Upon my pillow wearily I lay
Aching head, and thro' the night I dream
Of ships dismasted, that the ocean plough,
Lost and forgotten, Ænon, as art thou!

TWILIGHT.

twilight shadows creep along the wall;
without the sobbing of the wind I hear;
and from the vine-clad elm that marks the mere,
ivy leaves in crimson eddies fall:
deeper and deeper grow the shades of night;
and, gazing on the fire, to me appears
the form of one departed with the years—
buried years of hope, and faith, and light.
that those lips had language!"—would they
tell
the old, old story of the by-gone days,
on our heart the blighting shadow fell,
and we henceforward followed parted ways?
—but, while I ask, the embers die,
the vision fades—and answer none have I.

FOREST STREAM IS CHOKED WITH YELLOW LEAVES.

forest stream is choked with yellow leaves;
the birds are silent on the naked bough;
flowers are dead; like some lone spirit grieves
the wandering wind o'er wastes all barren now.
there is the promise of the early year?
was writ on sand, and by the hours effaced,
to the eager eye the hand was clear
which the title to our throne was traced.
—on, from dawn to twilight—on with haste,
seeking, but never finding—dreaming dreams,
sailing phantoms through a trackless waste,
shaded oft by phosphorescent gleams,—
silence gathers round us like a pall,
lights expire, and darkness covers all.

AURILLA FURBER.

AMONG the many verse-writers of the Mississippi Valley, Miss Furber is absolutely unique. Her muse seems to have manifested no juvenile precocity. Her poems are the slow and natural growth of her womanhood, the perfect bloom of a life unfolding, sweetly and frankly, to all the molding influences of earth and sky. Her school-girl verse, if it had been written, might have been more crude and lilted; it could not have possessed the strength, passion and virility which mark the few poems she has given the public. They have an old-English character peculiar to no American poet with whose works I am familiar, and only noticeable in such late English poets as Jean Ingelow and Christina G. Rossetti. The work of most of our women-poets is modeled, consciously or unconsciously, on that of Mrs. Browning. Miss Furber possesses none of the characteristics of the author of "Aurora Leigh," unless it be her boldness and utter disregard of convention. Her thought is so much the outgrowth of a sweet and simple life that it would never occur to her that it could be called in question.

Miss Furber is a native of Minnesota, and most of her life has been passed in a small country village, though she is now enjoying the pleasures and advantages incident to a residence in that stirring western city, St. Paul. She is a product of frontier life, born in a log cabin, receiving her first instruction in a log school-house, and beginning her life work as a pioneer school teacher. This experience was suddenly terminated by severe illness that relegated her, henceforth, to a place among the lookers-on rather than with the world's active workers. In spite of the persistent ill-health that has pursued her, she has managed to make her life count strongly for herself and others; and it may be, that in the very fact that her life-experiences have been few and strong, lies the secret of her power. One reads in her verse the story of a soul that has not trodden dusty, common highways, but has been alone in the sunlight and darkness with itself, nature and God.

Miss Furber is not a scholar, in the broad sense of the word, nor even a great reader; but she absorbs the very essence of any book she undertakes. To a friend who asked for a list of her ten favorite novels she answered, "I don't believe I've ever read so many," but afterward gave George Eliot as her favorite novelist and Sidney Lanier as her favorite poet,—the latter a somewhat peculiar choice for a woman. Her favorite hero is Paul, the Apostle, and her chief ambition is, as she writes, "To do the best I can with what I have."

In personal appearance Miss Furber is womanly and prepossessing. She has brown, curly hair, winning blue eyes and a smile that is the exponent of her frankness and sincerity of character.

S. D. H.

WATER LILIES.

WHITE water lilies bring I you to wear
 Upon your breast. Be this the outward sign
 Of other offering, most fitting type
 Of larger gift from this rank heart of mine.
 For sweet, my star, the *love* I lift to you
 Bears not the clear-cut odor of the rose,
 The shy, fine fragrance of the blooms of May,
 The pungent breath of useful plant that grows
 From clean, well-tilled, domestic garden ground.
 Its roots are set and nurtured in dark soil,
 Dank unto pestilence, all saturate
 With richness that on richness must recoil
 And breed—miasma? Aye, when breeds it not
 This white, white blossom with its heart of gold,
 This pure luxuriance of passion, held
 By choice of growth and searchings toward the
 light
 To blessed upper air. Bend down your bright,
 Fair face, my only one, and take one draught
 Of blissful, slumb'rous sweetness from the depth
 Of my love chalice. It shall surely waft
 Your soul to peace, your heart to rest, your life
 Into the keeping of that strength that brings,
 From out the mire of earthliness inborn,
 A flower so fit for heaven; that gladly flings
 Its fragrance, heavy with the ill o'erborne,
 Upon your bosom that its longing plea,
 Uprising to your tender face, may draw
 Your heart unto your lips to answer me.

PEACE.

God give you peace! your life will have its longings,
 I would not ask they be less keen and deep;
 The soul that firmly stands upon the mountains
 Must know the footing of the pathway steep;
 It must have trod the valleys dim and low
 And tented where the streams of silence flow.

For you no blank content of heart or brain
 I crave, but I would have you, friend, to drain
 The cup of all wide living, feed and grow
 Full rich in wealth of feeling, have you know
 The strength of strong desire, and bravely face
 The close temptations of our struggling race.
 I would not spare you strife and weariness,

Nor beg that powers of darkness never press
 A near your feet; yet ever do I pray
 The rest of God be with you all the way!

STIR OF WINGS.

FAR flow the rivers, the world is wide,
 I would I could know it all,
 For through the darkness at eventide
 The lands of the distance call.
 See I the palms by the river side,
 The sails on the open sea,
 The snow-bent boughs o'er the frozen tide,
 The long grasses of the lea
 Bending and waving beneath the sun
 At wandering breezes moved,
 Where shallow inlets so slowly run
 'Mid their moving mesh unheard,
 —In and out like a ribbon blue
 'Mid tangles of wind-swept hair.—
 The moon above the dark wood is new,
 There's balm in the restful air,
 Pale is the lotus against the gloom,
 A-dreaming its dream of sleep
 Where, ever with numbers of bloom on bloom,
 The year doth her reckoning keep.
 Broad are the prairies and sunbeam kissed,
 Or weird with the dusk of eve,
 Or lone and brown as they lie and list
 The voice of the Autumn grieve.
 All, as pictures in dreams, I see,
 As tones in a dream I hear
 The tread of tides and of wind-waves free,
 And bird-notes so strange and clear.
 Sounds without name and scenes unread,
 And life-throbbings yet untold,
 And empty reaches where space lies dead,
 The shades of the twilight hold.

Speak, O voices, with moving cry,
 O earth, sing your 'luring song.
 I am coming, coming; the days go by,
 But the time of a life is long.
 Stretches the sea and the world is wide,
 But I know I shall greet it all,
 For through the darkness at eventide
 The lands of the distance call.

APRIL.

Now is the tender soft-faced April sky
 A-breeding clouds unto the lithe west wind.
 With downy heads against her skirts they lie,
 Each fairer than the one that crowds behind
 In hiding from the frolic father's eye.

—In April.

ELIZABETH WHITE HULL.

MRS. ELMER B. HULL, *née* Miss Elizabeth White, is a native of Hillsborough, Ohio. She is a Quakeress by birth, and a descendant of the Coffins of Nantucket fame, of which Lucretia Mott and other noted philanthropists are also descendants. In early childhood she was surrounded by excellent educational advantages, and having far more than ordinary ability, she began teaching at the age of fifteen. And even before this she taught, for during her vacations she collected around her the children of runaway slaves and formed a school. One of her great ambitions was to become a teacher of elocution, as she was a trained as well as a natural elocutionist. From her mother she inherited her poetical ability and her taste as an artist, and from her father a passionate, pathetic, generous and emotional nature. Having married, at a very early age, an Illinois farmer, she became subject for a time to the monotonous life of a pioneer home on the prairies, in which many of her bright ambitions gradually passed away, and her pen became her companion and solace. She is now the genial hostess of a most happy home in the quiet college town of Onarga, Ill., where she reaps a little harvest in both money and fame, not only as a poetess, but as a writer of short stories and sketches. Her poems are to be published under the title of "Pressed Leaves." L. H. W.

THE MORTGAGE.

TEN years—and the hair on my temples
Is turning and mixing with gray,
And my face has grown aged and care-worn,
Its lines deepen day by day.
My comrades are want and privation,
They've clung to me close for years,
And I've borne them with unflinching patience,
Though laden with trouble and fears.

This eve, while the sun has been dipping
His rays down the fair, rosy west,
I've been over the farm I once planted,
With hope of serene age and rest.
But to-morrow a white-covered wagon,
On its long westward journey will start,
And Mary will smile, though she's hiding
A weary and desolate heart.

I've walked the last time through the orchard;
This autumn its first fruit will yield;

The vineyard is laden with clusters,
And yellow with corn is each field.
When full of youth's hope and ambition,
My wife and I left dear old Maine,
With only the blood-boughten pittance,
I'd saved from a "private's" poor gain.

But Mary was happy and cheerful,
And I strong with vigorous health,
With eighty good acres of prairie,
We seemed on a short road to wealth,—
So first, for a home and a shelter,
A poor little shanty was built;
How poor, but one room, and unplastered,
So meager its poverty felt.

Then stables, and horses, and cattle,
And harrows, and wagons, and seed,
And hundreds etceteras unthought of,
That ever a pioneer needs.
And everything came at the highest,
And called on my small stock of cash,
Till I found, ere I'd half done with buying,
My dollars had gone like a flash.

For five dreary, desolate winters,
With summers of labor between,
We suffered, yet thankful if autumn
Rewarded with measures of grain.
And there, in that kitchen and parlor
And chamber combined, one bright morn—
With poverty everywhere round them—
Our little twin children were born.

And later our Mabel, our idol,
Came to us, yet soon fled away;
And we felt there were griefs that are greater
Than want—that sad burial day.
But I built to the house an "addition,"
And made things all cozy and warm,
And bought forty acres of "timber,"
And for it we mortgaged the farm.

Then "hard times" grew harder, and ever
Misfortunes has followed alway,
With failure on failure of harvests
That no mortal foresight could stay.
The mortgage is closed, and our homestead
Is gone for its half, and is sold;
No help—for it's law, so it's justice—
And Avarice clutches his gold.

So out—heaven help us—we wander;
Our youth and our labors are lost;
Ah, little we dreamed when we signed it,
The anguish that mortgage would cost.

Out over the prairie to-morrow
 A white-covered wagon will roam,
 And eyes that are misty and blinded
 Shall take a last look at "the home."

HAST THOU BEEN TEMPTED?

Hast thou been tempted so,
 O cold, proud heart?
 Hast fought the tempter well, and know
 His language sweet to overthrow;
 Was it thy will, or circumstance
 That checked his pitiless advance?

Hast thou been tempted so,
 O cold, proud heart?
 Hast thou been strong, where he was weak?
 Mayhap thine armor yet may break
 Where his is firm, and show thee where
 Corruptness festers unaware.

Hast thou been tempted so,
 O cold, proud heart?
 Or hath thy happy lot insured
 The safety, wherein he allured,
 Would ne'er have known the want that drives
 To sin, to shame, to prison gyves?

Hast thou been tempted so,
 O cold, proud heart?
 Thank God thou still art pure, but lend
 Thy stronger hand in kindness, friend;
 Crush not the fallen with disdain,
 But help him back to hope again.

CHARITY.

Mighty the soul that seeks approval
 Eschewing all of earthly gain;
 And from the depths of want's grim hovel,
 Wreathes crowns of faith, from hungry pain;
 Mocked by the selfish world at best,
 Who reckons not its angel guest.

—*Angels of the Exodus.*

OPPORTUNITY.

'Midst all the darkened ways of life rise wonders
 unexplained,
 And conquerors in the grimmest fight, have met
 the foe untrained:
 And Mercy bides her ripened hour, and leads her
 heroes forth
 Endowed, inspired, to show a grand and unex-
 pected worth.

ELLEN SERGEANT RUDE.

ELLEN SERGEANT was born at Sodus, N. Y., on the shore of Lake Ontario. Here "in the great lake's sunny smile" her youth passed quietly and happily. Although deprived from infancy of a mother's guidance and love, she was tenderly and carefully reared, her father in every way possible striving to supplement her dead mother's place.

Her first regular instruction was in the district school at home, where, under the guidance of Lewis H. Clark, an ambitious student and teacher, she received a strong impulse to study. Her school education was completed at Genesee College, Lima, N. Y., where she met B. C. Rude, whom she afterward married. In college she was considered gifted, especially in composition.

Numerous stories and sketches from the pen of Mrs. Rude have found ready publication. In competition for a prize offered by the *Temperance Patriot* for the best temperance story, one written by her was chosen. As a temperance advocate, Mrs. Rude has done excellent service. She was the first woman elected to the office of Worthy Chief Templar, in the State of New York. At the State Lodge of Good Templars, held at Rochester, N. Y., she made her maiden speech, which won her a place on the board of managers. She was also elected a member of the board of managers of the first state W. C. T. U., established at Syracuse, N. Y., and was one of a committee sent from that meeting before the legislature at Albany. Her whole-heartedness for the temperance cause, her marked ability, and her taking manner as a speaker, won for her immediate recognition, and gave her rank among the foremost women lecturers of the day. Encouraged by her success, and cordially seconded by her indulgent husband, there seemed nothing to hinder her doing a good work, but returning home one night to find her only child lying dangerously ill, she cancelled all engagements, and abandoned public speaking, although repeatedly urged to again enter the field.

Now, in her ideal home, St. Augustine, Florida, she devotes her time to home life, and her leisure to writing poems and short stories. Her only son, in his student-life, bids fair to fulfill her fondest hopes, and to repay her for any sacrifices, if sacrifices they may be called, on her part. That she has tuned her song as well as her life in harmony and sympathy with all nature and all humanity, no one who reads her poems or knows her life will doubt.

C. K.

18 MAY 1967
8:10 AM
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Mrs B. C. Rusk

7

THE TREE OF STATE.

THE MAPLE.

PROUD emblem tree of the Empire State!
 Thy virtues on this festal day
 I cheerfully would commemorate,
 And own allegiance to thy sway.
 Deep-rooted in thy native soil,
 The field of all my earlier toil,
 The sepulcher which holds in trust
 For future time, my kindred dust;
 The play-ground of my childhood years,
 The cradle of my dreams, loves, fears;
 The very dust is dear which creeps
 About thy roots and vigil keeps.
 And every fibre of thy growth,
 Endeared to me since early youth,
 Grows dearer still, while dreaming where
 Magnolia bloom fills all the air.

FIRST VERSE.

I see thee now before the storm king bending,
 As I have seen thee oft, and fled from under,
 When lightning flashes, scarce begun, scarce ending.
 Their works have told in tones of fiercest thunder.
 And thou wast beautiful and great,
 Oh, emblem tree of the Empire State!

SECOND VERSE.

I see thee now, well-rounded, calm, and blending
 Shades and touches by deft Nature's brush.
 And o'er the whole, the latest sunset lending
 That strange, soft something, 'twixt a glow and flush,
 Which holds entranced, e'en while I wait,
 Oh, emblem tree of the Empire State!

THIRD VERSE.

Now lo! behold! Two happy lovers straying
 Grow conscious that the moonbeams softly stealing
 Athwart their path, are stealthily betraying
 Their soul-lit faces; mirrored love revealing.
 So, 'neath thy shade, they trembling wait,
 To shield Love's flush, oh, Tree of State!

FOURTH VERSE.

E'en merry urchins 'neath thy branches swinging,
 Refresh themselves at thy o'erflowing fountain,
 And praises loud in childish glee are ringing,
 As one by one, thy top-most branches mounting,
 Each vies with each, oh, Tree of State!
 While echoing hills reiterate.

FIFTH VERSE.

I see them now, thy garnered leaves, adorning
 The palace, hall and hovel, yea! the bier.
 They turn the night of poverty to morning,
 And bring to gilded homes a touch of cheer;
 While even Death they decorate,—
 Thy leaves—oh, cherished Tree of State!

SIXTH VERSE.

But words are sounding voids, when hands are waiting
 To set the royal seal of praise to-day,
 And show a love enduring, unabating,
 By planting thy dear rootlets by the way.
 Long live the Maple, grand and great!
 Proud emblem tree of the Empire State!

UNCAGED.

THE zone which binds the higher life,
 Expands beneath the soothing balm
 Of early morning's restful calm,
 When night has stilled the jar of strife.

Like birds uncaged we swing aloft.
 Our narrow selves outgrown, we sing
 In sympathy with Nature's ring,
 In numbers round or trillings soft.

Advances now with rapid strides
 Broad day, and we, earth-bound shrink back,
 That duty's hour may know no lack,
 To find our fitness amplified.

Our feet run with a lighter trip,
 Our hands now eager grasp their toil,
 While far more freely flows the oil
 Of human love from heart and lip.

Then rise, oh, burdened soul, and let
 Your higher being trill a song,
 Which through your grovelings shall prolong
 Its echoes, till the day has set.

LINCOLN.

LINCOLN, ordained to meet a country's want,
 From lowly walks grew lowlier as he rose
 Triumphant o'er occasions and o'er foes.
 With dignity oft spiced with pleasant taunt
 Dispensed he justice unimpaired by daunt.
 Where'er is told the tale of slavery's woes,
 In proud display the name of Lincoln goes,
 But autographed with ne'er a trace of vaunt.

America's proud heirloom ne'er shall be
 Mildewed in shelved and worthless history.
 Both victims and the masters of the crime
 Alike revere the name that set them free.
 All write him proudest hero of his time,
 Illustrious martyr of a cause sublime.

SEA MOSSES.

I'VE gathered sea mosses, all wet with the sea,
 And this is the way they came floating to me.
 The waves held a carnival. Each wore a crest
 Of sky-tinted mosses, and lovingly pressed
 Each other, and kissed, as they laughingly played.
 And some of the wavelets made love, and they
 strayed
 'Mong the rocks on the shore,
 And they ruthlessly tore
 From the coquettish wavelets, so thoughtless and
 gay,
 This bunch of sea mosses, all dripping with spray,
 And I just came up slyly and stole them away.

INTO THE LIKENESS.

THE sunflower, clinging to its stalk,
 Can neither fly, nor run, nor walk,
 But ever gazes towards the sun,
 From early morn till day is done.
 And really it is quite amazing
 How like the sun it grows, in gazing.
 If, while earth-bound, we may not quite
 Reach up unto the grandest height,
 By keeping it each day in view
 We may adorn us with its hue.

TRUE CHARITY.

LET not e'en your left hand know the gift you
 bestow
 With your right, to the neighbor just over the way.
 Let your life be the trumpet before you to go,
 And repeat by its sweetness the prayers that you
 say.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

FAIR St. Augustine, nature's winter queen,
 Languidly is lying
 In her summer dress of rarest loveliness,
 Listening to the sighing,
 And the steady moaning, and the weary groaning
 Of the sea.
 Sails are idly flapping, boatmen soundly napping—
 Dreaming are we.

—A Shadow Picture.

CLEMENT SCOTT.

THERE are in the variety and multiplicity of
 our labors some tasks that we approach with
 peculiar, and, indeed, cordial pleasure; and to
 discourse of the qualities of a man the gracefulness
 and purity of whose writings we have learned to
 admire and to hold in high esteem, may be allowed
 to rank with the first of these. Mr. Clement Scott
 has many admirers. As a poet his touching senti-
 ments and dainty conceits appeal to a large circle;
 as a dramatist he finds numerous followers; whilst
 as a philanthropist, and one, moreover, whose
 words and deeds are full of the milk of human
 kindness, he has accomplished much good and use-
 ful work. To this delightful trinity of characters
 Mr. Scott adds the rôle of critic; and it is as critic
 that he is best known and most respected. When
 the leaves on the trees were changing their color in
 1888, and the berries on the hedges were beginning
 to ripen, Mr. Scott, who commenced his career on
 the *Sunday Times*, was celebrating, on the staff of
 the *Daily Telegraph*, his silver wedding with
 dramatic criticism. Through long years he has
 worked honorably at a post in which he has attained
 a position that may be regarded as unique. The
 dramatic student does not live who cannot follow
 with pleasure and delight this critic's detailed
 reviews of new productions and interesting revivals.
 There is a refinement, an artistic finish, a surpassing
 thoroughness about these works that no other con-
 temporary critic, if we except, perhaps, Mr. William
 Archer, has yet revealed. When, moreover, we
 remember that these criticisms are written when the
 day's work is ordinarily over, and that there can be
 no parleying with Time or the relentless printer, we
 may well wonder that even this facile pen never
 falters, and that every idea is as perfectly connected
 as it is set down lucidly and clearly.

The son of a benevolent clergyman, Mr. Scott
 has inherited in an unusual degree his father's
 noble views and lofty sentiments. He was born
 nine and forty years ago at Christ Church Parson-
 age, Hoxton, and received his education at Marl-
 borough College, Wiltshire. Here it was, a diligent,
 lively lad at school, that he wrote his first poem,
 which appeared under the title of "The Wreck of the
 Royal Charter" in the poets' corner of the
Marlborough Times. On quitting college in the
 year 1860, he was appointed, by Lord Herbert of
 Lea, to a clerkship in the War Office. To many a
 man of literary aims and high ambitions, the duties
 of the desk would have proved insufferably irksome.
 Mr. Scott, however, did not seem to find them so,
 for the appointment he had secured he held with-

out intermission till the spring of 1879, when he retired on a pension. Happily for the development of those abilities which he displayed at an early age, Mr. Scott found ample leisure in these years spent at the War Office to pursue his studies in literature and to follow that profession for which he was so eminently qualified. His first *Vers de Soci t * having been printed in *Temple Bar*, by Edmund Yates, we find him subsequently a constant contributor to *Fun* in such excellent company as that of Harry Leigh, Jeff Prowse, and Savile Clarke. As dramatic critic he was employed until the year 1873,—when his connection with the *Daily Telegraph* commenced—successively on the *Sunday Times*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and the *Observer*. In addition to his contributions to *Fun*, he also wrote poetry for *Punch* after Mr. Burnand assumed the editorship. In his satiric journal appeared many of those poems afterwards issued in volume form, under the titles, “Lays of a Londoner,” “Poems for Recitation,” and lastly a volume of collected poems, “Lays and Lyrics,” in the charming handy volume series published by Routledge and Sons. In connection with the second-named, it may be interesting to mention that his first work of this nature, “The Cry of the Clerk,” was quoted *in extenso* in the *Times*. If we follow further his career, we shall find that it has been Mr. Scott’s happy custom to publish in volume form the pink of his contributed articles, whether in prose or poetry. In this manner his holiday papers, “Round About the Islands” and “Poppy Land Papers,” have been collected and issued as separate publications. Mr. Scott is still associated with the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose columns, in addition to those of the *Illustrated London News*, to which he is a frequent contributor, his graceful and smooth-flowing contributions help materially to adorn.

F. A. H. E.

THREE KISSES.

AN angel, with three lilies in her hand,
Came winging to the earth from Paradise;
They changed to kisses ere she reached love’s land,
And fell upon the brow, the lips, the eyes.

First was the kiss of purity and peace—
Lonely they sat together by the fire—
To him from sorrow came a dear release,
To her the shadow of a dim desire.
Two aimless souls had ceased their wandering,
Two fettered spirits struggled to be free;
To sweet Love’s garden came the blossoming,
The tender leaf unfolded on Love’s tree,
The Kiss of Sanctity!

Next was the kiss of soul bound unto soul—

They stood at night beneath a ruined tower—
Dimly they heard the waves’ eternal roll,
Life was embodied in a single hour!
The one strong moment in a love divine,
The Present shadowing Futurity;
No fate, no time, no terror could combine
To rob that silence of its ecstasy—
The Kiss of Unity!

Last came the kiss of dear love perfected,
Sad in the chamber of the thing called Death!
Two tapers at the feet, two at the head,
The murmured prayer, the low, half-sobbing
breath,
But brighter yet in distance far away,
A gathered army of the souls that live;
The golden dawn of a transcendent day,
When angels of the lilies come to give
The Kiss—Eternity!

THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE.

PASS the word to the boys to-night! lying about
’midst dying and dead—
Whisper it low; make ready to fight! stand like
men at your horse’s head!
Look to your stirrups and swords, my lads, and
into your saddles your pistols thrust;
Then, setting your teeth as your fathers did, you’ll
make the enemy bite the dust!

What did they call us, boys, at home?—“Feather-
bed soldiers!”—faith, it’s true!
“Kept to be seen in her Majesty’s parks, and
mightily smart at a grand review!”
Feather-bed soldiers? Curse their chaff! Where
in the world, I should like to know,
When a war broke out and the country called, was
an English soldier sorry to go?
Brothers in arms, and brothers in heart! cavalry!
infantry! there and then;
No matter what careless lives they lived, they were
ready to die like Englishmen!
So pass the word in the sultry night,
Stand to your saddles! make ready to fight!

We are sick to death of the scorching sun, and the
desert stretching for miles away;
We are all of us longing to get at the foe, and
sweep the sand with our swords to-day!
Our horses look with piteous eyes—they have little
to eat, and nothing to do;
And the land around is horribly white, and the sky
above is terribly blue.

But it's over now, so the Colonel says; he is ready
to start, we are ready to go:
And the cavalry boys will be led by men—Ewart!
and Russell! and Drury-Lowe!
Just once again let me stroke the mane—let me kiss
the neck and feel the breath
Of the good little horse who will carry me on to the
end of the battle—to life or death!
“Give us a grip of your fist, old man! let us all
keep close when the charge begins!
God is watching o'er those at home! God have
mercy on all our sins!
So pass the word in the dark, and then,
When the bugle sounds let us mount like
men!”

Out we went in the dead of the night! away to the
desert, across the sand—
Guided alone by the stars of heaven! a speechless
host, a ghostly band!
No cheery voice that silence broke; forbidden to
speak, we could hear no sound
But the whispered words, “Be firm, my boys!” and
the horses' hoofs on the sandy ground.
“What were we thinking of then?” Look here! if
this is the last true word I speak,
I felt a lump in my throat—just here—and a tear
came trickling down my cheek.
If a man dares say that I funk'd, he lies! But a
man is a man, though he gives his life
For his country's cause, as a soldier should—he has
still got a heart for his child and wife!
But I still rode on in a kind of dream; I was think-
ing of home and the boys—and then
The silence broke! and a bugle blew! then a voice
rang cheerily, “Charge, my men!”
So pass the word in the thick of the fight,
For England's honor, and England's might!

What is it like, a cavalry charge in the dead of
night? I can scarcely tell,
For when it is over it's like a dream, and when you
are in it a kind of hell!
I should like you to see the officers lead—forgetting
their swagger and Bond Street air—
Like brothers and men at the head of the troop,
while bugles echo, and troopers swear!
With a rush we are in it, and hard at work—there's
scarcely a minute to think or pause—
For right and left we are fighting hard for the regi-
ment's honor, and country's cause!
Feather-bed warriors! On my life, be they Life
Guards red, or Horse Guards blue,
They haven't lost much of the pluck, my boys, that
their fathers showed them at Waterloo!

It isn't for us who are soldiers bred, to chatter of
wars, be they wrong or right;
We've to keep the oath that we gave our Queen!
and when we are in it—we've got to fight.
So pass the word, without any noise,
Bravo, Cavalry! Well done, boys!

Pass the word to the boys to-night, now that the
battle is fairly won,
A message has come from the Empress-Queen—
just what we wanted—a brief “Well done!”
The swords and stirrups are sorely stained, and the
pistol barrels are empty quite,
And the poor old chargers' piteous eyes bear evi-
dence clear of the desperate fight.
There's many a wound and many a gash, and the
sun-burned face is scarred and red;
There's many a trooper safe and sound, and many
a tear for the “pal” whose dead;
I care so little for rights and wrongs of a terrible
war; but the world at large—
It knows so well when duty's done!—it will think
sometimes of our cavalry charge!
Brothers in arms and brothers in heart! we have
solemnly taken an oath! and then,
In all the battles throughout the world, we have
followed our fathers like Englishmen!
So pass this blessing the lips between—
'Tis the soldier's oath—God Save the Queen.

L'ADDIO PENSEROSO.

WE met but for a moment's space
In a restful summer-time;
Love left its autumn in your face,
And saddened all my rhyme.
From out the giddy crowd we crept,
For both desired to know
The secret of the tears we wept,
The depth of sorrow's snow.

Alas! the weary end must come,
The sad cross-way that points to home;
And thus it is for both, dear heart!
We both regret, and both expect,
We both have courage to reflect,
But not the strength to part!

'Tis past, but how can I forget
That night! the moonlit lake!
The pause that made your eyelids wet,
My silence for your sake!
Could you but know, in after years,
What happened in Love's land;
I left unheard another's tears,
Unclasped another hand.

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Q. R. Bellamy

Alas! to both the weary end,
The lonely heart, the absent friend;
Ah! pity me for this, dear heart!
One day, perchance, you'll recollect,
'Twas you had courage to reflect,
And I the *strength to part!*

SOMEBODY'S PRIDE.

PLUME on his helmet, and sword to the shoulder,
Sound the advance! Never call the retreat!
Some are as fair: not a man can look bolder,
Reining his charger to ride down the street.
Up with the windows! the regiment passes;
Glory will crown the old colors that droop;
Love lights the eyes and the lips of the lassies;
Somebody nods to the Pride of the Troop.

Dust on his helmet, and sword that is broken;
Sound the recall to the scattering men!
Victory wavers, with death for its token;
Hundreds return to us. Where are the ten?
Lone in her chamber a maiden is weeping;
Eyes that have sparkled, with sorrow can droop;
Dead on the battle-field, heroes are sleeping;
Somebody prays for the Pride of the Troop.

Laurel on helmet, a sword that is rusted;
Gather the women, and marshal the men!
Honor is due to the soldiers we trusted;
Cheer for the hundred, but weep for the ten!
Out from the crowd a young maiden is lifted,—
Lifted on shoulders that gallantly stoop;
Tears are forgotten, and sorrow has drifted;
Somebody kisses the Pride of the Troop.

EDEN.

DEEP in the summer-time of long ago
There dwelt on either side a broken stream,
A knight, who sighing, felt love's passion grow;
A maiden, weeping for some distant dream.
His gallant life was lost in Holy Lands;
Her love lay buried in her life's regret;
Loving the river where they folded hands;
They called it Eden where those lovers met!

The summer-time still comes though knights are
dead;

With tears of maidens rivers rush to sea:
Love ruleth still though chivalry be fled—
His kisses were the same to you and me.
All was the same—from bridge to ruined mill—
Across the stream we loved, and met to part;
Sad winters change to flower-time—but still
They call it Eden where you broke my heart.

ORLANDO R. BELLAMY.

ORLANDO R. BELLAMY was born at the village of Vevay, Indiana, August 10, 1856. His father, Jesse P. Bellamy, was a farmer, with a family of nine children, of which Orlando is the youngest. His early life was spent on a farm. As a child he showed a fondness for music and poetry, reading Shakespeare through before his eighth year. He entered De Pauw University in 1874, at the age of eighteen, and graduated in 1878, standing first in his class in the course of study he pursued. He wrote a few short pieces of poetry while in college, but did not begin writing as a life work until in his twenty-eighth year. He has been engaged in teaching since his graduation; was at one time Professor of Mathematics and History in Pierce City Baptist College, but resigned on account of ill-health. He is at present connected with the schools of Independence, Kansas. His poems have appeared, from time to time, in different periodicals. Under the title of "Songs by the Wayside," a volume of his poems has just been published. Mrs. A. B.

AT DAYBREAK.

AT daybreak when the somber angel Night
Calls in the many outposts of the skies,
Where tiny stars their nightly watch-fires keep
And through the holy depths of silence flies;
Ere the great golden heart of coming day
Has sent its throbs of light from pole to pole,
What if the angels, through the crystal air,
Should send their melodies to call my soul?

At daybreak ere the hills are all aflame
With God's crown-jewels, given to the earth
For dew-drops, and the sunlight form His name
In wondrous beauty at each new day's birth;
If you should speak in whispers in the room
And say, "His soul has gone to meet the light,"
Could I reach out my hand amidst the gloom
And find that He watched with me all the night?

At daybreak while the wooded hills are mute,
And not a note of drowsy song is heard
To rise from nature's merry choristers,
Ere cloudy banners of the night are stirred
By morning's breath, should angels lift the veil
That separates our dreams from Glory's Land,
Could I dare raise my eyes through mists of prayer,
To dimly see the beckoning of His hand?

At daybreak when the light streams boldly in,
What if a face is lying still and cold?

The feet that oft have wearied in the day
 Have met the Light beyond the hills of gold.
 Then say, "Now rest is sweet that work is done,
 We'll draw the white cloth up about his face,
 To-day he will not care to greet the sun;
 God calleth each to his allotted place."

DAWN.

FAINTER and softer grows the intense blue.
 The tiny stars, night's children, fall asleep.
 The timid twilight puts her torches out,
 While hands of angels from the crystal deep,
 Where they are hidden from our mortal eyes,
 The shifting scenery of Heaven roll
 On noiseless wheels. The glories of the night
 Dissolve and pass. The Dawn, a new-born soul,
 Lifts up its white arms as the purple light
 Flashes along the hilltops and the sea;
 The everlasting gates of morning turn
 While dew-drops blush to rubies as some tree,
 Far up a height, receives its crown of flame.
 The great sky watch-towers shut their holy eyes;
 The blue is fading softly into gray
 While Night, a giant, in deep slumber lies.

MORNING.

WHITE, white is the morning!
 The red fires of dawn
 Are lost in the vapors
 The light winds drive on.

The brown deer are sleeping
 Where heather and broom,
 Mix gold as of sunlight
 With rich purple gloom.

The linnet and mavis
 Weave music's sweet spell,
 The lark's morning hymns
 Of love's mysteries tell.

The roses of crimson,
 The roses of snow,
 Bend over the pathways
 Where glad lovers go.

Soft brown are the shallows,
 And blue are the deep
 Warm waves, wherein lilies
 The lake-fairies sleep.

The fire-flies are dreaming,
 All night they have borne
 The lamps of these fairies;
 But rest comes with morn.

The golden-eyed daisies
 Are whispering low
 To fox-glove and aster,
 "'Tis morning we know."

Dawn's white hands are closing
 The bright dungeon bars,
 Where the night lies asleep
 'Midst the weary-eyed stars.

Day's boat rides at anchor,
 Its bright sails unfurled,
 To drift down the long
 Western slope of the world.

Where waves of the sunset,
 By evening winds rolled,
 On sands of the cloudlands,
 Break crimson and gold.

Peace scatters her lilies
 Beneath our worn feet,
 Love's white wings are folded,
 And life is complete.

Blue skies are above us;
 What hour is so blest
 As dawn after darkness
 When hearts are at rest?

O'er fields of white clover,
 O'er green fields of corn,
 Blue eyes of my lover
 Bring joy with the morn.

I KNOW NOT WHERE.

I know not where the pastures of the Lord
 Are swept by cool winds, tempered from the heat;
 Where His white flocks stray o'er the dewy sward
 Or lie at rest about the Shepherd's feet.
 I know not where His limpid streams are rolled,
 Or where His islands break the crystal sea,
 Or tiny lambs lost from this nether fold
 In safest shelter of His keeping be.

I know not when the gardens of the Lord
 Bear grapes of Eschol under shining skies,
 Where milk and honey their supplies afford
 And all the fruits of man's lost Paradise;

Or where the breezes blow o'er rosy isles
 With untold blessings in their airy wings,
 Or where each hill in endless verdure smiles,
 Or life's deep river has its hidden springs.

I know not where His skillful harpers stand
 Whose chords are ringing all the Heavens through,
 Their echoes coming from the Far-off Land,
 Fall faint, yet clear, down star-lit vaults of blue;
 Or when the clouds drift by on purple eyes
 In what fair port their snowy sails are furled;
 Or where His harvests lift their golden sheaves
 Beyond the utmost borders of the world.

I know not where the soiled and blood-stained feet
 Of weary pilgrims lay their sandals down;
 Or where life's broken links forever meet,
 Or where its rugged cross becomes a crown.
 Nor where the rushing music of the spheres
 Is blended with man's prayer and praise and song
 Like that the Morning Stars in earlier years
 Sang with the angels as they swept along.

But this I know, that somewhere there is rest
 And that the poor their heritage shall find;
 The pure in heart shall lean upon His breast
 'Midst views of matchless beauty for the blind.
 The gales of Heaven drift us to that shore
 Where stainless lilies fringe the waterside.
 There, with the meek and lowly evermore,
 We shall awaken, rested, satisfied.

FLOWERS.

Then the Dear Lord kissed the flowers
 And His blessings gave to all,
 And up came the green leaves springing,
 To answer the wild bird's call.
 So I wrote their dreams on the pages
 That are hidden within my heart,
 And their music and mirth and sadness
 Of my own life form a part.
 —*Dreams of the Flowers.*

SEPTEMBER.

September, in a blaze of white and gold,
 Blending the sunshine with the hazy mist
 That shrouds the hills like sacrificial smoke,
 With paler waves of light our lips has kissed
 Than burning August's passionate embrace.
 Yet have its skies a dearer, softer blue,
 The golden month of all the shining twelve,
 Because, long years ago, it brought me you.
 —*September.*

JEAN INGELOW.

THE following selections from the poems of Jean Ingelow are made for the new department of Quotations from Standard Authors intended to appear in all future numbers of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY. A biographical sketch of Miss Ingelow by Sarah K. Bolton, accompanied by eight complete poems, may be found in the first number of the magazine. *Vide* Vol. I, No. 1, p. 54, January, 1889.

POETRY.

"To sing among the poets—we are nought:
 We cannot drop a line into that sea
 And read its fathoms off, nor gauge a thought,
 Nor map a simile."

—*Honors.*

SEA.

This beauty is for me—
 A thing to love and learn.
 For me the bounding in of tides; for me
 The lying bare of sands when they retreat;
 The purple flush of calms, the sparkling glee
 When waves and sunshine meet.

—*Ibid.*

UNITY.

For different pathways evermore decreed
 To intersect, but not to interfere;
 For common goal, two aspects, and one speed,
 One centre and one year;
 For deep affinities, for drawings strong,
 That by their nature each must needs exert;
 For loved alliance, and for union long,
 That stands before desert.

—*Ibid.*

DOUBT.

Doubt, a blank twilight of the heart, which mars
 All sweetest colors in its dimness same;
 A soul-mist, through whose rifts familiar stars
 Beholding, we misname.
 A ripple on the inner sea, which shakes
 Those images that on its breast reposed;
 A fold upon the wind-swayed flag, that breaks
 The motto it disclosed.

—*Ibid.*

INHERITANCE.

O, let me be myself! But where, O where,
 Under this heap of precedent, this mound
 Of customs, modes, and maxims, cumberance rare
 Shall the Myself be found?
 O thou *Myself*, thy fathers thee debarred
 None of their wisdom, but their folly came

Therewith; they smoothed thy path, but made it
hard

For thee to quit the same.
With glosses they obscured God's natural truth,
And with tradition tarnished His revealed;
With vain protections they endangered youth,
With layings bare they sealed.
What aileth thee, myself? Alas! thy hands
Are tired with old opinions—heir and son,
Thou hast inherited thy father's lands
And all his debts thereon.

—*Ibid.*

SCIENCE.

A little way, a very little way
(Life is so short), they dig into the rind,
And they are very sorry, so they say,—
Sorry for what they find.
But truth is sacred—ay, and must be told:
There is a story long beloved of man;
We must forego it, for it will not hold—
Nature had no such plan.

—*Ibid.*

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge ordained to live! although the fate
Of much that went before it was—to die,
And be called ignorance by such as wait
Till the next drift comes by.
O marvellous credulity of man!
If God indeed kept secret, couldst thou know
Or follow up the mighty Artisan
Unless He willed it so?

—*Ibid.*

HUMILITY.

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break unthanked of man the stubborn clod?
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God.
Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong.

—*Ibid.*

LEISURE.

Sweet is the leisure of the bird;
She craves no time for work deferred;
Her wings are not to aching stirred
Providing for her helpless ones.
Fair is the leisure of the wheat;
All night the damps about it fleet;
All day it basketh in the heat,
And grows, and whispers orisons.
Grand is the leisure of the earth;
She gives her happy myriads birth,

And after harvest fears not dearth,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.
Dread is the leisure up above
The while He sits whose name is Love,
And waits, as Noah did, for the dove,
To wit if she would fly to him.

—*Scholar and Carpenter.*

HAPPINESS.

'Tis sometimes natural to be glad,
And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so.

—*Ibid.*

CHEERFULNESS.

"I have the courage to be gay,
Although she lieth lapped away
Under the daisies, for I say,
'Thou wouldst be glad if thou couldst see:'
My constant thought makes manifest
I have not what I love the best,
But I must thank God for the rest
While I hold heaven a verity."

—*Ibid.*

CHILDREN.

Children, ay, forsooth,
They bring their own love with them when they
come,
But if they come not there is peace and rest;
The pretty lambs! and yet she cries for more:
Why, the world's full of them, and so is heaven—
They are not rare.

—*Supper at the Mill.*

MODESTY.

If maids be shy, he cures who can;
But if a man be shy—a man—
Why then, the worse for him.

—*Ibid.*

PARTING.

Yea, God *doth* know, and only God doth know.
Have pity, God, my spirit groans to thee!
I bear Thy curse primeval, and I go;
But heavier than on Adam falls on me
My tillage of the wilderness; for, lo!
I leave behind the woman, and I see
As 'twere the gates of Eden closing o'er
To hide her from my sight for evermore.

—*The Star's Monument.*

POETRY.

He taught them, and they learned, but not the less
Remained unconscious whence that lore they
drew

But dreamed that of their native nobleness
Some lofty thoughts, that he had planted, grew;
His glorious maxims in a lowly dress,
Like seed sown broadcast, sprung in all men's
view.

The sower, passing onward, was not known,
And all men reaped the harvest as their own.

—*Ibid.*

FAME.

There was a morning when I longed for fame,
There was a noontide when I passed it by,
There is an evening when I think not shame
Its substance and its being to deny;
For if men bear in mind great deeds, the name
Of him that wrought them shall they leave to die;
Or if his name they shall have deathless writ,
They change the deeds that first ennobled it.

—*Ibid.*

BEAUTY.

And that same God who made your face so fair,
And gave your woman's heart its tenderness,
So shield the blessing He implanted there,
That it may never turn to your distress,
And never cost you trouble or despair,
Nor, granted, leave the granter comfortless;
But like a river, blest where'er it flows,
Be still receiving while it still bestows.

—*Ibid.*

DECEIT.

"Fool! join not madness to mistake;
Thou knowest she loved thee not a whit;
Only that she thy heart might break—
She wanted it,
'Only the conquered thing to chain
So fast that none might set it free,
Nor other woman there might reign
And comfort thee.'"

—*The Letter L.*

MARRIAGE.

For me love played the low preludes,
Yet life began but with the ring,
Such infinite solitudes
Around it cling.

—*Ibid.*

MAN.

Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known
For lack of listeners are not said.

—*Afternoon at a Parsonage.*

MUSIC.

We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation;

But when God threw it down to us that strayed,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since doth its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station.

—*A Cottage in a Chine.*

ELOQUENCE.

His wrongs go nigh to make him eloquent.
—*Brothers, and a Sermon.*

PATIENCE.

How long, how long? When troubles come of God,
When men are frozen out of work, when wives
Are sick, when working fathers fail and die,
When boats go down at sea—then naught behooves
Like patience; but for troubles wrought of men
Patience is hard—I tell you it is hard.

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

The restless birth of love my soul opprest;
I longed and wrestled for a tranquil day,
And warred with that disquiet in my breast
As one who knows there is a better way;
But, turned against myself, I still in vain
Looked for the ancient calm to come again.
My tired soul could to itself confess
That she deserved a wiser love than mine;
To love more truly were to love her less,
And for this truth I still awoke to pine:
I had a dim belief that it would be
A better thing for her, a blessed thing for me.
—*The Four Bridges.*

YOUTH.

Youth! youth! how buoyant are thy hopes! they
turn,
Like marigolds, toward the sunny side.

—*Ibid.*

SORROW.

Sorrow comes to all.
Our life is checked with shadows manifold:
But woman has this more—she may not call
Her sorrow by its name.

—*Ibid.*

CUSTOM.

Custom makes all things easy, and content
Is careless.
—*The Dream that Came True.*

REMORSE.

Night after night, night after desolate night,
Day after day, day after tedious day,
Stands by his fire, and dulls its gleamy light,
Paceth behind or meets him in the way;

Or shares the path by hedgerow, mere, or stream
The visitor that doomed him in his dream.

—*Ibid.*

CUCKOO.

“Cuckoo, cuckoo!”
Float anear in upper blue:
Art thou yet a prophet true?
Wilt thou say, “And having seen
Things that be, and have not been,
Thou art free o’ the world, for naught
Can despoil thee of thy thought?”
Nay, but make me music yet,
Bird, as deep as my regret;
For a certain hope hath set,
Like a star, and left me heir
To a crying for its light,
An aspiring infinite,
And a beautiful despair!

—*Songs on the Voices of Birds.*

SILENCE.

Silence? Rather music brought
From the spheres! As if a thought,
Having taken wings, did fly
Through the reaches of the sky.
Silence? No, a sumptuous sigh
That had found embodiment,
That had come across the deep
After months of wintry sleep,
And with tender heavings went
Floating up the firmament.

—*Ibid.*

FAILURE.

Some narrow hearts there are
That suffer blight when that they fed upon,
As something to complete their being, fails,
And they retire into their holes and pine,
And long restrained grow stern. But some there are
That in a sacred want and hunger rise,
And draw the misery home and live with it,
And excellent in honor wait, and will
That somewhat good should yet be found in it,
Else wherefore were they born?

—*Laurence.*

LOVE.

A stirring of the heart, a quickening keen
Of sight and hearing to the delicate
Beauty and music of an altered world—
Began to walk in that mysterious light
Which doth reveal and yet transform; which gives
Destiny, sorrow, youth, and death, and life,
Intenser meaning.

—*Ibid.*

LOSS.

A bitter thing it is
To lose at once the lover and the love;
For who receiveth not may yet keep life
In the spirit with bestowal.

—*Ibid.*

MOON.

Love—such a slender moon, going up and up,
Waxing so fast from night to night,
And swelling like an orange flower-bud, bright,
Fated, methought, to round as to a golden cup,
And hold to my two lips life’s best of wine.

Most beautiful crescent moon,

Ship of the sky!

Across the unfurrowed reaches sailing high.

Methought that it would come my way full soon,
Laden with blessings that were all, all mine,—

A golden ship, with balm and spiceries rife.

—*Songs of the Night Watches.*

SLEEP.

O sleep! O sleep!
Do not forget me. Sometimes come and sweep,
Now I have nothing left, thy healing hand
Over the lids that crave thy visits bland,
Thou kind, thou comforting one.

—*Ibid.*

STARS.

Golden islands, fast moored in God’s infinite deep.

—*Ibid.*

ENTHRALLMENT.

Beauty! when I said a slave, I think I meant a
master.

—*Ibid.*

MIRACLE.

Man is the miracle in nature. God
Is the *One Miracle* to man.

—*A Story of Doom.*

LOVE.

Learn that love is the one way to know
Or God or man: it is not love received
That maketh man to know the inner life
Of them that love him; his own love bestowed
Shall do it. Love thy Father, and no more
His doings shall be strange.

—*Ibid.*

SORROW.

Sorrow was a ship, I found,
Wrecked with them that in her are,
On an island richer far
Than the port where they were bound.

—*A Lily and a Lute.*

FEAR.

Fear was but the awful boom
Of the old great bell of doom,
Tolling, far from earthly air,
For all worlds to go to prayer.

—*Ibid.*

PAIN.

Pain, that to us mortal clings,
But the pushing of our wings,
That we have no use for yet,
And the uprooting of our feet
From the soil where they are set,
And the land we reckon sweet.

—*Ibid.*

ORPHANS.

An orphan-school at best
Is a cold mother in the winter time.

—*Gladys and her Island.*

POSSIBILITY.

The thing that might have been
Is called, and questioned why it hath not been;
And can it give good reason, it is set
Beside the actual, and reckoned in
To fill the empty gaps of life. Ah, so
The possible stands by us ever fresh,
Fairer than aught which any life hath owned,
And makes divine amends.

* * * * *
* * * * * —to understand

The grandeur of the story, not to feel
Satiated with good possessed, but evermore
A healthful hunger for the great idea,
The beauty and the blessedness of life.

—*Ibid.*

CONTENT.

Come, fair love,
From the other side the river, where their harps
Thou hast been helping them to tune. O come
And pitch thy tent by mine; let me behold
Thy mouth,—that even in slumber talks of peace,
Thy well-set locks, and dove-like countenance.

—*Ibid.*

ADVICE.

We have observed, moreover, that young men
Are fond of good advice, and so are girls;
Especially of that meandering kind
Which, winding on so sweetly, treats of all
They ought to be and do and think and wear,
As one may say, from creeds to comforters.

—*Ibid.*

MARRIAGE.

Ah! thou art no more thine own.
Mine, mine, O love! Tears gather 'neath my lids,—

Sorrowful tears for thy lost liberty,
Because it was so sweet. Thy liberty,
That yet, O love, thou wouldst not have again.
No; all is right. But who can give, or bless,
Or take a blessing, but there comes withal
Some pain?

—*Songs with Prehudes.*

JOY.

So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—*Ibid.*

BENIGNNESS.

There are who give themselves to work for men,—
To raise the lost, to gather orphaned babes
And teach them, pitying of their mean estate,
To feel for misery, and to look on crime
With ruth, till they forget that they themselves
Are of the race, themselves among the crowd
Under the sentence and outside the gate,
And of the family and in the doom.
Cold is the world; they feel how cold it is,
And wish that they could warm it. Hard is life
For some. They would that they could soften it;
And, in the doing of their work, they sigh
As if it was their choice and not their lot;
And, in the raising of their prayer to God,
They crave His kindness for the world He made,
Till they, at last, forget that He, not they,
Is the true lover of man.

—*The Monitions of the Unseen.*

UNATTAINED.

Who hath most, he yearneth most,
Sure, as seldom heretofore,
Somewhere of the gracious more.
Deepest joy the least shall boast,
Asking with new-opened eyes
The remainder; that which lies
O, so fair! but not all conned—
O, so near! and yet beyond.

—*Married Lovers.*

WORK.

Work is its own best earthly need,
Else have we none more than the sea-born throng
Who wrought those marvelous isles that bloom afar.

—*Work.*

WISHES.

When I reflect how little I have done,
 And add to that how little I have seen,
 Then furthermore how little I have won
 Of joy, or good, how little known, or been:
 I long for other life more full, more keen,
 And yearn to change with such as well have run—
 Yet reason mocks me—nay, the soul, I ween,
 Granted her choice would dare to change with none.
 —*Wishing.*

SLEEP.

O sleep, we are beholden to thee, sleep,
 Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
 Saints out of heaven with palms.
 —*Sleep.*

ECHO.

There is a happiness in past regret;
 And echoes of the harshest sounds are sweet.
 —*Margaret by the Mere Side.*

WOMANHOOD.

O! we are far too happy while they last;
 We have our good things first, and they cost
 naught;
 Then the new splendor comes unfathomed, vast,
 A costly trouble, aye, a sumptuous thought,
 And will not wait, and cannot be possessed,
 Though infinite yearnings fold it to the breast.
 And time, that seemed so long, is fleeting by,
 And life is more than life; love more than love;
 We have not found the whole—and we must die—
 And still the unclasped glory floats above.
 The inmost and the utmost faint from sight,
 Forever secret in their veil of light.
 —*Margaret in the Xebec.*

GRIEF.

Woe and alas!—the times of sorrow come,
 And makes us doubt if we were ever glad!
 So utterly that inner voice is dumb,
 Whose music through our happy days we had!
 So, at the touch of grief, without our will,
 The sweet voice drops from us, and all is still.
 —*Ibid.*

ABSENCE.

Yet love not told,
 And only born of absence and by thought,
 With thought and absence may return to naught.
 —*The Four Bridges.*

ENTIRETY.

The spirit out-acts the life,
 But MUCH is seldom theirs who can perceive THE
 WHOLE.
 —*Songs on the Voices of Birds.*

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the son of a small farmer, was born near Ayr, Scotland, in 1759, and died in 1796. He manifested at an early age an eager appetite for learning; but his opportunities for gratifying it were few: in the country school he gained the rudiments of an education in English branches, and in later life learned something of French, Latin, and the higher mathematics. It is worthy of note that one of his favorite books, in boyhood, was Shakespeare's Plays. At the age of sixteen he began to write verses, striving to express in rhyme the emotions excited by his first affair of the heart. These youthful compositions were circulated in manuscript among his acquaintances, and finally came to the notice of some persons of literary taste, who persuaded Burns to publish a volume. The venture brought him fame at once, and twenty pounds (one hundred dollars) in money. He visited Edinburgh on invitation of Dr. Blacklock, and was well received in the brilliant society of that city. A second edition of his poems, published in 1787, yielded him a profit of seven hundred pounds. But his gain in fame and money from his visit to the Scottish capital was more than offset by his acquisition of the dissolute habits which were destined to impede his literary progress and ultimately to bring him to an early grave. His rank among poets it is not easy to determine, though Lord Byron and Allan Cunningham placed him among the first. It is probable that in their estimate they regarded his promise rather than his performance. But it may safely be said that of all poets who have sprung from the people, receiving almost no aid from education, he was surely the greatest. He was the poet of passion and feeling; but his utterances were simple and natural, and owed none of their force or beauty to art. His poems glow with tenderness and the love of freedom, and are rich in a rare, pure humor that none have known how to imitate.

G. R. C.

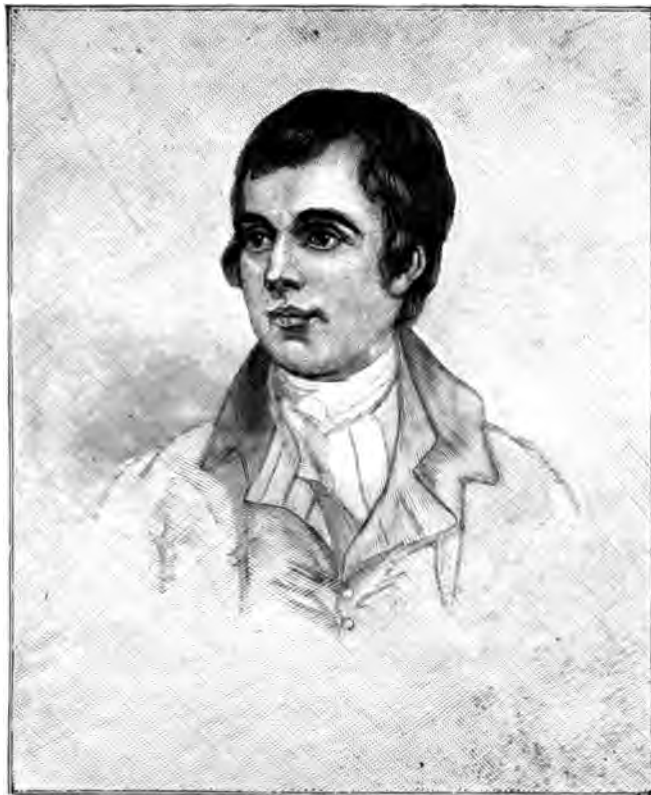
WRATH.

Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
 —*Tam o' Shanter.*

OBSTINACY.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises.
 —*Ibid.*

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ROBERT BURNS.

PLEASURE.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white, then melts for ever.

—*Ibid.*

TIME.

Nae man can tether time or tide.

—*Ibid.*

MIRTH.

As Tammie glowered, amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.

—*Ibid.*

WOMAN.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!
—*Green Grow the Rashes.*

MISCHANCE.

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley;
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy.
—*To a Mouse.*

INHUMANITY.

Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
—*Man Was Made to Mourn.*

YOUTH.

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like schoolboys at th' expected warning,
To joy and play.
—*Epistle to James Smith.*

AFFLICTION.

Affliction's sons are brothers in distress;
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss!
—*A Winter's Night.*

ARISTOCRACY.

His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.
—*The Twa Dogs.*

INTROSPECTION.

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us!

It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.
—*To a Louse.*

CHARITY.

Then gentle scan your brother man,
Still gentler, sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.
—*Address to the Unco Guid.*

TEMPTATION.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
—*Ibid.*

RUIN.

Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
Full on thy bloom.
—*To a Mountain Daisy.*

POETRY.

Perhaps it may turn out a sang
Perhaps turn out a sermon.
—*Epistle to a Young Friend.*

SIN.

I waive the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But, och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!
—*Ibid.*

ATHEIST.

An atheist's laugh 's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!
—*Ibid.*

DESPONDENCY.

O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
—*Despondency.*

AFTON RIVER.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise.
—*Sweet Afton.*

INDIFFERENCE.

If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody.
—*I Hae a Wife o' My Ain.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

—*Auld Lang Syne.*

REPORTER.

If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

—*On Captain Grove's Peregrinations Through
Scotland.*

SENSIBILITY.

Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.

—*Sweet Sensibility.*

LOVE.

But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love for ever.

—*Le Fond Kiss.*

LOSS.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

—*Ibid.*

LIBERTY.

Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die.

—*Bannockburn.*

LOVE.

O, my luv'e's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O, my luv'e's like the melodie,
That's sweetly played in tune.

—*A Red, Red Rose.*

LOVE.

Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from heaven.

—*The Vision.*

DEATH.

And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

—*Ibid.*

MANHOOD.

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

—*For a' That and a' That.*

MAN.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that.

—*Ibid.*

PATRIOTISM.

It's guid to be merry and wise,
It's guid to be honest and true,
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the buff and the blue.

—*Here's a Health to Them That's Awa'.*

SCOTLAND.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur
springs,

That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

—*Ibid.*

BRITAIN.

Be Britain still to Britain true,
Amang oursels united;
For never but by British hands
Maun British wrangs be righted.

—*Dumfries Volunteers.*

THANKS.

Some hae meat that canna eat;
And some would eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
Sae let the Lord be thankit.

—*Versicles. Grace Before Meat.*

HONOR.

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honor grip,
Let that aye be your border.

—*Epistle to a Young Friend.*

DRINK.

Give him strong drink until he wink
That's sinking in despair;
An' liquor guid to fire his bluid,
That's prest wi' grief an' care,
There let him bouse and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
An' minds his griefs no more.

—*Scotch Drink.*

SINGLE POEMS.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.

Drive home the cows from the pasture,
 Through the long shady lane,
 The quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
 Are yellow with ripening grain.
 And, in the thick waving grasses,
 See the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
 Gather the earliest snowdrops,
 The first crimson buds of the rose.

Press the hay in the meadow;
 Gather the elder bloom white;
 And where the dusky grapes purple
 See a soft-tinted October light;
 Now where the apples hang ripest,
 Are sweeter than Italy's wines;
 Now where the fruit hangs the thickest,
 See long, thorny blackberry vines.

Gather the delicate sea-weeds,
 Build tiny castles of sand;
 Pick up the beautiful sea shells—
 The barks that have drifted to land;
 Save from the tall, rocking tree tops
 The oriole's hammock-nest swings,
 Night-time are folded in slumber
 Song that a fond mother sings.

Who toil bravely are strongest.
 Humble and poor become great;
 From these brown-handed children
 Grow mighty rulers of state.
 Son of the author and statesman—
 Noble and wise of the land—
 Sword and the chisel and palette
 Shall be held in the little brown hand.

MARY H. KROUT.

CARMEN BELLICOSUM.

In their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not,
 While the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon shot;
 When the files
 Of the isles,
 On the smoky night encampment bore the banner
 Of the rampant
 Unicorn,

And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll
 Of the drummer,
 Through the morn!

But with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal,
 Stood our sires;
 While the balls whistled deadly,
 And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
 As the roar
 On the shore

Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green sod-
 ded acres

Of the plain;

And louder, louder, louder cracked the black gun-
 powder,

Cracking again!

Now like smiths at their forges
 Worked the red St. George's
 Cannoneers;

And the villainous-salt-peter
 Rang a fierce discordant meter
 Round their ears.

As the swift

Storm-drift,

With hot sweeping anger came the Horse-guards'
 clangor

On our flanks;

Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fash-
 ioned fire

Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned Colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder-cloud;

His broad-sword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing

Trumpet-loud;

Then the blue

Bullets flew,

And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the
 leaden

Rifle-breath,

And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron
 six-pounder,

Hurling death.

GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER.

BROTHER BARTHOLOMEW.

BROTHER Bartholomew working-time,
 Would fall into musing and drop his tools;
 Brother Bartholomew cared for rhyme
 More than for theses of the schools;

And sighed and took up his burden so,
Vowed to the Muses, for weal or woe.

At matins he sat, the book on his knees,
But his thoughts were wandering far away;
And chanted the evening litanies
Watching the roseate skies grow gray;
Watching the brightening starry host
Flame like the tongues at Pentecost.

"A foolish dreamer, and nothing more;
The idlest fellow a cell could hold;"
So murmured the worthy Isidor,
Prior of ancient Nithiswold;
Yet pitiful, with dispraise content,
Signed never the culprit's banishment.

Meanwhile Bartholomew went his way
And patiently wrote in his sunny cell;
His pen fast traveled from day to day;
His books were covered, the walls as well.
"But O for the monk that I miss, instead
Of this listless rhymers!" the Prior said.

Bartholomew dying, as mortals must,
Not unbeloved of the cowlèd throng.
Thereafter, they took from the dark and dust
Of shelves and of corners, many a song
That cried loud, loud to the farthest day,
How a bard had arisen — and passed away.

Wonderful verses! fair and fine,
Rich in the old Greck loveliness;
The seer-like vision, half divine;
Pathos and merriment in excess.
And every perfect stanza told
Of love and of labor manifold.

The King came out and stood beside
Bartholomew's taper-lighted bier,
And, turning to his lords, he sighed:
"How worn and wearied doth he appear —
Our noble poet — now he is dead!"
"O tireless worker!" the Prior said.

LOUISE IMOGENE GUINEY.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

FAIR flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honeyed blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet;
No roving foot shall find thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with these charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see thy future doom;
They died, — nor were those flowers less gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitied frosts and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came;
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same:
The space between is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

WHICH I wish to remark —
And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinese is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft were the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre — the same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,

And my feelings were shocked
 At the state of Nye's sleeve,
 Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
 And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
 By that heathen Chinee,
 And the points that he made
 Were quite frightful to see,
 Till at last he put down a right bower,
 Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
 And he gazed upon me;
 And he rose with a sigh,
 And said, "Can this be?
 We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;"
 And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
 I did not take a hand,
 But the floor it was strewed
 Like the leaves on the strand
 With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
 In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
 He had twenty-four packs,
 Which was coming it strong,
 Yet to state but the facts;
 And we found on his nails, which were taper,
 What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark—
 And my language is plain—
 That for ways that are dark,
 And for tricks that are vain,
 The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
 Which the same I am free to maintain.

FRANCIS BRETE HARTE.

MARYLAND.

THE despot's heel is on thy shore,
 Maryland!
 His torch is at thy temple door,
 Maryland
 To avenge the patriotic gore
 That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
 And be the battle-queen of yore,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

Mark to thy wandering son's appeal,
 Maryland!

My mother State! to thee I kneel,
 Maryland!
 For life and death, for woe and weal,
 Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
 And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
 Maryland!
 Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
 Maryland!
 Remember Carroll's sacred trust;
 Remember Howard's warlike thrust;
 And all thy slumberers with the just,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

Come, 'tis the red dawn of the day,
 Maryland!
 Come with thy panoplied array,
 Maryland!
 With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
 With Watson's blood at Monterey,
 With fearless Lowe, and dashing May,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

Come, for thy shield is bright and strong,
 Maryland!
 Come, for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
 Maryland!
 Come to thine own heroic throng,
 That stalks with Liberty along,
 And give a new key to thy song,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

Dear mother! burst the tyrant's chain,
 Maryland!
 Virginia should not call in vain,
 Maryland!
 She meets her sisters on the plain:
 "Sic semper," 'tis a proud refrain,
 That baffles minions back amain,
 Maryland!
 Arise in majesty again,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
 Maryland
 But thou wast ever bravely meek,
 Maryland
 But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
 From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
 Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
 Maryland!

Thou wilt not crook to his control,
 Maryland!
 Better the fire upon thee roll,
 Better the blade, the shot, the bowl,
 Than crucifixion of the soul,
 Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
 Maryland!
 The "Old Line's" bugle, fife, and drum,
 Maryland!
 She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
 Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum,
 She breathes! She burns! She'll come! She'll come!
 Maryland! my Maryland!

JAMES RYDER RANDALL.

OVER THE RIVER.

OVER the river they beckon to me,
 Loved ones who've crossed to the other side;
 The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
 But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.
 There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
 And eyes, the reflection of heaven's own blue:
 He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
 And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;
 We saw not the angels who met him there,
 The gates of the city we could not see;
 Over the river, over the river,
 My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
 Carried another,—the household pet;
 Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale,—
 Darling Minnie! I see her yet.
 She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
 And fearlessly entered the phantom bark:
 We watched it glide from the silver sands,
 And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
 We know she is safe on the farther side,
 Where all the ransomed and angels be;
 Over the river, the mystic river,
 My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
 Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;
 We hear the dip of the golden oars,
 We catch a gleam of the snowy sail,
 And lo! they have passed from our yearning heart;
 They cross the stream and are gone for aye!
 We may not sunder the veil apart
 That hides from our vision the gates of day,
 We only know that their barks no more
 May sail with us o'er Life's stormy sea:

Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
 They watch and beckon and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
 Is flushing river and hill and shore,
 I shall one day stand by the water cold,
 And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;
 I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
 I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,
 I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
 To the better shore of the spirit land.
 I shall know the loved who have gone before;
 And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
 When over the river, the peaceful river,
 The Angel of Death shall carry me.

NANCY PRIEST WAKEFIELD.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
 To rise upon some fairer shore;
 And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
 They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
 Shall change beneath the summer showers
 To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
 Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
 And feed the hungry moss they bear;
 The forest leaves drink daily life
 From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
 And flowers may fade and pass away;
 They only wait through wintry hours,
 The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
 Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
 He bears our best loved things away;
 And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
 Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
 Sings now an everlasting song
 Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them the same,—
Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

J. L. MCCREERY.

VIVE LA FRANCE.

A THOUSAND hearts beat fast to-day,
A thousand hopes burn high,
A thousand prayers like incense rise
Toward the bending sky!
Across the wave our blessings go,
To find some ear, perchance,
Not deafened quite by grief and pain,
In distant, bleeding France.

O fairest land of Art and Song,
Hushed is thy music now!
O land of Glory, not the bay,
But cypress wreathes thy brow!
O brightest home of Chivalry!
O land of fair Romance!
Our hopes, our prayers are all for thee,
God bless thee, sunny France!

The music of thy Song is mute,
But nobler strains are thine!
All trampled lie thy vintage fields,
But thou hast rarer wine!
Thy music is the tramp of hosts
Who rush to arms for thee,
Thy wine the blood of gallant hearts,
Who die to keep thee free!

They have one voice, those patriot hosts,
One cry as they advance,
A million lips catch up the strain
And echo, *Vive la France!*
A million hands are clasped in prayer,
That fain would use the lance—
Ah, could another Joan rise
To bid thee hope, O France!

O eldest daughter of the Church!
O land of saintly Kings!

O land, where once the Cross stood first
Before all earthly things!
How has thy valor been abased,
How has thy glory died,
How has thine ancient honor waned,
How fallen is thy pride!

Land of St. Louis, turn thy gaze
To where the Tiber flows,
See that old man who stands alone,
Begirt by countless foes:
Take up the sword of Charles Martel,
Which drove the Paynim home,
Then bid thy sons to fight for thee,
And after thee for Rome!

O land of Bayard and de Foix,
Brave hearts are thine at need,
From every side warm voices rise
To bid thy cause God-speed!
Turn thee to Him from whom alone
Triumph and glory are,
Then win thine ancient name and fame
Upon the fields of war!

FRANCES FISHER.

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

NOTHIN' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to
say!—
Gyrls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their
way!—
Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected
to me—
Yit here I am, and here you air; and yer mother—
where is she?

You look lots like yer mother: Purty much same in
size;
And about the same complected; and favor about
the eyes:
Like her, too, about her *livin'* here,— because *she*
couldn't stay:
It'll 'most seem like you was dead— like her!— but
I hain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible— writ yer name acrost
the page—
And left her ear-bobs fer you ef ever you come of
age.
I've allus kep' 'em and gyuarded 'em, but ef yer
goin' away—
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

You don't rikollect her, I reckon? No; you wasn't
a year old then!
And now yer—how old air you? W'y, child, not
"twenty!" When?
And yer nex' birthday's in Aprile? and you want to
git married that day?
· · · I wisht yer mother was livin'!—but—I
hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever
found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll
bresh it off—turn round.
(Her mother was jes' twenty when us two run
away!)

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN! the grey dawn is break-
ing,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is
shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers!
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light!
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my
numbers!
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part!
It may be for years, and it may be forever!
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
MRS. CRAWFORD.
—*Music by F. Nicholls Crouch.*

LIGHT.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When its day is done.
FRANCIS W. BOURDILLON.

PERSONAL POEMS.

A COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

TO MR. GRAY.

NOT that her blooms are marked with beauty's hue
My rustic Muse her votive chaplet brings;
Unseen, unheard, O Gray, to thee she sings!—
While slowly pacing through the church-yard dew
At curlew-time, beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings;
Or borne sublime on Inspiration's wings,
Hears Cambria's bards devote the dreadful clew
Of Edward's race, with murders foul defiled;
Can aught my pipe to reach thine ear essay?
No, bard, divine! For many a care beguiled
By the sweet magic of thy soothing lay,
For many a raptured thought, and vision wild,
To thee this strain of gratitude I pay.

THOMAS WARTON (1728-1790).

BLANCO WHITE.

COULDST thou in calmness yield thy mortal breath
Without the Christian's sure and certain hope?
Didst thou to earth confine our being's scope,
Yet, fixed on One Supreme with fervent faith,
Prompt to obey what conscience witnesseth,
As one intent to fly the eternal wrath,
Decline the ways of sin that downward slope?
O thou light-searching spirit! that didst grope
In such bleak shadows here, 'twixt life and death,—
To thee dare I bear witness, though in ruth
(Brave witness like thine own!),—dare hope and
pray
That thou, set free from this imprisoning clay,
Now clad in raiment of perpetual youth,
May find that bliss untold, 'mid endless day,
Awaits each earnest soul that lives for Truth!

SARA COLERIDGE (1803-1852).

COLERIDGE.

AND thou art gone, most loved, most honored
friend!
No, nevermore thy gentle voice shall blend
With air of earth its pure ideal tones,
Binding in one, as with harmonious zones,
The heart and intellect. And I no more
Shall with thee gaze on that unfathomed deep,

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Elizabeth White Hull

nan Soul; as when, pushed off the shore,
ystic bark would through the darkness
weep,

while so bright! For oft we seemed
some starless sea—all dark above,
k below—yet, onward as we drove,
h up light that ever round us streamed.
who mourns is not as one bereft
he loved: thy living Truths are left.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON (1779-1843).

TO WORDSWORTH.

ave been poets that in verse display
mental forms of human passions:
ave been, to whom the fickle fashions
he willful humors of the day
nished matter for a polished lay:
any are the smooth, elaborate tribe
mulous of thee, the shape describe,
would every shifting hue portray
ss Nature. But thou, mighty Seer!
ine to celebrate the thoughts that make
e of souls, the truths for whose sweet sake
rselfes and to our God are dear.
ure's inner shrine thou art the priest,
most she works when we perceive her
east.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796-1849).

MILTON.

he upland lawns and serene air
from his soul her noble nurture drew,
ared his helm among the unquiet crew
beneath; the morning radiance there
m with sulphurous dust and sanguine dew;
ugh all soilure they who marked him knew
s of his life's dayspring, calm and fair.
1 peace came, peace fouler far than war,
irth more dissonant than battle's tone,
with a scornful sigh of his clear soul,
his mountain clomb, now bleak and frore,
ith the awful night he dwelt alone,
arkness, listening to the thunder's roll.

ERNEST MYERS (1844- —).

HE MEMORY OF SYDNEY DOBELL.

u, too, gone! one more bright soul away
ll the mighty sleepers 'neath the sod;
to honor and to love, and say,
ves with thee doth live half-way to God!

My chaste-souled Sydney! thou wast carved too fine
For coarse observance of the general eye;
But who might look into thy soul's fair shrine
Saw bright gods there, and felt their presence
nigh.

Oh! if we owe warm thanks to Heaven, 'tis when
In the slow progress of the struggling years
Our touch is blessed to feel the pulse of men
Who walk in light and love above their peers
White-robed, and forward point with guiding hand,
Breathing a heaven around them where they stand.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE (1809- —).

SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE! to such name sounding what suc-
ceeds

Fitly as silence! Falter forth the spell —
Act follows word, the speaker knows full well,
Nor tampers with its magic more than needs.
Two names there are: That which the Hebrew reads
With his soul only if from lips it fell,
Echo, back thundered by earth, heaven, and hell,
Would own, "Thou didst create us!" Naught
impedes.

We voice the other name, man's most of might,
Awesomely, lovingly; let awe and love
Mutely await their working, leave to sight
All of the issue as — below — above —
Shakespeare's creation rises: one remove,
Though dread — this finite from that infinite.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889).

THOMAS CARLYLE AND GEORGE ELIOT.

Two souls diverse out of our human sight
Pass, followed one with love and each with
wonder:

The stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder,
Clothed with loud words and mantled with the might
Of darkness and magnificence of night;
And one whose eye could smite the night in
sunder,

Searching if light or no light were thereunder,
And found in love of loving-kindness light.

Duty divine and Thought with eyes of fire
Still following Righteousness with deep desire
Shone sole and stern before her and above,
Sure stars and sole to steer by; but more sweet

Shone lower the loveliest lamp for earthly feet,
The light of little children, and their love.
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837—).

TO CARDINAL MANNING.

I, WAKEFUL for the skylark voice in men,
Or straining for the angel of the light,
Rebuked am I by hungry ear and sight,
When I behold one lamp that through our fen
Goes hourly where most noisome; here again
A tongue that loathsomeness will not affright
From speaking to the soul of us forthright
What things our craven senses keep from ken.

This is the doing of the Christ; the way
He went on earth; the service above guile
To prop a tyrant creed; it sings, it shines;
Cries to the Mammonites: Allay, allay
Such misery as by these present signs
Brings vengeance down; nor them who rouse
revile.

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828—).

WALT WHITMAN.

BUILDER of numbers vast and intricate!
No feeble fantasies are born of thee;
Thy poems are as potent as the sea
Of human passion beating at the gate
Of mortal being.—Man of the low estate—
Forth-leaping in thy soul's necessity,
Like to some tethered giant tearing free
The galling fetters of ignoble fate!

Gray bard! thou seem'st a relic of the days
When stalwart Shakespeare and Ben Jonson trod
The wines of wisdom from the vats of God,
And drank the round world's undiluted praise;
And yet thou art a target for the scorn
Of these, the very days thou dost adorn.

JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

O POET spirit, nurtured from thy birth
On breath of rose leaves, and magnolia bloom,
And rhythm'd to the songs of nightingales,
(With faintest echoes of war's brazen clang
That lent a sternness to notes else too sweet,
Since o'er thy summer's day it briefly rang
Dropping its challenge even at thy feet),

All that could perish, vanished in thy tomb;
Dust's tribute unto dust was made complete.
But *thou* wilt never wholly leave this earth,
But haunt forever perfumed southern vales,
And send the Gulf-stream of thy southern song
In spirit still, bleak northern shores along!

MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(On his Eightieth Birthday.)

CLIMBING the path that leads back nevermore,
We heard behind his footsteps and his cheer.
Now, face to face, we greet him, standing here
Upon the lonely summit of Fourscore.
Welcome to us, o'er whom the lengthened day
Is closing, and the shadows deeper grow,
His genial presence like an afterglow
Following the one just vanishing away.

Long be it ere the Table shall be set
For the last breakfast of the Autocrat,
• And love repeat, with smiles and tears, thereat
His own sweet songs, that time shall not forget.
Waiting with him the call to come up higher,
Life is not less, the heavens are only nigher.

AUGUST 26, 1889.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807—).

TO JOHN KEATS.

DEEP in the whispering pine whose profile bars
The moon's white face; hushed in the perfumed
bowers,
Where, languid with the breath of sleeping flowers,
The summer night lies panoplied in stars;
High on the mountain crags of brakes and scars,
A spirit sought to find in poesy's powers
Some beauty to bedeck Time's conquering Hours,
Like roses on the flaming front of Mars.

Yet still, tho' lovingly he sought in vain,
Till nature's blossom bore the bloom of art,—
Till ecstasy of joy had wedded pain
In bonds which never hand of man shall part;
Then found within the chambers of thy brain
The sacred fire to light Endymion's heart.

FRANCIS HOWARD WILLIAMS.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

Oh, master of mysterious harmony!
Well hast thou proven to us the right divine
To wear thy name. The glorious Florentine

Had hailed thee comrade on the Stygian sea,—
Exiled from haunts of men, and sad as he:
And the strong angel of the inner shrine,—
Stooped he not sometimes to that soul of thine,
On messages of radiant ministry?

Thy spiritual breath was the cathedral air
Of the dead ages. Saints have with thee talked,
As with a friend. Thou knewest the sacred
thrills
That moved Angelico to tears and prayer;
And thou as in a daily dream hast walked
With Perugino 'midst his Umbrian hills.
MARGARET J. PRESTON (1838—).

TO THE MEMORY OF H. H.

O SOUL of fire within a woman's clay!
Lifting with slender hands a race's wrong,
Whose mute appeal hushed all thine early song,
And taught thy passionate heart the loftier way;
What shall thy place be, in the realms of day?
What disembodied world can hold thee long,
Binding that turbulent pulse with spell more
strong?
Dwell'st thou, with wit and jest, where poets may?

Or with ethereal women (born of air
And poets' dreams) dost live in ecstasy,
Teach new love-thoughts to Shakespeare's
Juliet fair,
New moods to Cleopatra? Then, may be,
The woes of Shelley's Helen thou dost share,
Or weep with poor Rossetti's Rose Mary.
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON (1823—).

TO BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD, awaken not this music strong,
While round thy home the indolent sweet breeze
Floats lightly as the summer breath of seas
O'er which Ulysses heard the Siren's song.
Dreams of low-lying isles to June belong,
And Circe holds us in her haunts of ease;
But later, when these high ancestral trees
Are sere, and such melodious languors wrong
The reddening strength of the autumnal year,
Yield to heroic words thy ear and eye;—
Intent on these broad pages thou shalt hear
The trumpets' blare, the Argive battle-cry,
And see Achilles hurl his hurtling spear,
And mark the Trojan arrows make reply!
EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (1833—).

A COLLECTION OF QUATRAINS.

THE QUATRAIN.

*THE world is wide, and thronged with books and
men,
What will it be a thousand years from this?
Round a great thought in four strokes of thy pen,
If thou wouldst have thy fame, cross that abyss.*
CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

THE QUATRAIN.

*HARK at the lips of this pink whorl of shell,
And you shall hear the ocean's surge and roar;
So in the Quatrain's measure, written well,
A thousand lines shall all be sung in four.*
FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

FAIR FRIENDSHIP RAISED HIS PLACID MASK.

FAIR Friendship raised his placid mask and showed
Beneath, not brows where calm content should
reign,
Nor smiles wherein all-perfect Joy abode,
But Discord's face, distort with many a pain.
OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

MAPLE LEAVES.

OCTOBER turned my maple's leaves to gold;
The most are gone now; here and there one
lingers:
Soon these will slip from out the twigs' weak hold,
Like coins between a dying miser's fingers.
THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

PESSIMIST AND OPTIMIST.

THIS one sits shivering in Fortune's smile,
Taking his joy with bated, doubtful breath:
This other, gnawed by hunger, all the while
Laughs in the teeth of Death.
IBID.

THE DIFFERENCE.

SOME weep because they part,
And languish broken-hearted,
And others—O my heart!—
Because they never parted.
IBID.

WOODBINES IN OCTOBER.

As DYED in blood, the streaming vines appear,
While long and low the wind about them grieves;
The heart of Autumn must have broken here
And poured its treasure out upon the leaves.

CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES.

PATIENCE IN ART.

LEAVES.

NATURE, the greatest painter, wrought at these
From early April till November frost:
Although her work was done with silent ease,
Think what a space those forms and colors cost!

MAN.

Nature takes twenty years to mould a man
Into the goodliest, most transcendent cast;
And grudgest thou to toil thy paltry span,
When soul-like marble will the flesh outlast?

IBID.

FAMILY JARS.

THOSE little tiffs that sometimes cast a shade
On wedlock, oft are love in masquerade;
And family jars, look we but o'er the rim,
Are filled with honey even to the brim.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.

THE MIRACLE.

THY lips, as if endowed
With potency divine,
Changed with a word my life
From water into wine.

HERBERT W. BOWEN.

TO A DEAD WOMAN.

NOT a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life's end,
I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.
Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, oh
friend!

At the gate of Silence give it back to me.

H. C. BUNNER.

QUATRAIN.

MARCH draweth nigh, a monk of orders gray,
Who shrives the maiden snow with wailing voice,
Until, pure-grown, at peace, she slips away
To skyward, with sky-spirits to rejoice.

RICHARD E. BURTON.

JACOBITE TOAST.

GOD bless the king!—I mean the Faith's Defender;
God bless (no harm in blessing) the Pretender!
But who Pretender is, or who is king,—
God bless us all:—that's quite another thing.

JOHN BYROM (1691-1763.)

FATE.

A SUNBEAM kissed a river-ripple,—“Nay,
Naught shall dis sever thee and me!”
In night's wide darkness passed the beam away,
The ripple mingled with the sea.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

BACK FROM THE DARKNESS.

“BACK from the darkness to the light again!”—
Not from the darkness, Love, for hadst thou lain
Within the shadowy portal of the tomb,
Thy light had warmed the darkness into bloom.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

THE MARINER.

GREAT thoughts are mariners of the mind,
With strong white sails unfurled;
Words are the vessels that they find
To bear them round the world.

WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

TETRASTICH.

(From the Persian.)

ON parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smiled:
So live that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile while all around thee weep.

SIR WILLIAM JONES (1746-1794.)

SACRIFICE.

ACHIEVEMENT still demands
The same unchanging price;
He dies with empty hands
Who makes no sacrifice.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

DEATH.

DEATH stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:

Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775-1864.)

A MATRIMONIAL DUET.

LADY TERMAGANT.

STEP in, pray, Sir Toby, my picture is here,—
Do you think that 'tis like? does it strike you?

SIR TOBY.

Why, it does not as yet; but I fancy, my dear,
In a moment it will—'tis so like you!
MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS (1775-1818).

SIN

MAN-LIKE is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.
FRIEDRICH VON LOGAN (17th Century).
—Translated by Longfellow.

CHANGED PERSPECTIVE.

FULL oft the pathway to her door
I've measured by the selfsame track,
Yet doubt the distance more and more,
'Tis so much longer coming back!
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

-SAYINGS.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscle trained: know'st thou when
Fate
Thy measure takes, or when she'll say to thee,
"I find thee worthy; do this deed for me?"
IBID.

A TOUCHSTONE.

His finest skill, his subtlest art,
Against oblivion naught avails,
If in his song the poet fails
To touch the heart.
CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

LOVE'S WAY.

STRIVE not Love's stream, tumultuous, to stay
With social boulders; neither aid its force:

If it have volume, it will run its course,
Make its own bridal bed, and have its way.
W. WILSEY MARTIN.

PICTURES.

LONG-ROLLING surges of a falling sea,
Sniting the sheer cliffs of an unknown shore;
And by a fanged rock, swaying helplessly
A mast with broken cordage—nothing more.
LEWIS MORRIS.

MUSIC.

AMID the din the human soul lies sleeping;
Some sweet accord is heard, when, with a bound,
It rises to its feet; the human eyes are weeping.
And this is music; all the rest is sound.
WILLIAM CHADWICK OLMSTED.

A KISS.

LOVE is a plant with a double root,
And of strange elastic power:
Men's minds are divided in naming the fruit,
But a kiss is the only flower.
JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY (1844-1890).

YES.

THE words of the lips are double or single,
True or false, as we say or sing:
But the words of the eyes that mix and mingle
Are always saying the same old thing!
IBID.

AN ATLANTIC TRIP.

BUT two events dispel ennui
In our Atlantic trip:
Sometimes, alas! we ship a sea,
And sometimes see a ship.
FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD (1812-1850.)

A WOMAN'S PROMISE.

ENOUGH I love you, after years and years,
To write Love in your grave-dust with my tears,
And after you whom shall I love? At most
Only, ah me, a dead man—or a ghost!
MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

REMORSE.

NOT that I grieved you; no remembered thorn
 Left in your heart frets now my own repose.
 I only wonder—left so soon forlorn—
 Whether I could have found you one more rose.
 ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

PURSUIT.

THROUGH all our lives we chase a golden prize
 That flits like gossamer before us blown;
 Will it avail us at the goal unknown,
 When death at last has sealed our searching eyes?
 CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SUMMER IN WINTER.

THERE is no blast howe'er so fierce it blows
 Across wild moorlands leaguered fast by snows,
 That does not bear the presage of a tune;
 The thrush will carol in the heart of June.
 IBID.

A RED ROSE.

ONCE, long ago, in some sweet garden's hush,
 A lover gave you, snow-white, to his love;
 And, lifted to her lips, you saw her blush,
 And blushed to match her damask cheek above.
 FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

A STAR.

IN her dark hair a lustrous jewel gleams,
 A single star upon the edge of night;
 Dazzling it is, and yet how dull it seems
 Beside her face, drowned in the morning's light!
 IBID.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL GORDON.

FOR A CENOTAPH.

WARRIOR of God, man's friend, not laid below,
 But somewhere dead far in the waste Soudan,
 Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
 This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man.
 ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

ON POETRY.

WITH thine compared, O sovereign Poesy,
 Thy sister Arts' divided powers how faint!

For each combines her attributes in thee,
 Whose voice is music, and whose words can paint.
 CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSEND (1803-1860.)

IN THE WOODS.

THROUGH mellow sunshine fall the golden leaves;
 A sweet and solemn silence reigns supreme;
 Nature, brown-cheeked and tired, disrobes for rest,
 I look and wonder if I wake or dream.
 W. DEWITT WALLACE.

EQUANIMITY.

AN equal mind attain? ah, list!
 The formula is double:
 When prosperous be a pessimist,
 Turn optimist in trouble.
 WILLIAM WHEELER.

CRUMBS OF BREAD.

I.

A WOMAN, when accused by post,
 Finds her defense of weeping lost;
 But, fit for the occasion still,
 Replies that she is dreadful ill.

II.

Think not thy state so poor and mean
 That thy example cannot heal nor wound;
 The worm which crawls abroad unseen
 Doth leave its impress furrowed on the ground.

III.

I would not wish to call to mind
 One wrong which hath been done to me,
 Nor, traced upon my heart, to find
 The picture of an enemy.

IV.

The heavy debts of those we love
 Are easily forgiven;
 While peccadillos where we hate
 Can bar the way to heaven.
 A. STEPHEN WILSON.

EPIGRAM ON SLEEP.

COME, gentle Sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
 And, though Death's image, to my couch repair!
 How sweet, though lifeless, yet with Life to lie!
 And, without dying, oh how sweet to die!
 JOHN WOLCOT (1738-1819).

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

One Hundred Dollars will be paid to the persons who will answer the greatest number of Prize Quotations. For Rules and Regulations see another page of this magazine.

1.
'Tis an old tale and often told.
2.
He that runs may read.
3.
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.
4.
Brevity is the soul of wit.
5.
Time? What is Time but a fiction vain
To him that o'erhears the Eternal strain.
6.
A sordid office for a mind so brave:
So hard it is to be a woman's slave!
7.
Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
For every why he had a wherefore.
8.
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is the music:—do I wake or sleep?
9.
They who know the most
Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal truth,
The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.
10.
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
11.
Ye take no more the meaning than one takes
Measure of ocean by the cup that slakes
His thirst, from rillet running to the sea.
12.
O happiness! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name,
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die.
13.
Yes, ye are made immortal on the day
Ye cease the dusty grains of time to weigh.
14.
Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky:
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.
15.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.

- Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
They stand upon the threshold of the new.
16.
The Devil's most devilish when respectable.
17.
All men are men—I would all minds were minds!
Whereas 'tis just the many's mindless mass
That most needs helping.
18.
Were I in churchless solitude remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of God's ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.
19.
God will not love thee less because men love thee
more.
20.
Thrice blessed by the salutary change
Which day by day brings thoughts and feelings
strange!
Our gain is loss, we keep but what we give,
And only daily dying may we live.
21.
A touch, and bliss is turned to bale!
Life only keeps the sense of pain;
The world holds naught save one white sail
Flying before the wind and rain.
22.
Where are the visions of my infant nights,
And where the dreamy hopes of yester-morn?
Have I done anything since I was born
But watch, with eyelids closed, unreal sights?
23.
Friend, praise the new;
The old is fled;
Vivat FROU-FROU!
QUEEN ANNE is dead!
24.
O, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?
25.
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!
26.
Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.
27.
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.
28.
In all the silent manliness of grief.
29.
What makes a hero?—an heroic mind,
Expressed in action, in endurance proved;
And if there be pre-eminence of right,

Deceived through pain, well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind.

30.

November woods are bare and still;
November days are bright and good;
Life's noon burns up life's morning chill;
Life's night rests feet which long have stood;
Some warm, soft bed, in field or wood,
The mother will not fail to keep,
Where we can "lay us down to sleep."

31.

Such graves as his are pilgrim shrines,
Shrines to no code or creed confined—
The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
The Meccas of the mind.

32.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the
year.

33.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbor give
To more virtue than doth live.

34.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
Even at the sound himself had made.

35.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of morn-
ing birds,
And something more than melody dwells ever in
her words;
The coinage of her heart are they, and from her
lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee forth issue from
the rose.

36.

Whatever fate those forms may show,
Loved with a passion almost wild—
By day, by night, in joy or woe—
By fears oppressed, or hopes beguiled,
From every danger, every foe,
O God, protect my wife and child.

37.

I worshiped her in such devout, strong wise,
That all the essence of my soul and brain
Dwelt in the vestal violet of her eyes,
Calm as the ghost-gance of some dead Elaine.

38.

The old faiths light their candles all about,
But burly Truth comes by and blows them out.

39.

Thou art the voice that silence uttereth,
And of all sounds thou art the sense.

40.

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

41.

How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone!
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the dancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquility—
Fresh as if day again were born,
Again upon the lap of morn!

42.

O blessed habit of the lips and heart!
Not to be broken by the night of Death.
A soul beyond seems how less far apart,
If daily named to God with fervid breath.

43.

O life! O time! O days divine!
O dreams that keep the soul astir!
The hour eternity was mine,
Looking at her!

44.

All the golden names of olden
Women yet by men's love cherished,
All our dearest thoughts hold nearest,
Had they loved not all had perished.

45.

Thus is it over all the earth!
That which we call the fairest,
And prize for its surpassing worth,
Is always rarest.

46.

'Tis not for idle ease we pray,
But freedom for our task divine.

47.

One brief space given our supreme endeavor:
Drink fast, the waters hasten to their fall.

48.

Who loves, who truly loves, will stand aloof,
The noisy tongue makes most unholy proof
Of shallow waters.

49.

In all our losses, all our gains,
In all our pleasures, all our pains,
The life of life is,—Love remains.

50.

For each man deems his own sand-house secure
While life's wild waves are lulled; yet who can say,
If yet his faith's foundations do endure
It is not that no wind hath blown that way?

QUOTATIONS ON POETRY.

God is the PERFECT POET,
Who in creation acts his own conceptions.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus*.

There be "subtle" and "sweet" that are bad ones
to beat,
There are "lives unlovely," and "souls astray";
There is much to be done yet with "moody" and
"meet,"
And "ghastly" and "grimly," and "gaunt," and
"grey";
We should ever be "blithesome" but never be
"gay,"
And "splendid" is suited to "summer" and "sea";
"Consummate," they say, is enjoying its day,—
"Intense" is the adjective dearest to me!

ANDREW LANG, *Ballades*.

It is a sacred privilege to lofty natures given,
Even while in mortal guise, to walk midway 'twixt
earth and heaven,
To own all gentle sympathies that bind the human
race,
Yet rise in pure and earnest aim, a brighter course
to trace.
Creation teems with poetry — above, beneath,
around—
Thought, fancy, feeling, lie enshrined in simplest
sight and sound;
Mysterious meaning clothes whate'er we hear, or
touch, or view,
And still the soul aspires to grasp the beautiful and
true!
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild
and vain,
Which never in this darkened world their bright
fulfillment gain!
MRS. JANE CROSS SIMPSON, *The Longings of
Genius*.

The earth is given
To us: we reign by virtue of a sense
Which lets us hear the rhythm of that old verse,
The ring of that old tune to which she spins.
Humanity is given to us: we reign
By virtue of a sense which lets us in
To know its troubles ere they have been told,
And take them home and lull them into rest
With mournfulest music. Time is given to us,—
Time past, time future. Who, good sooth, beside
Have seen it well, have walked this empty world

When she went steaming, and from pulpy hills
Have marked the spurting of their flamy crowns?
JEAN INGELOW, *Gladys and Her Island*.

We count
For poets all who ever felt that such
They were, and all who secretly have known
That such they could not be; ay, moreover, all
Who wind the robes of ideality
About the bareness of their lives, and hang
Comforting curtains, knit of fancy's yarn,
Nightly betwixt them and the frosty world.
IBID.

Jewels five words long,
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever.
ALFRED TENNYSON, *The Princess*.

A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.
GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church Porch*.

And once I knew a meditative rose
That never raised its head from bowing down;
Yet drew its inspiration from the stars.
It bloomed and faded here beside the road,
And, being a poet, wrote on empty air
With fragrance all the beauty of its soul.
HENRY ABBEY, *A Morning Pastoral*.

—Doth not song
To the whole world belong!
Is it not given wherever tears can fall,
Wherever hearts can melt, or blushes glow,
Or mirth and sadness mingle as they flow,
A heritage to all?
ISA CRAIG-KNOX, *Ode on a Centenary of Burns*.

All days are birthdays in the life,
The blessed life that poets live,
Songs keep their own sweet festivals,
And are the gifts, they come to give.
The only triumph over Time
That Time permits, is his who sings;
The poet Time himself defies
By secret help of Time's own wings.
HELEN HUNT JACKSON, *To O. W. Holmes on his
70th Birthday*.

He walks with God upon the hills!
And sees, each morn, the world arise
New-bathed in light of Paradise.

He hears the laughter of her rills,
Her melodies of many voices,
And greets her while his heart rejoices.
She, to his spirit undefiled,
Makes answer as a little child;
Unveiled before his eyes she stands,
And gives her secrets to his hands.

INA D. COOLBRITH, *The Poet*.

With no fond, sickly thirst for fame I kneel,
O goddess of the high-born art, to thee;
Not unto thee with semblance of a zeal
I come, O pure and heaven-eyed Poesy!
Thou art to me a spirit and a love,
Felt even from the time when first the earth
In its green beauty, and the sky above,
Informed my soul with joy too deep for mirth.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, *Poesy*.

Not mine the soul that pants not after fame—
Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove
The grateful influence of the stream I love.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, *The Baviad*.

I sometimes doubt
If they have not indeed the better part—
These poets, who get drunk with sun, and weep
Because the night or a woman's face is fair.

AMY LEVY, *A Minor Poet*.

I carve the marble of pure thought until the thought
takes form,
Until it gleams before my soul and makes the world
grow warm;
Until there comes the glorious voice and words that
seem divine,
And the music reaches all men's hearts and draws
them into mine.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGNESSY, *Song of a Fellow-Worker*.

O world! that listens, when too late,
Unto the voice which sings,
And loves the music, when the years
Have shattered many strings;
But little owes the bard to you
For praises from your tongue,
Who heard not when the harp was new,
And love and life were young.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON, *Broken Strings*.

A voice divinely sweet, a voice no less
Divinely sad; for all the maddening jar

Of all the wide world's sin and wretchedness
Swelled round its music, as when round a star
Black storm-clouds gather and its white light mar.
Pure music is pure bliss in heaven alone:
Earth's air translates it to melodious moan.

JAMES THOMSON, *Shelley, A Poem*.

Guardian of thought, immortal memory!
Keep thou immortal some good thought of mine,
Which, in oblivion's dark, may softly shine
Like the pale fox-fire of a rotting tree.
If thou do keep but one song-child alive,
In its sweet body shall my soul survive.

CHARLES H. NOYES, *The Prodigal to the Earth*.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound,
She feels no biting pang the while she sings;
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitudes of things.

RICHARD GIFFORD, *Contemplation*.

The heart that suffers, most may sing,
All beauty seems of sorrow born:
This truth, half seen in life's young morn,
Stands full and clear at evening.
The gems of thought most highly prized
Are tears of sorrow crystallized.

HENRY NILES PIERCE, *Beauty Born of Sorrow*.

This shall remain, this shall remain,
Forever type of poet's pain.
For he who souls of men may touch
Must in himself have suffered much.

MARY CHAMBERLAIN WYETH, *The Poet's Crown*.

Poets must ever be their own best listeners.
No word from man to men
Shall sound the same again;
Something is lost through all interpreters.
Never for finest thought
Can crystal words be wrought
That to the crowd afar
Shall show it—more than a telescope a star.

CARL SPENCER, *Half Heard*.

Like pearls that lie hid 'neath the ocean's broad
breast,
Where its waters unceasingly roll,
Are our beautiful thoughts—our sweet unexpressed,
That are lost in the depth of the soul.

W. F. FOX, *Our Sweet Unexpressed*.

CURRENT POEMS.

LITTLE MYRTLE.

DEAR rosy Question! babbling all the day—
 "What am I? tell me, 'fore my curls grow old,"
 I cannot tell thee, Sweet! though curls be gold,
 And thou reiterate till they be gray.

O little Query! like a rose unblown,
 With folded mysteries in pink and white—
 Love cannot solve thee in thy morning light;
 Nor wisdom when thy three-score years have flown.
 W. WILSEY MARTIN.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

THE glory has passed from the golden-rod's plume,
 The purple-hued asters still linger in bloom;
 The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs are red,
 The maples like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,
 And Winter's wild herald is blowing his blast?
 For me dull November is sweeter than May,
 For my Love is its sunshine—she meets me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ringdove return to her
 nest?

Will the needle swing back from the east or the
 west?

At the stroke of the hour she will be at her gate;
 A friend may prove laggard—Love never comes
 late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not yet.
 Too early! Too early! She could not forget!
 When I cross the old bridge where the brook over-
 flowed,
 She will flash full in sight at the turn of the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;
 I tread the brown pathway that leads through the
 pines;

I haste by the boulder that lies in the field,
 Where her promise at parting was lovingly sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round through the
 wood?

Will she wear her brown dress or her mantle or
 hood?

The minute draws near—but her watch may go
 wrong;

My heart will be asking, what keeps her so long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame if I do!
 Why question? Why tremble? Are angels more
 true?

She would come to the lover who calls her his own,
 Though she trod in the track of a whirling cyclone!

—I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had passed.
 I looked; lo! my Love stood before me at last.
 Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks how they
 glowed,

As we met face to face at the turn of the road!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

—*Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1890.

THE LAST EVE OF SUMMER.

SUMMER'S last sun, nigh unto setting, shines
 Through yon columnar pines,
 And, on the deepening shadows of the lawn,
 Its golden lines are drawn.

Dreaming of long-gone summer days like this,
 Feeling the wind's soft kiss,
 Grateful and glad that failing ear and sight
 Have still their old delight,

I sit alone and watch the warm, sweet day
 Lapse tenderly away:
 And, wistful, with a feeling of forecast,
 I ask, "Is this the last?"

"Will nevermore for me the seasons run
 Their round, and will the sun
 Of ardent summers yet to come, forget
 For me to rise and set?"

Thou shouldst be here, or I should be with thee
 Wherever thou mayst be,
 Lips mute, hands clasped, in silences of speech
 Each answering unto each.

At this still hour which hints of mystery far
 Beyond the evening star,
 No words outworn suffice from lip or scroll;
 The soul would fain with soul

Wait, while these few, swift-passing days fulfill
 The wise, disposing Will,
 And, in the evening as at morning, trust
 The All-Merciful and Just.

The solemn joy that soul-communion feels
 Immortal life reveals;
 And human love, its prophecy and sign,
 Interprets love divine.

Come then, in thought, if that alone may be,
O friend! and bring with thee
Thy calm assurance of transcendent Spheres,
And the Eternal Years!

OAK KNOLL, August 31, 1890.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

—*The Independent*, November 27, 1890.

TO THE SUNSET BREEZE.

AH, whispering something again, unseen,
Where late this heated day thou enterest at my win-
dow, door,
Thou, laving, tempering all, cool-freshing, gently
vitalizing
Me, old, alone, sick, weak-down, melted-worn with
sweat;
Thou, nestling, folding close and firm yet soft, com-
panion better than talk, book, art,
(Thou hast, O Nature! elements! utterance to my
heart beyond the rest—and this is of them,)
So sweet thy primitive taste to breathe within—thy
soothing fingers on my face and hands,
Thou, messenger-magical strange bringer to body
and spirit of me,
(Distances balked—occult medicines penetrating
me from head to foot.)
I feel the sky, the prairies vast—I feel the mighty
northern lakes,
I feel the ocean and the forest—somehow I feel the
globe itself swift-swimming in space;
Thou blown from lips so loved, now gone—haply
from endless store, God-sent,
(For thou art spiritual, Godly, most of all known to
my sense,)
Minister to speak to me, here and now, what word
has never told, and cannot tell,
Art thou not universal concrete's distillation?
Law's, all Astronomy's last refinement?
Hast thou no soul? Can I not know, identify thee?

WALT WHITMAN.

—*Lippincott's Magazine*, December, 1890.

ELDER LAMB'S DONATION.

GOOD old Elder Lamb had labored for a thousand
nights and days,
And had preached the blessed Bible in a multitude
of ways;
Had received a message daily over Faith's celestial
wire,
And had kept his little chapel full of flames of
heavenly fire;

He had raised a numerous family, straight and
sturdy as he could,
And his boys were all considered as unnaturally
good;
And his "slender sal'ry" kept him till went forth
the proclamation—
"We will pay him up this season with a gen'rous,
large donation."

So they brought him hay and barley, and some corn
upon the ear,—
Straw enough to bed his pony for forever and a year;
And they strewed him with potatoes of inconse-
quential size,
And some onions whose completeness drew the
moisture from his eyes;
And some cider—more like water, in an inventory
strict—
And some apples, pears and peaches, that the
autumn gales had picked;
And some strings of dried-up apples—mummies of
the fruit creation—
Came to swell the doleful census of old Elder Lamb's
Donation.

Also radishes and turnips pressed the pumpkin's
cheerful cheek,
Likewise beans enough to furnish half of Boston
for a week;
And some butter that was worthy to have Sampson
for a foe,
And some eggs whose inner-nature held the legend
—"Long Ago;"
And some stove-wood, green and crooked, on his
flower-beds was laid,
Fit to furnish fire departments with the most sub-
stantial aid.
All things unappreciated found this night their true
vocation
In the Museum of Relics, known as Elder Lamb's
Donation.

There were biscuits whose material was their own
secure defense;
There were sauces whose acuteness bore the sad
pluperfect tense;
There were jellies undissected, there were mystery-
laden pies;
There was bread that long had waited for the signal
to arise.
There were cookies tasting clearly of the drear and
musty past;
There were doughnuts that in justice 'mongst the
metals might be classed;
There were chickens, geese and turkeys, that had
long been on probation,

Now received in full connection at old Elder Lamb's
Donation.

Then they gave his wife a wrapper made for some-
one not so tall,
And they brought him twenty slippers, every pair
of which was small;
And they covered him with sack-cloth, as it were,
in various bits,
And they clothed his helpless children in a ward-
robe of misfits;
And they trimmed his house with "Welcome," and
some bric-a-bracish trash,
And one absent-minded brother brought five dol-
lars all in cash!
Which the good old pastor handled with a thrill of
exultation,
Wishing that in filthy lucre might have come his
whole donation.

Morning came at last, in splendor; but the Elder,
wrapped in gloom,
Knelt amid decaying produce and the ruins of his
home;
And his piety had never till that morning been so
bright:
For he prayed for those who brought him to that
unexpected plight.
But some worldly thoughts intruded; for he won-
dered o'er and o'er
If they'd buy that day at auction, what they gave
the night before;
And his fervent prayer concluded with the natural
exclamation:
"Take me to Thyself in mercy, Lord, before my
next donation!"

WILL CARLETON.

—*The Ladies' Home Journal*, November, 1890.

CHRISTMAS.

THERE is a time, on history's page,
More noted far than all,
Which chroniclers, in every age,
The standard-time do call.

There is a star that shines more bright
Than all the stars that shine;
Which crowns the diadem of night
With lustre all divine.

There is a Name that far excels
All others ever heard;
Of love and peace and joy it tells,
And' all good, in a word.

The point of time is Christmas morn;
The star, of Bethlehem;
The Name is that of Jesus, born
A lost world to redeem.

O, mark the time! behold the star!
Adore the sacred Name!
And thou shalt all the blessings share,
For which to earth He came.

With angels sing, with shepherds watch,
With sages gifts bestow;
The radiance of His sweet smile catch,
And let thy joys o'erflow!

His law of kindness in thy mind,
His love within thy heart.
Go forth, and tell to all mankind
What grace He doth impart.

And when no more the Christmas light
Shall shine upon thee here;
In Heaven, the beatific sight
Thou shalt behold fore'er.

J. T. WARD.

—*For The Magazine of Poetry.*

A PICTURE.

(*To the portrait of the late Emily Pfeiffer, in "The Magazine of Poetry."*)

BOTH young and fair, thy portrait speaks thee so;
A smiling, yet withal a serious face;
Thy whole expression one of rarest grace;
But what a gentle archness still doth show!
Thy fillet-banded head, as soft winds blow
A flower, bends lightly to one side. A trace
Of merry pleantry lies here; erase
This, and the half-smile on thy lips, and lo!
What have we left? A brow intense with thought,
Lips that in losing smiles, sweet pathos keep;
Uplifted, questioning eyes, oh, had they caught
Shadows from coming nights bereft of sleep?
Grief smites us in thy sad and early grave—
God rest thee, poet, gifted soul and brave!

NORTHAMPTON, MASS., October 7, 1890.

ELLA C. DRABBLE.

—*Hartford Times.*

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

BORN IN 1801. DIED AUGUST 11, 1890.

THE "Kindly Light" hath led the willing heart
Beyond the "encircling gloom" and shades of
Night,
And now the far-off better Home made bright

With "angel-faces loved and lost awhile,"
 Is his at close of Life's long weary fight:
 The "Morn" hath dawned upon his ravished
 sight,
 The "distant scene" no more lies far apart:
 For "moor and fen" with thorns and briars crost,
 "Torrent and crag," where oft the "will"
 roamed lost,
 The City, lighted by Love's winning smile,
 Gold paved, and with the gates of pearl set
 round,
 The "heart" no longer "ruled by pride" hath
 found:
 There, with the "Well done" ringing in his ears,
 His to rest, far removed from earth-born cares and
 "fears."

JOHN FULLERTON.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

BEATRICE.

(Written for the Sixth Centenary Celebration at Florence.)

WHAT new notes to a minstrel may remain
 In praise of Beatrice? Or what words may tell
 How from her feet, far-gleaming, falls a spell
 Of glory, linking like a mystic chain
 Six ages, one to one; our own as fain
 To do her honor, as when first the knell
 That told her passing hence, on sad ears fell,
 Untaught as yet to follow Dante's strain.
 We seek with him that wondrous smile to see
 For which Love's loftiest bard no word could
 frame;
 We know that through all ages yet to be,
 On heights of glory, in her robe of flame,
 With olive crown and snowy veil, stands she
 Who lives forever linked with Dante's fame.

CONSTANCE E. DIXON.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

THE RAISING OF THE BAN.

THERE is a fate that knows my heart,
 Its possibilities of bliss,
 And yet decrees that it shall miss
 Each joy, or gain a meagre part.
 Aye, just enough to tantalize —
 To make it keenly feel the pain
 Of knowing that it shall not gain
 That which it would so fully prize.
 Poor heart, with none to bless or save!
 With vain imaginings sad as sweet;

With yearnings like the waves that beat
 Within a rock-bound, sunless cave.

Till lo! the ceaseless toil hath brought
 A recompense. On some glad day
 They find the rock hath worn away,
 A glimpse of heaven they have caught.

E'en so my heart, so highly strung,
 Which none, save one, may understand,
 And which, save to the master's hand,
 Shall keep its songs fore'er unsung.

Which for its master long did wait,
 Alas! it searched through all the years,
 Through unknown ways and rain of tears,
 To find him when it was too late.

For there fate stood "all mocking by!"
 She knew the life that she had marred
 From this new bliss should be debarred
 And heaven-born love in dungeons lie.

Her accursed smile struck like a knife;
 For well she knew of all beside,
 The hardest, this, to be denied,
 This ray of light to darkened life.

She hoped to see my teardrops flow
 Like Niobe's, and hear the moan
 Of hearts disconsolate and lone,
 Undone by this most cruel blow.

I raised my head that she might see
 A smiling and unflinching face
 On which my heart's pain left no trace —
 By art I wrought this mystery.

Aye, people said as we went past,
 "How happy! and from care how free!"
 None ever dreamed grief walked with me—
 So far I'd conquered fate at last.

Ah! well she knew the subtle art
 And saw through all the hollow guise,
 The yearning, burning, haunted eyes,
 The stricken, bleeding, hopeless heart.

She, ghoul-like, "cruel as the grave!"
 To know she'd wrought this misery,
 And yet to wish the world might see
 The markings of the blow she gave!

And so she said, "Ah! even now,
 If I should deign, I have the power

To grant your wish. If for one hour
I raise the ban, then will you vow

"That you — who have so reckless grown —
Will ne'er again my laws defy,
Nor in the face of destiny fly,
Nor hide the wounds that mark my own."

And to the tyrant I said, "Yes,
I give my promise; let me free,
And all my life I'll bend to thee,
If this one hour my life may bless."

And so, that's how I came to you,
Came all unheard within your door —
You looked at me as ne'er before,
And when you smiled, ah! well I knew

That you were all I hoped to find.
You bade me welcome, aye, and more —
Who was it, dear, that closed the door?
And you were gentle, you were kind.

Then all the world did disappear
But just we two; but then, you see
That "you were all the world" to me,
With none to chide or none to fear!

And you were gentle, you were kind,
And, oh, the minutes sped away,
And I had but an hour to stay,
And love is sweet, tho' love is blind.

And you — you spoke first and you said —
You said — and, oh, your voice was sweet!
The words my poor heart shall repeat
Through all the years, till I am dead.

You said, "My own! my love so true!"
Your voice so filled me with its bliss
I could not speak, but gave the kiss
That trembled on my lips for you.

The minutes just like seconds seemed,
The hour a minute — nothing more.
And am I banished from your door?
Relentless fate! I have but dreamed!

LIBBIE C. BAER.

—*The Arkansas Traveler.*

TYRANNY.

A GRIM companion followed me
Where'er I went o'er land and sea.
Evade him? Never. Shun him? No.

"Ah, Disappointment, prithee show
Some mercy unto me, some ruth." —
"Thou call'st me false: my name is Truth."
JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

—*The Critic, November 8, 1890.*

THE GRANDE RONDE VALLEY.

I KNOW a valley that is low and green,
Girt round by purple hills on every side,
Wherein content and dreamy peace abide;
Foam-crested clouds for blue skies make a screen,
And pale, soft tints of opal blend between.
There fields on fields of wheat stretch green
and wide,
Like swelling seas borne in on flowing tide,
Beneath God's rain-sweet winds; tall pine trees
lean
To the horizon, and spiced sweetness fling
Broadcast through the voluptuous, mellow air;
Larks voiced in heaven across the meadow sing
Their sweet souls out,—and spring runs riot
there.

The pure, cold crocus, even, in April days,
Finds its heart purpled by the valley's haze.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

—*Overland, December, 1890.*

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS.

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on
Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched
with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It's
pretty, but is it art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion
his work anew—
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first,
most dread review;
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—and that
was a glorious gain
When the Devil chuckled: "Is it art?" in the ear of
the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench
the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's strik-
ing, but is it art?"
The stone was dropped by quarry-side, and the idle
derrick swung,

While each man talked of the aims of art, and each
in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and the
south, they talked and they fought in the west,
Till the waters rose on the jabbering land, and the
poor Red Clay had rest—
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn when the
dove was preened to start,
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's human,
but is it art?"

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree—as new as the
new-cut tooth—
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is
master of art and truth;
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the
beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You did
it, but was it art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the
shape of a surplice peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the
yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the
horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's
clever, but is it art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the
club-room's green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with
their pens in the mould—
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their
graves, and the ink and the anguish start
When the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's
pretty, but is it art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the
four great rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left
it long ago,
And if we could come when the sentry slept, and
softly scurry through,
By the favor of God we might know as much—as
our father Adam knew.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

—*The Scots Observer.*

THE FAMOUS SONNET OF ARVERS.

TRANSLATION.

My soul has its own secret; life its care:
A hopeless love, that in one moment drew

The breath of life. Silent its pain I bear,
Which she who caused it knows not,—never
knew.

Alas! by her unmarked, my passion grew
As by her side I walked,—most lonely there.
And long as life may last I am aware
I shall win nothing,—for I dare not sue;
Whilst she whom God has made so kind and sweet
Goes heedless on her way with steadfast feet,
Unconscious of Love's whispers murmured low.
To duty faithful as a saint, some day
Reading these lines, all filled with her, she'll say,
"Who was this woman?" and will never know.

MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

—*Lippincott's Magazine, November, 1890.*

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NOTES.

COOPER. In a letter to the editor, Mr. Cooper states that he has written numberless song-words for the musical composers, "Beautiful Isle of the Sea," "Sweet Genevieve" and "Must We Then Meet as Strangers?" being, probably, the best known. "As a writer for the children I have gained some praise, which is very gratifying. Most of my things are written out of doors, with a wayside stone for a desk, and of many of them I have kept no copy. I took a prize for a 'Ballad of Stony Point,' (Oliver Wendell Holmes being the judge), and also for a song or two. I never made a collection of my verses; but many of them are printed in the various published volumes of poetry."

DORR. In selecting her favorite poems, Mrs. Dorr names "The Clay to the Rose," "Quickness," "Fire," "At Rest," "When Lesser Loves," "The Fallow Field," "O Wind That Blows Out of the West," "Foreshadowings" and "An Old-Fashioned Garden."

SHERWOOD. "Albert Sidney Johnston" was a Memorial Poem, written by invitation of the Executive Committee for the Unveiling Ceremonies of the General Albert Sidney Johnston Equestrian Statue, held under the auspices of the Army of the Tennessee, Louisiana Division (Ex-Confederate), at New Orleans, April 6, 1887, Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Battle of Shiloh and of General Johnston's death. Mrs. Kate B. Sherwood received the following letter, beautifully engraved and printed on white satin:

HEADQUARTERS ASSOCIATION OF THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
LOUISIANA DIVISION OF VETERANS,
NEW ORLEANS, MAY 10, 1887.

Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood, Toledo, O.:

At the unveiling of the equestrian statue to General Albert Sidney Johnston, April 6, 1887, in the city of New Orleans, on

the memorial day of the association of the Confederate Army of Tennessee, your poem sent us from your Northern home, a graceful tribute to him and our heroic dead, was read to an appreciative and admiring throng.

In grateful response the Association returns, with its greeting, its accompanying badge. The center bears the Confederate Cross, and the Pelican is of metal taken from a rivet of the statue itself. As "Peace hath her victories no less than War," we join heart with hand in reciprocating the cordial and fraternal sentiments set in those sweet and stirring strains, in which a woman's true soul, giving all honor to the knightly men and the gallant deeds on either side, in that "Great war that made ambition virtue," commemorates in charming numbers our day of reunion when veterans of the Blue and the Gray met.

"But not as rivals, nor as foes, as brothers reconciled.
To twine love's fragrant roses where the thorns of hate grew wild."

We greet you in your own fitting words:

"Our Country's Future.

One heart, one hope, one destiny, one flag from sea to sea."

We have the honor to be yours sincerely,

WILLIAM PIERCE,
RICHARD S. VENABLE,
R. D. SCRIVEN,

Attest: NICHOLAS CURRY, Secretary. Committee.

IBID. "Ulric Dahlgren." Colonel Ulric Dahlgren, son of Admiral Dahlgren, U. S. Navy, distinguished himself by his dashing exploits with the Army of the Potomac, while serving on the staff of Generals Sigel, Hooker and Meade, and lost a leg at Gettysburg. While still on crutches, he led an expedition to free the Union prisoners in Libby Prison at Richmond, and fell in a midnight ambush March 2, 1864, at the age of twenty-two years.

F. F. B.

IBID. The "Army of the Potomac" was written for the Unveiling of the Memorial Urn, to be placed in Memorial Hall, Toledo, Ohio, Memorial Day, May 30, 1890, by the Toledo Branch Army of the Potomac.

NEWMAN. The hymn "The Pillar of the Cloud" is generally published with the popular title of "Lead Kindly Light." In the author's collected poems it bears date, "At Sea, June 16, 1833." In that year he visited Sicily. There, at Leonforte, he was very ill with malarial fever. "My servant," he says, "thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said: 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light.' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant." Later on, in the course of the disease he became much depressed and sobbed bitterly. His servant, asking what ailed him, could only obtain the reply: "I have a work to do in England." At last he was able to "get off in an orange boat," but was becalmed a full week in the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia. Here it was that this hymn—the most famous of all his productions—was written. Its sincerity of feeling and purity of expression have made it universally acceptable. Its original title was "The Pillar of the

Cloud." It was first published in the *British Magazine*, and then in *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, in three stanzas, with the motto, "Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness." The statement of Dr. Newman himself fixes the date of composition as June 16, 1833, and the voyage, begun at Palermo, terminated at Marseilles. The circumstances can be read by any inquirer in the "Apologia pro Vita Sua," 1864, pp. 35-119 (London edition of 1875). "I was writing verses," he there says, "the whole time of my passage." There is a further reference to the same facts in the "Parochial Sermons," Vol. II., Sermon 2. The additional verse sometimes printed is given below:

"Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path

Thyself hast trod,

Lead, Saviour, lead me home in childlike faith,

Home to my God,

To rest forever after earthly strife,

In the calm light of everlasting life."

IBID. The piece on "Warnings" was cited long ago by one of the British reviews to prove that Newman could have been a great poet if he had chosen. It was written near Palermo, February 12, 1833.

IBID. "A Voice from Afar" bears date Horsepath, September 29, 1829. "Vexations" bears date, "Off Sardinia, June 21, 1833." "Flowers Without Fruit" bears date, "Off Sardinia, June 20, 1833." "Seeds in the Air" bears date, "Dartington, July 18, 1831."

LOCKER-LAMPSON. In the American edition of Mr. Locker's poems the introduction to "A Nice Correspondent" is,

"An angel at noon, she's a woman at night,
All softness, all sweetness, and love, and delight."

MASON. "Stars in the Well" is from *The Independent*. "For All" is from *The American Rural Home*. "If Love Were Life" was originally published in *The Independent*. "A Belated Blossom" was originally published in *The Independent*.

WILLIAMS. "Hidden" was originally printed in the *Chicago Current*.

BADGER. "The Veterans" was originally published in the New York *Home Journal* under the title of "Memorial Day, 1890." "The Burns Rescue" and "Be True to the Dreams of Thy Youth" were originally published in *The Christian Messenger*. "God's Almoner" bears date, "Mountain House, August 23, 1879," and is from *The Cornwall Mirror*, September 4, 1879.

WOOLSON. "Two Women" was originally published in *Appleton's Journal*.

CROFTON. Most of the verses following the prelude of "The Battle-Call of the Antichrist"

appeared, but with many differences, in *The Canadian Monthly*.—Deeming rhyme unsuited to the solemnity of the subject, the writer has acted on a suggestion made by Sir E. B. Lytton in the preface to his "Lost Tales of Miletus," and has adopted an unconventional blank verse stanza.—Some of the Fathers held that the Antichrist will be an archfiend, either an incarnation of Satan himself, or the son of Satan and "the counterpart of Christ." To conceive him to be the Spirit of War, the exact antithesis to the Prince of Peace, does not seem to be more fanciful.—"I am the scorn of God" is the pregnant expression put by Alfieri in the mouth of the first Napoleon: "Son lo sdegno di Dio; nessun mi tocchi!"—The other allusions (to the author of the "Marseillaise," etc.), will be apparent to the average reader.

IBID. "The Cry of Cain" is from *The Canadian Monthly*, July, 1880.

WETHERBEE. The elm of which "The Old Elm" was written is an ancient landmark in Lawrence, Mass., being over a hundred years old, and the largest of its kind in Essex county.

SPENCER. The authorship of "A Hundred Years To Come" has been claimed by several authors, and Mr. Spencer suggested that it might be omitted from the selections from his pen, but as he asserts that he is the author of the poem it is but fair that it should be included in the study of his verse productions.

BURNS. The biographical sketch of Robert Burns is from Cathcart's *Literary Reader*.

IBID. - Compare quotation from "Green Grow the Rashes," with quotation from "Cupid's Whirligig" (1607):

Man was made when Nature was
But an apprentice, but woman when she
Was a skillful mistress of her art.

Compare quotation from "To a Mountain Daisy," with quotation from Young's "Night Thoughts":

Final Ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.

Compare quotation from "I Hae a Wife o' My Ain," with Bickerstaff's "Love in a Village," Act i, Scene 2:

And this the burthen of his song
For ever used to be:—
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If no one cares for me.

Scott says the expression, "Let us do or die," "is a kind of common property, being the motto, we believe, of a Scottish family." It can be found in Beaumont and Fletcher's, "The Island Princess," Act ii, Scene 4; and in Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming," Part iii, Stanza 37.

Compare first quotation from "For a' That," with Wycherly, "The Plaindealer," Act i, Scene 1. "I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better."

Compare second quotation from "For a' That," with Southerne, "Sir Anthony Love," Act ii, Scene 1: "Of the king's creation you may be: but he who makes a Count ne'er made a man."

KROUT. Miss Krout is a native of Crawfordsville, Ind., and now resides in Chicago, Ill. Her first published poem appeared in the *Crawfordsville Journal* when she was eleven years of age. "Little Brown Hands" was written four years later, in the summer of 1868, during intervals of house-work and the care of several invalid members of the family, there being sickness in the house at the time. Her especial retreat was a corner on the parlor floor behind the heavy window curtains. Here the poem was written to become "familiar as household words."

MCMASTER. There died at Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., recently, at the age of fifty-eight, a man who wrote one celebrated poem, and, as far as the public knew, never did anything else that was remarkable. The man was Judge G. H. McMaster, and his one poem, doubtless familiar to many readers of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, since it is included in many of the current collections of verses, is given in this number of the magazine. Of this poem, Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote in the *Galaxy Magazine*, many years ago: "There is nothing like it in our language; 'tis the ringing characteristic utterance of an original man. There is a perfect blending of sense to sound, and of both to the spirit of the theme. To include a picture often ruins a song; but here we have the knot of patriots clustered upon a battle hillside, the powder cracking again, the old-fashioned colonel galloping with drawn sword, and as

Rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death,

it seems a heavier piece of ordnance, and charged with weightier issues than a whole park of artillery in a modern armament. This song will last with the memory of Revolutionary days." It was written when the author was but twenty years old, and first appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for February, 1849, over the signature "John McGrom." McMaster became a lawyer, and at one time was county judge of Steuben county.

FRENEAU. Philip Freneau was born in New York City January 2, 1752, and died near Freehold, N. J., December 18, 1832.

HARTE. "Plain Language from Truthful James," frequently printed under the title of "The HART:

Chinee," was Harte's first decided hit. It originally appeared in the *Overland Monthly*.

RANDALL. "My Maryland" was written by James R. Randall, a native of Baltimore, where he now resides. The poet was a professor of English literature and the classics in Poydras College at Pointe Coupée, on the Fausse Rivière, in Louisiana, about seven miles from the Mississippi; and there in April, 1861, he read in the New Orleans *Delta* the news of the attack on the Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore. "This account excited me greatly," Mr. Randall wrote in answer to a request for information; "I had long been absent from my native city, and the startling events there inflamed my mind. That night I could not sleep, for my nerves were all unstrung, and I could not dismiss what I had read in the paper from my mind. About midnight I rose, lit a candle, and went to my desk. Some powerful spirit appeared to possess me, and almost involuntarily I proceeded to write the song of 'My Maryland.' I remember that the idea appeared to first take shape as music in the brain—some wild air that I cannot now recall. The whole poem was dashed off rapidly when once begun. It was not composed in cold blood, but under what may be called a conflagration of the senses, if not an inspiration of the intellect. I was stirred to a desire for some way of linking my name with that of my native state, if not 'with my land's language.' But I never expected to do this with one single, supreme effort, and no one was more surprised than I was at the widespread and instantaneous popularity of the lyric I had been so strangely stimulated to write." Mr. Randall read the poem the next morning to the college boys, and at their suggestion sent it to the *Delta*, in which it was first printed, and from which it was copied into nearly every Southern journal. "I did not concern myself much about it, but very soon, from all parts of the country, there was borne to me, in my remote place of residence, evidence that I had made a great hit, and that, whatever might be the fate of the Confederacy, the song would survive it." Published in the last days of April, 1861, when every eye was fixed on the border states, the stirring stanzas of the Tyrtæan bard appeared in the very nick of time. There is often a feeling afloat in the minds of men, undefined and vague for want of one to give it form, and held in solution, as it were, until a chance word dropped in the ear of a poet suddenly crystallizes this feeling into song, in which all may see clearly and sharply reflected what in their own thought was shapeless and hazy. It was Mr. Randall's good fortune to be the instrument through which the South spoke. By a natural reaction his

burning lines helped to fire the Southern heart. To do their work well, his words needed to be wedded to music. Unlike the authors of the "Star-spangled Banner" and the "Marseillaise," the author of "My Maryland" had not written it to fit a tune already familiar. It was left for a lady of Baltimore to lend the lyric the musical wings it needed to enable it to reach every camp-fire of the Southern armies. To the courtesy of this lady, then Miss Hetty Cary, and now the wife of Professor H. Newell Martin, of Johns-Hopkins University, I am indebted for a picturesque description of the marriage of the words to the music, and of the first singing of the song before the Southern troops. The house of Mrs. Martin's father was the headquarters of the Southern sympathizers of Baltimore. Correspondence, money, clothing, supplies of all kinds went thence through the lines to the young men of the city who had joined the Confederate army. "The enthusiasm of the girls who worked and of the 'boys' who watched for their chance to slip through the lines to Dixie's land found vent and inspiration in such patriotic songs as could be made or adapted to suit our needs. The glee club was to hold its meeting in our parlors one evening early in June, and my sister, Miss Jenny Cary, being the only musical member of the family, had charge of the programme on the occasion. With a school-girl's eagerness to score a success, she resolved to secure some new and ardent expression of feelings that by this time were wrought up to the point of explosion. In vain she searched through her stock of songs and airs—nothing seemed intense enough to suit her. Aroused by her tone of despair, I came to the rescue with the suggestion that she should adapt the words of 'Maryland, My Maryland,' which had been constantly on my lips since the appearance of the lyric a few days before in the South. I produced the paper and began declaiming the verses. 'Lauriger Horatius,' she exclaimed, and in a flash the immortal song found voice in the stirring air so perfectly adapted to it. That night, when her contralto voice rang out the stanzas, the refrain rolled forth from every throat present without pause or preparation; and the enthusiasm communicated itself with such effect to a crowd assembled beneath our open windows as to endanger seriously the liberties of the party." B. M.

WAKEFIELD. Nancy Amelia Woodbury Priest Wakefield was born in Royalston, Mass., in 1834, and died in 1870. "Over the River" has been set to music by several composers.

MCCREERY. "There is No Death" was first printed in *Arthur's Home Magazine* some twenty-five years ago, with the author's name attached;

were stolen hence by one, E. Bulmer, and sent down to the *Farmer's Advocate*, of Chicago, which they were printed again. They were lifted from the latter journal by the scissors-man of the Wisconsin paper, who divined in the depths of his inner consciousness that "E. Bulmer" was a misprint for "E. Bulwer," so they were sent down to Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, and sent on the sea of newspaperdom. Copies of the poems with the name of Bulwer as the author, were sent to Mr. McCreery from all parts of the habitable globe, now in the shape of newspapers, and now in the shape of spiritual hymn books, in at least one copy, and in a score of bound volumes and selections.

On January 31, 1880, Mr. McCreery heard of them, or, more exactly speaking, a portion of them, read in the House of Representatives by the Hon. Mr. Coffroth, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, who was orating upon the death of the late Rush Clark, Member of Congress from Iowa. He delivered as Bulwer's poem, and as such was printed in the *Congressional Record*. Mr. McCreery published a volume of poems some years ago under the title of "Songs of Toil and Triumph."

FRANCIS C. FISHER. Frances C. Fisher, the well-known author, is a native of Salisbury, N. C. She has written a score of novels under the pen name of Frances Reid.

F. NICHOLLS CROUCH. F. Nicholls Crouch was born July 30, 1819. At nine years of age he played the bass at the Coburg Theatre, which was erected in honor of the marriage of the Princess Charlotte, only daughter of George IV. Working his way among the theatres he finally became attached to the Opera House, where he played a solo on the cello before the composer Rossini. The conductor was Rochsa, then in the height of his glory, and he invited young Crouch to become his pupil. His voice indicated shortly after this that he had great abilities as a vocalist he was installed as one of the chapel Royal boys in Westminster Abbey, and when the Royal Academy of Music was established, under the patronage of George IV, he was admitted as a student. After his graduation he was principal violoncellist at Drury Lane Theatre. He had at all times a decided literary taste, and he became musical critic of the *Metropolitan Magazine* of which Capt. Marryatt, the novelist, was editor, and for nine consecutive years he was a writer of critical works and a contributor to various periodicals. In addition to his songs he wrote the libretto of "The Fifth of November" and "Sir John Coverly." His companions were the leading men of the day, including Thackeray.

In 1840 he came to America with Max Maretzek. They had previously been engaged in Her Majesty's Opera House, Haymarket, London. Maretzek's operatic venture proved a failure, and the company was disbanded, after performing in New York and Boston. Crouch went to Maine, lectured on music, directed several concerts and then taught in that state for seven years. In 1851 he moved to Philadelphia, and a year later he undertook to go to California to try his fortune in gold digging, but his wife was taken very ill and he gave up the plan. He next removed to Washington and was the organist during Buchanan's administration at St Matthew's church, and went thence to Richmond to lead a church choir. When the war broke out he was one of the first to shoulder a musket, enlisting in the Richmond Grays and afterwards in the Richmond Howitzers. He served all through the war. At its close he made his way to Buckingham Court House, Virginia, and worked on a farm as a laborer and gardener. He is now living in Baltimore, Md. The editor of the Baltimore *Sun* finds a conversation with the composer interesting enough to publish, and we quote a paragraph to give our readers a graceful description of the circumstance under which "Kathleen Mavourneen" was composed. "The words had been sent me by Mrs. Crawford from London," said the author, "and as I was riding one day in West England on the banks of the Tamar, thinking of the poem, the melody suddenly came to me. I was so infatuated with it that I sung it to a large audience in the assembly rooms at Plymouth, Devonshire, immediately that I had written it down, and within a week its fame had spread. Thus was my offspring begotten and so became a child of the world." None of the songs that Crouch composed earlier or later, became so popular as "Kathleen Mavourneen," though some of our readers may be familiar with "Would I Were with Thee," "We Parted in Silence," "Sing to Me, Nora," "The Widow and Her Child," and others. Each of these is characterized by the pathetic element which pervades the gem of his compositions and make it strike a responsive chord in the hearts of either musical or unmusical listeners.

BOURDILLON. While yet an undergraduate at Worcester College, Oxford, Bourdillon, born in 1852, won reputation as a poet by the two graceful stanzas entitled "Light." They were speedily translated into the principal languages of Europe. Rarely has a poet won his spurs on so small a venture in verse.

E. S. WARTON. Hazlett considered some of Warton's sonnets "the finest in the language;" but this is wholly unmerited praise. The sonnet to Gray, the poet, is among the best from his pen.

COLERIDGE. Joseph Blanco White (1775-1841) is chiefly known as the author of the sonnet "Night and Death."

MARTIN. "Love's Way" is original in THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

WOLCOT. The original version of "Epigram on Sleep" was written in Latin, to be placed under the statue of Somnus, in the garden of Harris, the philologist. It read as follows:

Somme levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago
 Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
 Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vita
 Vivere quam suave est; sic sine morte mori!

KIPLING. "The Conundrum of the Workshops" will be also found in "Departmental Ditties, Barrack Room Ballads and Other Verses."

LATIMER. Arvers was a young *littérateur* who died by his own hand about 1846. This sonnet was found among his private papers. It is known in French literature as "Le fameux Sonnet d'Arvers."

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

ACCORDING to promise made in the October number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY, this issue of the magazine goes to its readers in an enlarged and improved form. All the old features have been retained. Owing to a general demand made by our subscribers, the number of Notes have been much increased. Familiar Quotations from Burns and Ingelow, given in this number, will be followed by Familiar Quotations from other standard authors. The departments, "A Collection of Quatrains," "Quotations on Poetry," and "Personal Poems," will appear in the April number.

FOR engravings in this number of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY the Publisher wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Jacob Leonard & Son, Albany, N. Y.; Matthews, Northrup & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; The Art Alliance, Buffalo, N. Y.; Harper & Brothers, New York; Frederick Stokes Company, New York; James Phinney Baxter, Portland, Me.; C. E. Brinkworth, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR Copyright poems and other selections the Publisher returns thanks to The Bowen-Merrill Co.; Charles Scribner's Sons; A. C. McClurg & Co.; F. A. Stokes Co.; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; D. Appleton & Co.; T. Fisher Unwin; Harper & Broth-

ers; Charles Wells Moulton; Curtis Publishing Co.; J. B. Lippincott Co.; Macmillan & Co., and G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MR. MOULTON wishes to announce that he is now prepared to publish books of all kinds, including their manufacture and sale. His long experience in the publishing business, and his relations with the trade and public, enable him to place the works entrusted to his care on the market in the best possible manner. As the publisher of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY he has special facilities for issuing volumes of verse. Manuscripts sent for inspection will receive prompt attention. Correspondence solicited.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

CASH PRIZES to the amount of One Hundred Dollars will be awarded by the Publisher to the persons who will name the author of the greatest number of the PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

I. Nine prizes will be declared. First prize, \$30.00; second prize, \$20.00; third prize, \$15.00; fourth prize, \$10.00; fifth to ninth prizes, \$5.00 each.

II. Every subscriber to THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY will be entitled to compete.

III. Answers should be arranged and numbered, written legibly in ink, on one side of note paper only, and signed by the full address of the competitor.

IV. The name of the poem from which the selection is made, as well as the author of the quotation, is required. The competitor who answers the greatest number of authors will be awarded first prize, etc.

V. Clubs and Reading Circles are allowed to compete as one individual, but not more than one member of the same club will be awarded a prize. Each winner will be required to furnish a statement that he has neither assisted, nor received assistance from, any other prize winner.

VI. In case of a tie in totals, the combined prizes will be divided *pro rata*.

VII. Prizes will be declared August 1, 1891, and all answers should be received by the publisher on or before that date.

VIII. All answers and inquiries concerning them should be addressed, with postage fully prepaid, to the editor of "PRIZE QUOTATIONS," in care of C. W. MOULTON, Buffalo, N. Y.

Award to be declared in October, 1891, issue.

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Robert Buchanan

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. III.

No. 2.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, born 1841, poet, dramatist, and novelist, is a native of Warwickshire. His father was a well-known socialist lecturer and editor. Mr. Buchanan was educated at Glasgow University, and had for his college companion and intimate friend the ill-fated David Gray. Together the friends and literary aspirants concocted the scheme of leaving Glasgow for London. Gray was to carry with him the inevitable poem the "Luggie," which was to take the world by storm. Buchanan's masterpiece was still *in embryo*. They set out for the metropolis, without giving warning to their friends, on the same evening, but, owing to a *contretemps*, by different lines of railway, and arriving at opposite sides of London about the same hour next morning their companionship was for the time interrupted. They shared a bankrupt garret in the New Cut until the consumption to which Gray at last succumbed made his return to Scotland a necessity. He did not live to witness the recognition of his juvenile work. Mr. Buchanan's first book, "Undertones," was published in 1860, and achieved a fair success. It was dedicated to the friend of his youth in a touching poem entitled, "To David in Heaven." In 1865 a volume of "Idyls and Legends of Inverburn" appeared, and a year later Mr. Buchanan scored his first distinct success with "London Poems." The humble life of the great city has rarely been so vividly, so humorously, and so pathetically delineated as in the lyrics of which this volume was composed. Being now fairly and fully launched in the literary life, Mr. Buchanan was producing books with great rapidity. A translation of Danish ballads and a collection of "Wayside Posies" was followed, in 1871, by a lyrical drama, entitled "Napoleon Fallen," a volume of prose essays and sketches brought together from magazines under the title of "The Land of Lorne," and "The Drama of Kings." Mr. Buchanan contributed largely at this time to periodical literature, and one of his essays in the *Contemporary Review* acquired

some notoriety. This was the essay entitled "The Fleshly School of Poetry." It was of the nature of an attack on the "Poems" of Dante G. Rossetti, published in 1870. Apart from the justice or injustice of the strictures, a bitter controversy arose out of the identity of the critic, who appeared (at his publisher's suggestion) under the pseudonym of "Thomas Maitland." The quarrel, in which Mr. Swinburne became involved, was very protracted, and Mr. Buchanan subsequently retracted some of his charges. Mr. Buchanan had by this time become celebrated as a novelist. His best novels, "The Shadow of the Sword," "God and the Man," "The New Abelard," and "Foxglove Manor" are distinguished by rare picturesqueness and vigorous dramatic narrative. As a dramatist, Mr. Buchanan has had some distinct success, the best of his plays being "A Nine Days' Queen," and the most popular "Lady Clare," "Storm-beaten," and "Sophia." He visited America in 1884-85. L. C. S.

HERMIONE: OR, DIFFERENCES ADJUSTED.

WHEREVER I wander, up and about,
This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a wife, and she is wise,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek,
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,
Coteries rustle to hear her speak;
She writes a little—for love, not fame;
Has published a book with a dreary name;
And yet (God bless her!) is mild and meek.
And how I happened to woo and wed
A wife so pretty and wise withal,
Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—
Plagues me at daytime, racks me in bed,
Haunts me and makes me appear so small.
The only answer that I can see
Is—I could not have married Hermione

(That is her fine wise name), but she
Stooped in her wisdom and married *me*.

For I am a fellow of no degree,
Given to romping and jollity,
The Latin they thrashed into me at school
The world and its fights have thrashed away;
At figures alone I am no fool,
And in city circles I say my say,
But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,
And the kind of study that I think fine,
Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the *Times*,
When I lounge, after work, in my easy chair;
Punch for humor and Praed for rhymes,
And the butterfly *mots* blown here and there
By the idle breath of the social air.

A little French is my only gift,
Wherewith at times I can make a shift,
Guessing at meanings to flutter over
A filagree tale in a paper cover.
Hermione, my Hermione!
What could your wisdom perceive in me?
And Hermione, my Hermione!
How does it happen at all that we
Love one another so utterly?
Well, I have a bright-eyed boy or two,
A darling who cries with lung and tongue, about
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,
As ever poet of sentiment sung about!
And my lady-wife, with serious eyes,
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,
And looks, although she is deep and wise,
As foolish and happy as he or I!
And I have the courage just then, you see,
To kiss the lips of Hermione—
Those learned lips that the learned praise—
And to clasp her close as in sillier days;
To talk and joke in a frolic vein,
To tell her my stories of things and men;
And it never strikes me that I'm profane,
For she laughs, and blushes, and kisses again,
And, presto! fly goes her wisdom then!
For boy claps hands and is up on her breast,
Roaring to see her so bright with mirth,
And I know she deems me (oh, the jest!)
The cleverest fellow on all the earth!

And Hermione, my Hermione,
Nurses her boy and defers to me;
Does not seem to see I'm small—
Even to think me a dunce at all!
And wherever I wander, up and about,
Here is the puzzle I can't make out—
That Hermione, my Hermione,

In spite of her Greek and philosophy,
When sporting at night with her boy and me,
Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—
Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever,
And makes me feel more foolish than ever,
Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,
And the silly pride in her learned face!

That is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt;
But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not why;
For whenever I think of it, night or morn,
I thank my God she is wise, and I
The happiest fool that was ever born!

LORD RONALD'S WIFE.

I.

LAST night I tossed upon my bed,
Because I knew that she was dead:
The curtains were white, the pane was blue,
The moon peeped through,
And its eye was red—
"I would that my love were awake!" I said.

II.

Then I rose and the lamp of silver lit,
And over the carpet lightly stopt,
Crept to the door and opened it,
And entered the room where my lady slept;
And the lamplight threw a restless ray,
Over the bed on which she lay,
And sparkled on her golden hair,
Smiled on her lip and melted there,
And I shuddered because she looked so fair;—
For the curtains were white, and the pane was blue,
And the moon looked through,
And its eye was red:
"I will hold her hand, and think," I said.

III.

And at first I could not think at all,
Because her hand was so thin and cold;
The gray light flickered along the wall,
And I seemed to be growing old;
I looked in her face and could not weep,
I hated the sound of mine own deep breath,
Lest it should startle her from the sleep
That seemed too sweet and mild for death.
I heard the far-off clock intone
So slowly, so slowly—
Afar across the courts of stone,
The black hound shook his chain with a moan,
As the village clock chimed slowly, slow
slowly,

I prayed that she might rise in bed,
 And smile and say one little word,
 "I long to see her eyes!" I said . . .
 I should have shrieked if she had stirred.

IV.

I never sinned against thee, Sweet!
 And yet, last night, when none could see . . .
 I know not . . . but from head to feet
 I seemed one scar of infamy:
 Perhaps because the fingers light
 I held had grown so worn and white,
 Perhaps because you looked so fair,
 With the thin gray light on your golden hair.

v.

You were warm, and I was cold,
 Yet you loved me, little one, I knew—
 I could not trifle—I was old—
 I was wiser, carefuller, than you;
 I liked my horse, I liked my hound,
 I liked to hear the bugle sound,
 Over my wine I liked to chat,
 But soberly, for I had mind:
 You wanted that, and only that,
 You were as light as is the wind.
 At times, I know, it fretted me—
 I chid thee mildly now and then—
 No fault of mine—no blame to thee—
 Women are women, men are men.
 At first you smiled to see me frown,
 And laughing leapt upon my knee,
 And kissed the chiding shadow down,
 And smoothed my great beard merrily;
 But then a change came o'er you, Sweet!
 You walked about with pensive head;
 You tried to read, and as you read
 Patted your small impatient feet:—
 "She is wiser now!" I smiling said . . .
 And ere I doubted—you were dead.

VI.

All this came back upon my brain
 While I sat alone at your white bedside,
 And I remembered in my pain
 Those words you spoke before you died—
 For around my neck your arms you flung,
 And smiled so sweet though death was near—
 "I was so foolish and so young!
 And yet I loved thee!—kiss me, dear!"
 I put aside your golden hair,
 And kissed you, and you went to sleep;
 And when I saw that death was there,
 My grief was cold, I could not weep;
 And late last night, when you were dead,
 I did not weep beside your bed,

For the curtains were white, and the pane was blue,
 And the moon looked through,
 And its eye was red—
 "How coldly she lies!" I said.

VII.

Then loud, so loud, before I knew,
 The gray and black cock screamed and crew,
 And I heard the far-off bells intone
 So slowly, so slowly,
 The black hound barked, and I rose with a groan,
 As the village bells chimed slowly, slowly,
 slowly.
 I dropped the hand so cold and thin,
 I gazed, and your face seemed still and wise,
 And I saw the damp dull dawn stare in
 Like a dim drowned face with oozy eyes;
 And I opened the lattice quietly,
 And the cold wet air came in on me,
 And I plucked two roses with fingers chill
 From the roses that grew at your window-sill,
 I plucked two roses, a white and a red,
 Stole again to the side of your bed,
 Raised the edge of your winding fold,
 Dropped the roses upon your breast,
 Covered them up in the balmy cold,
 That none might know—and there they rest!

LANGLEY LANE.

IN all the land, range up, range down,
 Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
 As Langley Lane in London town,
 Just out of the bustle of square and street?
 Little white cottages, all in a row,
 Gardens where bachelor's-buttons grow,
 Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
 And up above the still blue sky,
 Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
 I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
 And sit outside in the sun, and hear
 The distant murmur of street and square,
 And the swallows and sparrows chirping near,
 And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
 Comes running many a time each day
 With her little hand's touch so warm and kind,
 And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
 And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
 For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
 Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,

And I am older by summers three—

Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call!
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blueflies murmur low,
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,
Though she cannot hear, can the singers see—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And *I* am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind—
I made it of music long ago:
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And *seeing* the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer,
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray,—just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been,
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear,—
Chirping of birds or patter of rain!
And Fanny, my little one, always near!
And though I am weakly, and can't live long,

And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,—
What then, since we hold one another so dear
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

L'ENVOI.

I do not sing for Maidens. They are roses
Blowing along the pathway I pursue:
No sweeter things the wondrous world discloses,
And they are tender as the morning dew.
Blessed be maids and children: day and night
Their holy scent is with me as I write.

I do not sing for School-boys or School-men.
To give them ease I have no languid theme
When, weary with the wear of book and pen,
They seek their trim poetic Academe;
Nor can I sing them amorous ditties, bred
Of too much Ovid on an empty head.

I do not sing aloud in measured tone
Of those fair paths the easy-souled pursue;
Nor do I sing for Lazarus alone,
I sing for Dives and the Devil too.
Ah! would the feeble song I sing might swell
As high as Heaven, and as deep as Hell!

I sing of the stained outcast at Love's feet,—
Love, with his wild eyes on the evening light;
I sing of sad lives trampled down like wheat
Under the heel of Lust, in Love's despite;
I glean behind those wretched shapes ye see
In the cold harvest-fields of Infamy.

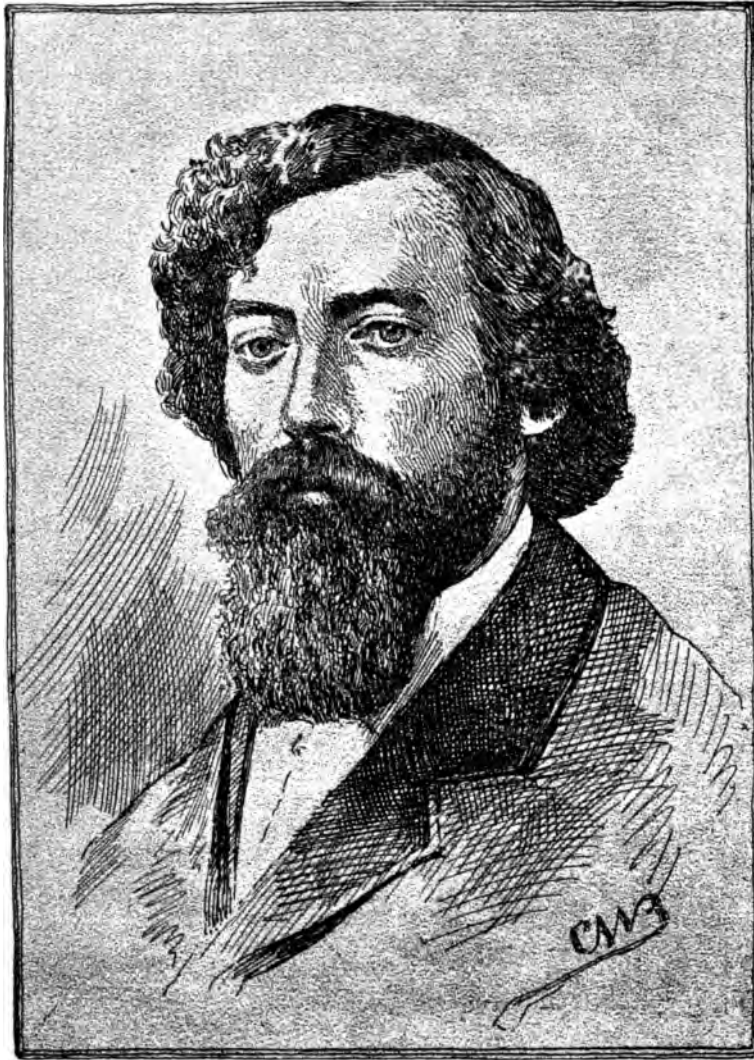
I sing of death-beds (let no man rejoice
Till that last piteous touch of all is given!);
I sing of Death and Life with equal voice,
Heaven watching Hell, and Hell illumed by
Heaven.

I have gone deep, far down the infernal stair—
And seen the spirits congregating there.

I sing of Hope, that all the lost may hear;
I sing of Light, that all may feel its ray;
I sing of Souls, that no one man may fear;
I sing of God, that some perchance may pray.
Angels in Hosts have praised Him loud and long,
But Lucifer's shall be the harvest song.

Oh, hush a space the sounds of voices light
Mixed to the music of a lover's lute.
Stranger than dream, so luminously bright,
The eyes are dazzled and the mouth is mute,
Sits Lucifer singing to sweeten care,
Twining *immortelles* in his hoary hair!

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FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

TO TRIFLERS.

Go, triflers with God's secret. Far, oh far
 Be your thin monotone, your brows flower-
 crowned,
 Your backward looking faces; for ye mar
 The pregnant time with silly sooth of sound,
 With flowers around the feverish temples bound,
 And withering in the close air of the feast.
 Take all the summer pleasures ye have found,
 While Circe-charmed ye turn to bird and beast.
 Meantime I sit apart, a lonely wight
 On this bare rock amid this fitful Sea,
 And in the wind and rain I try to light
 A little lamp that may a Beacon be,
 Whereby poor ship-folk, driving thro' the night,
 May gain the Ocean-course, and think of me!

STORM.

Flash!
 Lightning, I swear!—there's a tempest brewing!
 Crash!
 Thunder, too—swift-footed lightning pursuing!
 The leaves are troubled, the winds drop dead,
 The air grows ruminant overhead—
 Splash!
 That great round drop fell pat on my nose. ♦
 Flash! Crash! Splash!
 I must run for it I suppose.
 O what a flashing, and crashing, and splashing,
 The earth is rocking, the skies are riven—
 Jove in a passion, in god-like fashion,
 Is breaking the crystal urns of heaven.

—*Horatius Cogitandibus.*

POETRY.

As one looks on land and sea
 Thro' vast windows of stained glass,
 Colored faint by fantasy,
 Watch the wan Processions pass—
 Linger here, but not for long
 In the Past's sick chamber stay
 Pass to fresher fields of song
 In the living light of day.

LOVE.

For ah! life's stream is bitter,
 When too greedily we drink,
 And I might not be so happy
 If I knew quite *all* you think;
 And when God takes much, my darling,
 He leaves us the color and form,—
 The scorn of the nations is bitter,
 But the touch of a hand is warm.

—*Artist and Model.*

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

BYRON FORCEYTHE WILLSON was born fifty-four years ago, in Little Genesee, New York, and died in the University Hall, Alfred Centre, New York, in the February before reaching his thirtieth year. He was the eldest of seven children, three of whom died in childhood. The other three are still living, one of them being the Honorable Augustus Willson, of Louisville, Ky. Willson's father was a lumber merchant, and a leading spirit in all enterprises of local interest. His mother, a woman of beautiful character, was a native of Rhode Island. When Forceythe was eight years old, the family moved to Maysville, Ky., and thence to New Albany, Ind. He attended school at Antioch College, and afterwards at Harvard, but was compelled to leave in the sophomore year, when he found himself threatened with consumption. Rallying from the first attack of this disease, he completed his schooling at Oberlin.

During these years he had begun to write verses, many of which found their way into the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, of which George D. Prentice was then editor. When the war broke out, he showed his loyalty by writing occasional Union editorials for the same paper.

The death of his mother in 1856, and three years later that of his father, had left Forceythe in charge of the three younger children, and it was his sense of duty to this charge which alone prevented him from entering the Union service. New Albany, however, lying directly across the river from Louisville, was threatened by the Confederate forces; and in the fall of 1862, Willson organized a company of home guards and armed them at his own expense. At one time during the early period of the war, a serious riot broke out in the town, and hundreds of men and boys went hunting the negroes throughout the place. The cowardly and incompetent sheriff came to Willson and told him that a certain negro woman, a tenant of the family, must be ordered to leave her house, as otherwise it would probably be fired by the mob. The sheriff was greeted with an indignant look by the poet, who replied that the woman should not be molested while he lived and his Henry rifle was in working order. Something, however, prevented the anticipated attack by drawing the crowd in another direction.

"The Old Sergeant," the first of Willson's longer poems, and the most widely read, was published anonymously in the *Journal*, Jan. 1, 1863, as a New Year's Address.

In September of this year (1863), Willson was married to Miss Elizabeth Conwell Smith, at Connersville, Ind. Shortly after, the two came to Alfred, where they spent the winter in great retirement. Here they worked lovingly at their verse, for Mrs. Willson, too, was a poet of rare spiritual sympathies, and after her death her work was collected by her husband into a thin volume, now almost unobtainable. In the following spring, the couple removed to Cambridge, where Mrs. Willson died in October, not yet having reached her twenty-second year.

In appearance, Willson was a nobleman. Tall and straight, with dark hair, fine eyes, and a rich coloring of skin, perhaps the more noticeable that it could hardly be called dark.

Willson also met Mr. Emerson and entertained him. The editor of "Parnassus" took a particular interest in the young poet, and refers to him in the preface to that book.

After the publication of his book, Mr. Willson returned to visit his old home in New Albany, and, while there, had a serious attack of the disease which he had fought so long and so bravely, but recovered strength enough to reach Alfred, where he lingered until the 2d of February, 1867. During his last illness he secluded himself from the world, refusing all ministries save those of his sister and young cousin. Feeling that it was barbaric to show no sympathy for the sufferer, President Allen one day quietly opened the door, and entering, asked the privilege of being of some assistance. Willson thanked him, and feebly putting out his hand, said, "Please don't come near the bed. Every human presence is a pressure." And the President turned and went out as silently as he came. Such are the meager outlines of a rare life, for Willson was, as Mr. Piatt has said of him, "one of those rare poets whose poetry is first in their life, and perhaps grows poorer in their best verses." E. H. L.

THE OLD SERGEANT.

JANUARY I, 1863.

THE Carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads
With which he used to go,
Rhyming the glad rounds of the happy New Years
That are now beneath the snow:

For the same awful and portentous Shadow
That overcast the earth,
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth.

And the Carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-
march

Come up from every mart;
And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
And beating in his heart.

And to-day, a scarred and weather-beaten veteran,
Again he comes along,
To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles
In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story;
For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant-Surgeon Austin,
By a soldier of Shiloh:

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the
Adams,
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the Assistant-Surgeon,
On the same night that he died.

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
If all should deem it right,
To tell the story as if what it speaks of
Had happened but last night.

"Come a little nearer, Doctor,—thank you,—let
me take the cup:
Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another
little sup!
May be you may think I'm better; but I'm pretty
well used up,—
Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just
a going up!

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't
much use to try"—

"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered
down a sigh;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say
die!"

"What you *say* will make no difference, Doctor,
when you come to die."

"Doctor, what has been the matter?" "You were
very faint, they say;

You must try to get to sleep now." "Doctor, have
I been away?"

"Not that anybody knows of!" "Doctor—Doc-
tor, please to stay!

There is something I must tell you, and you won't
have long to stay!

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready
now to go;

Doctor, did you say I fainted?—but it could n't ha'
been so,—
For as sure as I'm a Sergeant, and was wounded at
Shiloh,
I've this very night been back there, on the old field
of Shiloh!

"This is all that I remember: The last time the
Lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises
much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before some-
thing called my name:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—just
that way it called my name.

"And I wondered who could call me so distinctly
and so slow,
Knew it could n't be the Lighter,—he could not
have spoken so—
And I tried to answer, 'Here, sir!' but I could n't
make it go;
For I could n't move a muscle, and I could n't
make it go!

"Then I thought: It's all a nightmare, all a hum-
bug and a bore;
Just another foolish *grape-vine**—and it won't come
any more;
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way
as before:
'ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!'—even
plainer than before.

"That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of
light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that
Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs oppo-
site,
When the river was perdition and all hell was
opposite!—

"And the same old palpitation came again in all
its power,
And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some cele-
stial tower;
And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE
ELEVENTH HOUR!
ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON—IT IS
THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin!—what *day* is this?" "It is
Wednesday night, you know."

*Canard.

"Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right
good time below!
What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly Twelve."
"Then don't you go!
Can it be that all this happened— all this— not an
hour ago!

"There was where the gunboats opened on the
dark rebellious host;
And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon
the coast;
There were still the two log-houses, just the same,
or else their ghost,—
And the same old transport came and took me over
— or its ghost!

"And the old field lay^a before me all deserted far
and wide;
There was where they fell on Prentiss,— there Mc-
Clernand met the tide;
There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where
Hurlbut's heroes died,—
Lower down where Wallace charged them, and
kept charging till he died.

"There was where Lew Wallace showed them he
was of the canny kin,
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where
Rosseau waded in;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all
began to win—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as
we began to win.

"Now, a shroud of snow and silence over every-
thing was spread;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on
my head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I
was dead,—
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon
the dead!

"Death and silence!—Death and silence! all
around me as I sped!
And behold, a mighty TOWER, as if builded to the
dead,—
To the Heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty
head,
Till the Stars and Stripes of Heaven all seemed
waving from its head!

"Round and mighty-based it towered— up into the
infinite—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a
shaft so bright;

For it shone like solid sunshine; and a winding
stair of light,
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear
out of sight!

"And, behold, as I approached it—with a rapt and
dazzled stare,—
Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending
the great Stair,—
Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—'Halt,
and who goes there!'
'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.'—'Then advance,
sir, to the Stair!'

"I advanced!—That sentry, Doctor, was Elijah
Ballantyne!—
First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed
the line!—
'Welcome, my old Sergeant, welcome! Welcome
by that countersign!'
And he pointed to the scar there, under this old
cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking
only of the grave;
But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and
bloodless glaive:
'That's the way, sir, to Headquarters.' 'What
Headquarters!'—'Of the Brave.'
'But the great Tower?'—'That,' he answered, 'Is
the way, sir, of the Brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform
of light;
At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new
and bright;
'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the New Uniform
to-night,—
Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve
o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting
there, and I—
Doctor—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God
bless you all! Good by!
Doctor, please to give my musket and my knap-
sack, when I die,
To my son—my son that's coming,—he won't get
here till I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never
did before,—
And to carry that old musket"—Hark! a knock is
at the door!—
"Till the Union—" See! it opens!—"Father!
Father! speak once more!"—

"*Bless you!*"—gasped the old, gray Sergeant, and
he lay and said no more! .

IN STATE.

III.

"I SEE the champion sword-strokes flash;
I see them fall and hear them clash;
I hear the murderous engines crash;
I see a brother stoop to loose a foeman-brother's
bloody sash.

"I see the torn and mangled corse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted through and
through without remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crushed face turned to the sky,
I see him crawl in agony
To the foul pool, and bow his head into its bloody
slime and die.

"I see the assassin crouch and fire,
I see his victim fall—expire;
I see the murderer creeping nigher
To strip the dead: He turns the head: The face!
The son beholds his sire!

"I hear the curses and the thanks;
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rents—the gaps—the broken ranks,—
The vanquished squadrons driven headlong down
the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the death-grip on the plain,
The grappling monsters on the main,
The tens of thousands that are slain,
And all the speechless suffering and agony of heart
and brain.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle-blots,—
And writ on many a nameless grave, a legend of
forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorgéd prison-den,
The dead line and the pent-up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living-deaths of skin and bone that were the
goodly shapes of men.

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Arlo Bates

"And still the bloody Dew must fall!
And His great Darkness with the Pall
Of His dread Judgment cover all,
Till the Dead Nation rise Transformed by Truth to
triumph over all!"

NO MORE.

THIS is the Burden of the Heart,
The Burden that it always bore;
We live to love; we meet to part;
And part to meet on earth No More:
We clasp each other to the heart,
And part to meet on earth No More.

There is a time for tears to start,—
For dews to fall and larks to soar:
The Time for Tears, is when we part
To meet upon the earth No More:
The Time for Tears, is when we part
To meet on this wide earth — No More.

THOUGHT.

Shouldst ask me, if an Angel brought
This strange, this sweet and secret Thought?
I could but say, I do not know!
It came as comes the guiding glow
From Heaven's high shrines; or as the snow
On the dark hill-tops; or as bloom
The intimations of a God
In every violet of the tomb,
And every pansy of the sod.

—*The Mystic Thought.*

AMERICA.

A Land wherein, by grace of the God of Heaven,
And the Memory of the Brave,
No man shall henceforth dare to be a traitor,
Nor brook to be a slave!

—*The Rhyme of the Master's Mate.*

TRUTH.

"Now whichsoever stand or fall,
As God is great and man is small,
The Truth shall triumph over all,—
Forever and forevermore, the Truth shall triumph
over all!"

—*In State.*

FAME.

As evening insects covet flame,
Do foolish men a little fame.

—*The Poet's Epilogue.*

ARLO BATES.

ARLO BATES was born in East Machias, Me., a little over forty years ago. His college education was obtained at Bowdoin, and he was at one time editor-in-chief of *The Bowdoin Orient*. While in college he got a story or two printed in the magazines. On leaving college he went to Boston, established himself in an attic and began to write for the public press.

As a writer in *The Book Buyer* says, Mr. Bates' first efforts in literature in the Boston garret might have discouraged one less sure than he was of his vocation and less ardently devoted to it from the outset. He wrote with painful and unflagging persistency and with unvarying ill-success. Of enthusiasm and zeal he had plenty, but these very qualities, which carried him in hot haste to his climax, apparently made it difficult for him to concentrate his attention upon the details leading up to the conclusion. Finally, however, when the pile of rejected manuscripts had grown to considerable proportions, Mr. Bates began to get a sure footing in the magazines. In 1880 he became the editor of *The Boston Courier*, and two years later married Harriet Leonora Vose ("Eleanor Putnam"), a daughter of Prof. George L. Vose. Mrs. Bates died in 1886, and her husband, several months later, edited a volume of her sketches, "Old Salem."

Mr. Bates' first novel was "Patty's Perversities," published in the "Round Robin Series" in 1881. This was followed by "The Ties of Blood" as a serial in *The Courier*. "The Pagans" was published in 1884, followed by "A Wheel of Fire," "A Lad's Love," etc.

In 1886 Mr. Bates brought out his first volume of verse with the title of "Berries of the Brier." In 1887 he published a series of exquisite sonnets in book form entitled "Sonnets in Shadow" as a memorial volume to his wife.

At the present time Mr. Bates is looked upon as one of the most promising of the younger poets of Boston.

H. A. T.

A LOVER'S MESSENGERS.

THE earliest flowers of spring
To thee, beloved, I bring:
Anemone and graceful adder's-tongue,
With golden cowslips, yellow as the sun
And fresh as brooks by which they sprung;
Sweet violets that we love; and, one by one,
The blossoms that come after,—cherry-bloom
And snow of shad-bush, willful columbine

In pale red raiment, and the milky stars
 Of chickweed-wintergreen; slim walnut buds
 In satin sheen, and furry curling ferns,
 Like owlets half awake; with floods
 Of alder tassels that drop dust of gold
 On the dark pools where, 'twixt the bars
 Of piercing sunbeams, speckled troutlings dart.
 And thus until the jocund year is old
 And frosts spin cerements, white and chill,
 O'er all the woodlands, fold on fold,
 I tell the days with flowers, to mind thee still
 Who, kind to blossoms, to me cruel art,
 How swift is time, how constant is my heart.

A SHADOW BOAT.

UNDER my keel another boat
 Sails as I sail, floats as I float;
 Silent and dim and mystic still,
 It steals through that weird nether-world,
 Mocking my power, though at my will
 The foam before its prow is curled,
 Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.

Vainly I peer and fain would see
 What phantom in that boat may be;
 Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
 Some ghost of my dead, past divine,
 Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
 Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine
 Would draw me downward through the brine!

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

'MID the sea-silt and the sea-sand,
 Sinuous and sinister, fold on fold,
 Sliding and winding tortuously,
 Slips the sea-snake, weird and old;
 Longing, with gleams of slumbrous fire
 In her dull eyes, and fierce desire
 In her slow brain, for that far time
 When, rising lotus-like from ooze and slime,
 Her sinuate litheness changed to supple grace,
 Her sibilance melted to witching speech,
 She shall the heights of glorious being reach,
 And lure her prey with woman's form and face.

UNCHOSEN.

STILL stings one bitter moment
 When—in that mystic land
 Where, waiting Fate's dread summons,
 The unborn spirits stand—

Genius walked grand among us,
 Her own to signify;
 And while I thrilled with yearning,
 Smiled on me, but passed by!

A LAMENT.

LET gleeful muses sing their roundelays!
 So might my muse have sung;
 But in the jocund days
 When she was young,
 She chanced upon a grave
 New-made, and since, there strays
 A mournful cadence through her lightest stav

Her mask, however gay,
 Still covers cheeks tear-wet;
 She cannot, in her singing, smile
 Until she can forget.

A NIGHT RIDE.

HIS swart cheek tingled with the rain,
 So swift he rode that night;
 But all his speed no boon might gain
 Save to kiss, in a rapture of love and pain,
 Dead lips at morning light.

Had he but known, what touched his cheek,
 Riding that midnight wild,
 Was her soul's kiss that might not speak,
 And the wail in his ear, so woeful and weak,
 The cry of his unborn child!

FAILURE.

COUNT not the trampled dead spared any strain
 Because another won where was slain.
 Are hearts ignoble proved whose cause is lost?
 Vain is the standard if success hide cost.

Lost is not failure; not success is gain;
 Idle as measure are both bliss and pain.
 Who falters, fails, although he clutch the prize;
 Who proves his utmost, wins, though dead he lie

TRUTH.

A MAN knelt through the livelong night
 And prayed with tears that morn might rise:

The first beam of the waited light
With cureless blindness smote his eyes.

A soul in darkness cried for truth,
And dreamed the truth, its bliss should be.
Ah! sad mistake, provoking ruth!
The truth brought endless misery.

HEREDITY.

THOUGH half his suit she favored,
Yet did she turn away.
What weakness in him lay
To fail her will to stay?
Alas! his grandsire wavered
When his sweetheart said him nay.

RECOGNITION.

LOVER and mistress, sleeping side by side,
Death smote at once, and in the outer air,
Amazed confronted, each to each,
Their spirits stood, of all disguises bare.

With sudden loathing stung, one spirit fled,
Crying, "Love turns to hate if this be thou!"
"Ah, stay," the other wailed in swift pursuit:
"Thee have I never truly loved till now."

A NIGHT SKETCH.

UPON the sea the pictured moon
Floats like a golden shell;
On the dark sky their mystic rune
The constellations spell.

After a single silver sail
Has through the mist-wreaths broke,
Like some lost spirit, wan and pale,
That strives toward heaven without avail,
To climb on incense smoke.

FORWARD!

LIVE swiftly, that thy slow years may not falter
Dragging dull feet along time's weary way;
In quick succession let emotions alter,
And crowd the life of years into a day;
They miss the secret who with trifles falter
And dally idly when they fleet should run.
Be thy course as of splendid comet wheeling

Its matchless march onward from sun to sun;
Waymarks along our path are throes of feeling,
Who soonest lives them through is swiftest speeding
Along the road to loftiest being leading.

Forward! If through pain's thorns thy pathway
leadeth

'Twere surely best to hasten to be done.
If in joy's meads, yet linger not; he speedeth
To fuller bliss who spurns the meaner one,
As the hot runner not an instant heedeth
What lies anear so that the goal be far,
So let thy race unslaking be and breathless,
Thy goal as distant as the farthest star;
In haste forsake the dying for the deathless;
Be in an instant old, and youth's endeavor
Leave far behind in flight toward the Forever.

Only if love's cup to thy lip be lifted,—
Love sweet and cruel as an altar flame,—
Be thou with this supremest guerdon gifted,
Drink reverently, as men the sacred Name
Pronounce, and slowly, slowly as are shifted
The stars eternal in their lofty place;
So slowly that no precious drop be wasted,
No subtlest flavor fail to yield its grace.
Who fully this divinest cup has tasted
Knows in the draught all life's true worth and
blessing,—
His moments more than loveless years progressing.

SONNETS IN SHADOW.

IV.

How dreadful is the languor of the soul
Which neither hopes nor fears, which has no care
For great or small; indifferent how fare
Alike the highway's dusts, the stars that roll.

When death takes love he takes at once the whole
Life has of worth. Thereafter earth nor air
Nor pearl-rich sea can longer anywhere
Give to the desolate or joy or dole.

If it be morn or noon or amber eve,
If sun or moon or cloud possess the sky,
If foes be kind, if trusted friends deceive,

If fortune load with gifts or pass us by,—
What does it matter? What should glad or
grieve
Now that indifferent the loved doth lie?

V.

I.

THERE is such power even in smallest things
To bring the dear past back; a flower's tint,
A snatch of some old song, the fleeting glint
Of sunbeams on the wave,—each vivid brings

The lost days up, as from the idle strings
Of wind-sharp sad a breeze evokes the hint
Of antique tunes. A glove which keeps imprint
Of a loved hand the heart with torture wrings

By memory of a clasp meant more than speech;
A face seen in the crowd with curve of cheek
Or sweep of eyelash our woe's core can reach.

How strong is love to yearn and yet how weak
To strive with fate, the lesson all things teach,
As of the past in myriad ways they speak.

II.

Death so brings all life's standards unto naught
That joy, in dismal paradox, brings pain,
And sorrow pleasure; joy is void and vain
When it but stabs the heart with bitter thought

Of one who may not share it. Woe is fraught
At least with the remembrance that this bane
Hurts not the dead, till we heart-sick, are fain
Give thanks that death to them has respite brought;

While joy so cruel is, no pang is spared
In memories of bliss our hearts have known.
Bitter it is to bear a grief unshared;

But bitterer to meet our joys alone.
Once only for the bliss of life we cared;
In desolation bliss makes sharpest moan.

XVI.

EVER is new, however old, despair.
The weary toiler to his load, the nun
To her strait cell, grow wonted; one by one
We tire of joys and wear out all things fair.

But sorrow is immortal. From the glare
Of flames it seems to die in, toward the sun
It springs new-born, its Phoenix-course to run.
Its blight and shadow everywhere,

Fire in hot, blinding day, but double gloom
In darksome night. Where may one flee or hide
From its approach, as terrible as doom?

In all the shores found by the searching tide
There is no hope, save it be in the tomb,—
Oh, do our loved in safety there abide?

CONTENT.

Contented lie the noontide resting herd;
Content are dotards, nodding heads of snow;
Content are prattling babes, too young to know
The hopes by which the mother's heart is stirred.

LOVE.

Ah! sweet rose, in rain
And darkness waiting all this lone night through,
Is love its own solution? Does the heart
That wakes love prove itself worthy of love?
Thus prove itself from essence holy, high,
By destiny divine create for love?
You love your nightingale, and question not
For proof of worth; and I, because I love,
Love on, and love and love!

—*Aqua Della Toffana.*

DEATH.

What is this monstrous thing called death?
What plea
Within the universe can justify
Its presence? How can even one man die
Nor yet the world to utter ruin be
Hurled instantly?

—*Sonnets in Shadow.*

GRIEF.

The drop most bitter in woe's beaker set
Is doubt of our soul's firmness: he has known
Grief's sharpest who has feared he may forget.
—*Ibid.*

DEATH.

We must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
Deceive with gloss of seeming; but all lies
Were vain to cheat a prescience spirit-pure.

—*Ibid.*

EYES.

More bright than stars that glimmer,
Lingering o'er some snowy peak
Morn-crimsoned, thine eyes shimmer
Above thy faint flushed cheek.

—*A Lover's Canticles.*

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George Bancroft Griffith.

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH, eldest son of Robert Griffith, Jr., and Charlotte (Merrill) Griffith, daughter of Deacon Samuel Merrill, was born in Newburyport, Mass., February 28, 1841. He received his education at Dummer Academy, founded by Governor Dummer, near his native city, under the tuition of Prof. Marshal Henshaw, late of Rutger's College, and at the age of eighteen entered a store. Two years later he became a clerk in a grocery house at Haverhill, Mass. In this place, in 1861, he married a New Hampshire lady. Shortly after the outbreak of the Rebellion, Mr. Griffith enlisted, and while filling the position of hospital steward at Fort Constitution, N. H., wrote a poem for the *Portsmouth Journal*, entitled "The Storm at Fort Point," which was highly commended by the editor. From that time on Mr. Griffith has written frequently, both in prose and verse, and many of his pieces have been illustrated and some set to music. Several may be found in "Poems of Places," edited by Longfellow, in Drake's "Legends of New England," in "The Scholar's Speaker," and other standard collections of verse. An extended biographical sketch of Mr. Griffith, with a portrait, appeared a few years since in the Boston *Home Guest*. In 1887 Mr. Griffith formed the design of collecting specimen poems of the poets of Maine, having successfully conducted the sale of "The Poets of New Hampshire." His work was issued in May, 1887, and is having a large sale. Early in 1889 Mr. Griffith made arrangements with one of the leading Boston publishing houses to edit an illustrated volume of a similar character, with biographical sketches, to be entitled "The Poets of Massachusetts," and is now busy in the preparation of the work. He has one son and four daughters, and owns a delightful summer home at the foot of Lempster Mountain, in Sullivan county, N. H., not far from the Connecticut River, where some of his finest rural poems have been written.

I. A. K.

THE SWISS "GOOD-NIGHT."

Now somber-hued twilight adown the Swiss valley
Her soft, dewy mantle has silently spread,
Still kissed by the sun-rays, how grandly and brightly
The snowy-crowned summits lift far overhead!

'Tis the sweet "Alpine hour," when the night is
descending
To brood o'er the homes where the cottagers dwell;

And the sweet *Ranz des Vaches* no longer is blending
With silence—'tis evening, the time of farewell.

And yet once again the huntsman is taking
His trumpet-toned horn from its hook o'er the door.
Hark! All the rapt silence its music is waking—
"Praise the Lord God, evermore!—evermore!"

Clear, sharp and distinct, down the mountains
repeating,
In solemn succession voice answereth voice,
Till e'en the lost chamois will hush his wild bleating,
And the heart of the forest awake and rejoice.

Still higher and higher the anthem is ringing,
It rolls like a pæan of triumph above,
Till ev'ry grand summit and tall peak is singing,
While bathed in the smile and the halo of love!

O magical hour! O soul-offered duty!
So solemn, instructive, its noble refrain;
What an exquisite scene, when God's rainbow of
beauty
Speaks the language of promise to mortals again!

And when all the glory of sunset has faded
From cloud-piercing heights, and the stars twin-
kle out,
How mellow the echo of "Good-night," repeated
To ev'ry lone dwelling with musical shout!

The chain of affection to God and each other
So perfectly linking and welding aright:
When fondly the accents—"Hail, neighbor and
brother!"
Melt in the broad air with—"Good-night, friend,
g-o-o-d - n-i-g-h-t!"

LAURA BRIDGMAN.

CHRIST turns the master-key at last!
The white soul leaves its inner shrine;
And doubly sweet, all sorrows past,
The new, glad life, the joys divine!

God's smile has lit those darkened eyes;
Heaven's song has burst the seal'd ear;
Death was a swift and deep surprise
For her who woke sweet Pity's tear!

We think not of a martyr dead;—
With clearer thrill that tireless mind,
From infancy to silence wed,
Has left its cell of clay behind!

While we at cruel fate demurred,
 She grew more patient, tender, mild;
 By Faith the still small voice was heard,
 In heart she lived God's little child.

The triumph of a living hope
 Shines like a star upon her brow;
 In darkness never more to grope,
 She scales the heights of glory now!

Through here bereft, what gift to hear
 That music *first*, the songs above,
 And speak the name to her most dear,
 With lips that melt to own his love!

MARY CHILSON.

FAIR beams that kiss the sparkling bay,
 Rest warmest o'er her tranquil sleep;
 Sweet exile! love enticed away, —
 The first on Plymouth Rock to leap!
 Among the timid flock she stood,
 Rare figure near the May-flower's prow,
 With heart of Christian fortitude,
 And light heroic on her brow!

O ye who round King's Chapel stray,
 Forget the turmoil of the street;
 Though loftier names are round her, lay
 A wreath of flowers at Mary's feet!
 Though gallant Winslows slumber here,
 E'en worthy Lady Andros too,
 Her memory is still as dear,
 And poets' praise to Mary due.

* * * * *

THE GOLDEN ORGAN.

In the beautiful vale of Eusserthal
 A ruined convent lies,
 Whose choir is left 'neath the poplars tall
 Still fair under summer skies.

And the pleasant legend lingers yet
 Of the wonderful organ of gold,
 With antique carvings and keys of jet,
 Whose tones are manifold.

By the forest's edge, in a wild morass,
 Not a hundred yards away,
 Once in seven years, should you chance to pass,
 You may hear its master play!

It was sunken there by loving hands
 In an hour of strange alarm;

That the heathen foe, in roving bands,
 Might never do it harm.

Sublime and strong, above the storm,
 As oft as the years roll round,
 From the ghostly touch of an unseen hand
 All its weird keys distant sound.

A miserere, a chant, a song,
 The wail of a prisoned soul;
 In thrilling accents a tale of wrong,
 Or billows of sound outroll.

Like a charging troop is the rush and roar
 On dastards in ambush found;
 Then it flies to the forest o'er and o'er,
 Or parts 'neath the quaking ground.

Like bells that are buried far at sea
 Is the swell of the music then:
 Still softer the gentle breathings be,
 Till their echo dies in the glen.

All the golden pipes in the open air
 Of the solemn midnight ring;
 And some avow as they listen there
 That they hear sweet voices sing.

Yet not a soul can find the spot
 Where the wondrous treasure lies;
 The names of the monks are all forgot,
 Dust seals their bishop's eyes.

But still in the vale of Eusserthal
 Is that sunken organ heard;
 And the very crests of the poplars tall
 Most mightily are stirred!

Silent and slow at the midnight hour
 It rises—the soft tones swell.
 Who holds that music in his power?
 Ah, no one living can tell!

THE COMMON BLESSINGS.

EACH star that twinkles high
 Asks not whose path it lights,
 Nor sunbeam from the sky,
 What flower-heart it delights.

The pearly fountain flows
 Nor thinks whose thirst it meets;
 Nor fragrant wayside rose,
 To whom it gives its sweets.

Toil on, O tender heart,
 Thy mission is not less;
 To all thy love impart,
 Nor ask whom thou shalt bless.

GATHER THE GRAINS.

God's angels drop, like grains of gold,
 Our duties 'midst life's shifting sands,
 And from them, one by one, we mold
 Our own bright crown with patient hands.

From dust and dross we gather them;
 We toil and stoop for love's sweet sake,
 To find each worthy act a gem
 In glory's kingly diadem,
 Which we may daily richer make!

A CHILD'S VOICE.

THE sweetest note of the clearest flute,
 The fall of water where all is mute
 Save the fountain's flow, is far less dear
 Than a pure child's voice to my waiting ear;
 For heaven's light fills those innocent eyes,
 And the lips breathe the music of Paradise!

APRIL CLOUDS.

FAIR as the curtain rich and rare
 Hung round the tabernacle of God,
 Are hues the clouds at sunset wear
 Above the mountain's rain-swept sod.

OUR PUREST JOYS.

OUR joys may oft be tender shadows
 That grief alone had power to cast,
 Yet shine, as shine in summer's meadows,
 The bright drops when the cloud has passed.

TRIAL.

UNLESS thy armor's strongest joint
 Is pierced by sorrow's diamond point;
 Yea, grief thy very soul bows down,
 Canst thou deserve the royal crown!

AUGUSTA MOORE.

AUGUSTA MOORE was born in Wiscasset, Maine, March 15, 1828. Her father, Herbert Thorndike Moore, and her mother, Hannah Boynton, were both descended from English families of rank; Sir Hugh de Boynton being the founder of her mother's family, and Lord Herbert Thorndike the grand-uncle of Mr. Moore. Both of her parents were poets; and the dumb artist, Henry Humphrey Moore, who married a cousin of the ex-queen Isabella of Spain, is her cousin.

Augusta was the eldest child and only daughter. She lived in Wiscasset only long enough for its beautiful forest and ocean scenery to become a cherished part of childhood recollections. Her father removed to Philadelphia, and a few years later to New York, where the remainder of his life was passed.

When but twelve years of age Augusta was bereaved by the loss of her mother, who left with last solemn charge three little brothers to the afflicted child, bidding her never cease to fill a mother's place to them. How faithfully and tenderly this care was assumed by the elder sister and kept up for life, those know who have witnessed her whole history.

When quite a young girl she visited, with a party, a band of Indians who were passing through the country. One of these, who professed a sort of gypsy lore, looked upon her and said, "Your name is *Wanona*." He then gave the definition as *wandering bird*. The name was a prophetic one. Always winning friends, who delight in her brilliant and magnetic presence, she has never had a permanent home in any place.

Ephraim Maxham, for fifty years editor of the *Waterville Mail*, Maine, first published her verses and was always a kind friend, but she was really introduced to the public by N. P. Willis, who was delighted with her fluent and sparkling pen.

"Notes from Plymouth Pulpit" is her principal work in book form. This reached a great sale. She has been a constant writer of stories, poems, sketches and letters, a great portion of her work being of a devotional nature.

In person she is large and imposing, with eyes of lightning brilliancy, and fine, expressive features. An ardent friend to the right, a hearty foe to the wrong, she makes herself felt wherever is her temporary abode. The *New York Journal of Commerce* of February 3, 1888, says of her: "The credit of having originated the agitations which resulted in establishing the present League (National Divorce Reform League), is due to her. She wrote many

stirring appeals, some of which were published in our columns, long before any other pen was devoted to this much needed reform."

Though she has lived a wandering and homeless life, she is affectionately claimed as a daughter of Maine. She often spends the summer months in her birthplace, Wiscasset, where the old residents vie with each other in kind attentions to her, feeling that she has been an honor to her native town and state.

F. L. M.

HOMeward.

LET us depart! The flowers are dead,
And every bird has ceased to sing;
The naked trees stand shivering,
Their dead leaves rustling 'neath our tread:
And sadly moans the lonesome wind.

The nights are longer than the days;
A scent of gloom is in the air;
Faded and chill the scenes once fair,
Through which we walked in pleasant ways.
Let us depart; we tarry late.

Come! through the fiercest storms with thee
I walk in solemn, deep delight;
"Much grass grows in the winter's night"
For the long summer yet to be:
But first, Beloved, *we must sleep.*

THE BROOK AND THE RIVER.

WHITHER away, thou brawling stream,
Whither away, so fast?
Fleeing for life and death you seem;
Speak! as you hasten past.

Answered the brook, with a pompous roar,
Tossing its creamy foam,
"I go my flood in the main to pour,
Listen, O sea, I come!"

Whither away, thou river deep,
Flowing so still and calm?
Thy gentle current seems half asleep,
And chanting a drowsy psalm.

Answered the river, with whisper low,
Swaying her lilies fair,
"Down to the fathomless sea I go;
The sea will not know I am there."

HOLD YOUR OWN.

HUMAN love is very frail;
Do not test it far;
Keep upon your cheek the rose,
In your eye the star.

To your nearest, dearest ones
Be as bright and sweet
As, without a thought, you are
To the "friends" you meet.
Check the impulse felt by all
To complain and sigh
Over trouble, over loss,
When your own are nigh.

Mirth and music in your heart,
On your lips a song.
Sure you do not need him much,
Love will tarry long.

Never trust, nor give too far;
Hold your prices high:
If you value not yourself,
Love will sooner fly.

Lover's love and love of kin,
Friendship warm and hale,
If you do not hold your own
Every one will fail.

Pour your sorrows out to God;
He alone can bear,
He *alone* can feel and aid
All your woe and care.

LOVE'S OUTCAST.

I'VE been love's outcast from my birth;
But, oh! I know not why;
For I have always loved my kind
In all sincerity.

I never looked unpitying
On any human woe;
My heart was ever quick to feel,
My tears were quick to flow.

My hand was always open wide
To share its slender store;
All that I could do I have done
To aid the sad and poor.

I would not harm the meanest cur
That wanders thro' the street;

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Margaret Holmes Bates

I pity every suffering thing
That on my way I meet.

And always there's a heavy pain
Borne silent in my breast.
Because of all the weary ones
Hopeless and sore distressed.

But, oh! no mortal loveth me,
Or sighs to hear me sigh—
And all unknown and desolate,
I'm passing on to die.

OUR CIRCLE.

FORTH from the dust we spring and run
About the green earth's patient breast,
Our little day—at set of sun
Into her bosom creep, and rest.

LIFE'S STORY.

FIRST the baby flew away;
Then the child was gone;
Then the maiden could not stay,
The woman hastened on;
Then the gray-haired pilgrim passed.
All the story told at last.

SPRING

Roll up, O Wheel, from the fair Southland roll!
Spread wide thy flaming banners; wave thy plumes
Of pearl and opal, sapphire, rose and gold,
With azure fire of heaven illumine the world.
From the bright beauty of the South's warm dream
Turn to the place of shadows, vast and cold,
O wheel of life! with roll of conquest come!
Up the blue hills of ether lead thine hosts,
Marshaled by South-West Wind. No nightingale,
In sweet delirium of song, has poured
Such melody on any raptured ear,
As from the bugles of the South-West Wind
With wave on wave of music floods the earth,
When Spring, with dulcet pipings, calls the flowers.

—*O Wheel.*

SEA.

The shallows all their floors display,
But deep the under currents flow;
The golden sunbeams dance and play,
Far in the shelly depths below.

—*Low Tide.*

MARGRET HOLMES BATES.

PERSONS who have a "fad" for tracing race characteristics delight in saying to Mrs. Bates, "You have an English face." But it is Americanized German that is mistaken for English. Her maiden name was Ernsperger, and after five generations on American soil, the name preserves its original spelling and pronunciation. Mrs. Bates' father was born and bred in Baltimore, Maryland; coming from there with his father's family some time after he had attained his majority, and settling in northern Ohio. From Ohio he removed to Rochester, Indiana, in the fall of 1858. Mrs. Bates was born in Fremont, Ohio, on the 6th of October, 1844. The Ernspergers were of the kind of people that Mrs. Bates makes the Gatsimers in her novel, "The Chamber Over the Gate"—meditative, managing, clannish. The mother's family, as purely German as the father's, were Pennsylvanians. They were handsome, as a family, scholarly and polished, running to professions, notably that of law and theology.

In Mrs. Bates' childhood she showed great fondness for books, and, as a school girl, the weekly or fortnightly "Composition" was to her a pleasant pastime, a respite from the duller, more prosaic studies of mathematics and the rules of grammar. It was her delight to be allowed, when out of school, to put her fancies into form in writing, or to sit surrounded by her young sisters and baby brother and tell them stories as they came into her mind.

In June, 1865, she was married to Charles Austin Bates, of Medina, New York, and since that time her home has been in Indianapolis, Indiana. Fascinated, for several years after her marriage, with the idea of becoming a model housekeeper, and conscientious in a painful degree in the discharge of her duties as a mother, she wrote nothing for publication, and but little, even at the solicitations of friends, for special occasions. This way of life, unnatural for her, proved unhealthy. Her poem, "Nineveh," is an epitome of her life, and when health seemed to have deserted her, she turned to pencil and tablet for pastime, and wrote much for newspapers and periodicals.

Her first novel, "Manitou," published in 1881, was written at the urgent request of her son. It embodies a legend connected with the lovely little lake of that name in northern Indiana, in the vicinity of which Mrs. Bates lived for several years before her marriage. Here too the boy, in company with cousins, had fished, gathered water lilies, and heard the legend. "The Chamber

Over the Gate" was published in 1886. It is a powerful story and has had a wide sale. The scene is laid in Indiana, and a glimpse is given of Indianapolis during a session of the Legislature. The action, for the most part, is confined to Fairview, the village home of the Gatsimer family. Besides her gifts as a writer of fiction she has rare powers as a poet, some of her poems having attracted wide attention.

Mrs. Bates is a lady of medium height, plump, symmetrical form, sweet face, dark blue eyes, and pleasant manners. She excels in conversation, and is, at the same time, a good listener. Modest and retiring, she must be sought out to be known and appreciated. Free from jealousy and other weaknesses to which so many literary people are subject, she is a favorite with all who know her. In the prime of life and with great capacity for literary work, which she does with ease and rapidity, much is yet expected from her. Her pen cannot rest. It throbs with thought, and while health and strength endure, it will continue to minister to the pleasure and instruction of mankind and contribute to the literary fame of Indiana. W. DEW. W.

NINEVEH.

I HEARD the call, but heedless turned away
To ply the distaff and to train the vine;
With petty cares I filled the livelong day;
I decked my household all in vesture fine,
I made my brass and silver glint and shine;
And not one neighbor passing to and fro
E'er guessed that I had had command to go
To Nineveh.

And I was glad. My garden grew apace;
My house stood smiling on the passer-by;
Content and Peace sat each in honored place;
There was no cloud; but when the sun was high,
When all seemed fairest to the outward eye,
Came back to me—how sweet the memory seemed—
The days gone by, when I had surely dreamed
Of Nineveh.

And I would go some day when tasks were done,
And not too weary,—in my pilgrim's gown,—
My feet should travel faster than the sun;
When woods were crimson, and when fields were
brown;
When skies were blue, and stars looked coldly
down;
When summer's glories all had ceased to live,
I'd hie me forth and straight my message give
To Nineveh.

O vain delay! The seasons came and passed,
With winds, and clouds, and shining summer
showers;

Each full of care, each dearer than the last;
When song and mirth filled up the wintry hours
They fairer seemed than summer's fruits and flowers,
Could I forego the smiles of comrades gay?
I half believe that I had naught to say
To Nineveh.

Then came the storm; it raved about my head;
It swept the earth, my treasures wrapt in flames.
My hosts of friends, forgetful, false or dead,
Or busied all with happy thoughts and aims,
Gave back no answer when I called their names.
The sea arose, and utter ruin wrought;
Within the flood, with empty hands, I thought
Of Nineveh.

Naught else to do; upon my way I fared;
The winds were cold, and cold the driven rain;
No living thing my dreary journey shared;
I only hoped some shelter I might gain
Ere night should fall upon the treeless plain:
I raised my eyes; against the sunset fires,
Low in the West, I saw the gleaming spires
Of Nineveh.

HILDEGARDE.

YOUNG Hildegarde, beside her cottage door,
Sat at her spinning when the sun was low,
The shadows fell athwart the sanded floor,
The long sun lances set the hills aglow,
While twilight soft wrapt all the vale below.

The little maid her humming wheel forgets;
Her blue eyes wander from the verdant sward,
Flecked with her own sweet mountain violets,
Swept by the breeze, with sun and shadow barred,
Far up the mountain side, all seamed and scarred.

Old grandsire Herman left his easy chair,
To come and stand within the fading light,
He murmured softly, "Earth is very fair;
How grand the day! how beautiful the night!
How dear it all is to my failing sight."

Came to these two, as from the cool fresh ground,
The ringing of the convent curfew bell;
And echo caught it; waves of silvery sound,
Rose to the heights with joyous peal and swell,
Then downward swung to die within the dell.

They stood and watched the sunset's dying gleam
That lingered on the blue horizon's rim;

vent walls, like walls seen in a dream,
half defined, down in the valley dim,
aintly rose the nun's sweet evening hymn.

Hildegarde, with eyes brim-full of peace,
her brown hands, a smile is on her lips.
God, O earth, for all thy fair increase;
Him, each one who of her nectar sips,
raise Him, ye, down on the sea in ships!"

She seemed the girl to kneel in prayer,
Her face uplifted to the skies;
She stepped, and turned with kindly care,
With the enraptured look within her eyes,
The one who'd caught a glimpse of paradise.

The robed sister there beside her stood,
With toiling up the mountain side,
The poor suffering fellow-creature's good:
Hildegarde," she said, and saying sighed,
Have I come, again to be denied?

Can you not go with me from all these toils,
The selfish but the sinful flesh alone?
The weary spirit frets with hurts and soils,
The hearts grow colder than the mountain stone;
The child, find peace that you have never
known."

"Sister Agnes," Hildegarde replied,
Is it there here to break our quietude?
The wells upon this sunny mountain side,
The dear old cot, though plain and rude,
But our friends have ever dared intrude.

Do I not worship God with beads and books;
Do I not pray, shut in by four stone walls;
Do I hear the music of the running brooks;
Do I hear hispering leaves; the birds, with wild sweet
calls;
The humming bees and babbling waterfalls.

Does the summer day seem brighter than the last;
Is it unkind; the fickle, wand'ring breeze
The winds of the fields that it has passed,
The friends look out from all the gray old trees;—
Could be purer, truer than are these?

Do I grow my vines, and here I've planted flowers;
Where I feed the merry wild-wood birds
Do I go to me through many happy hours;
Do I see you path go all the flocks and herds;
Do I wait, sometimes, to hear my kindly words.

Like a guardian angel, strong to save,
Under mound, warm in the sunset's glow;

You know it well, my fair young mother's grave;
You know how brightly there the flowers blow,
All for the precious heart that lies below.

"And who would my dear grandsire soothe and
cheer?

My soldier father, lying dead in Spain,
Was all he had. My duty, sure is here;
And sister Agnes, I would not complain
If I for grandsire bore a world of pain."

"Yes, Hildegarde, but Herman's old, and when
He shall no longer need your gentle care,
Ah, child, I daily pray for you, that then,
For every gleam of gold in your brown hair,
There may not come a pang of deep despair."

Then Hildegarde, with cheek and eye alight
With that strange fire ne'er found on land nor sea,
Said: "Sister Agnes, every morn and night,
A shepherd lad waits by yon ancient tree,
To speak to grandsire; and—he's—kind—to—
me."

IF I HAD SEEN YOU LYING STILL AND WHITE.

If I had seen you lying still and white,
With death-dew lingering in your sunny hair,
Your pulseless fingers clasping lilies fair,
The bar of silence on your sweet lips pressed,
No answering throb within your icy breast,
Your azure eyes, with all their laughing light,
Forever closed:—O Love, my sweet—my own!
Such grief as mine no mortal e'er had known.

But yet, remembering all the blessedness
Of all the days we two had passed together,
The days of storm and clouds, the days of pleasant
weather,

I could have leaned the last long kiss to press;
The last time round my own your fingers twine,
And whisper, "All is well—Thy will, not mine."

But, O to know that all the glorious dower
Of beauty that has held my soul in thrall
Is but a whited sepulcher! The power
That spake through laughing eyes and sunny hair
Is naught but Lamia, whom my love and care
Would from her place amongst the weeds recall!
To know you walk beneath the smiling sky,
The basest of all base, a shameless lie!—
This quenches faith! I lift to heaven no cry;
I know no heaven—I know but this, that you
Have been my soul! and—you have been untrue!

OH, GENTLE SLEEP.

COME from thy silent, shadowy dominions,
 Oh, gentle Sleep!
 I long to feel thy dark and noiseless pinions
 Around me sweep.
 I ask thee not that beatific vision
 My rest shall steep;
 Nor that I walk with thee through fields elysian,
 Oh, gentle Sleep;
 Let but thy kindly presence near me linger,
 Thine own watch keep;
 Press down my eye-lids with thine unseen finger
 Oh, gentle Sleep!
 Let Time's rough stream be calm as Lethe's flowing,
 As dark and deep:—
 Speed, speed thy coming, long delay thy going,
 Oh, gentle Sleep!
 The wakeful hours with conflicts strange beset me,
 My hands they heap
 With petty cares,—I pray, do not forget me,
 Oh, gentle Sleep!
 If in thy stead, shall come that dreaded other
 My days to reap;
 I'll welcome him, thy gracious elder brother,
 Oh, gentle Sleep!

IN OUR MIDST.

A HURRYING form in the dark;
 Feet gath'ring momentum with flight—
 A face, pale with anguish and fright,
 Flits by, a mere vision of night,
 Past theater, church-door and park.
 A breathless race to the river;
 One glance at the far-away skies—
 No pitying angel replies
 To the terrified, questioning eyes
 Gazing into the boundless "forever."
 A boat riding high on the tide;
 The fishermen wrangle and fret,
 At "Something" that tangles the net!
 Will the green fields of earth soon forget
 What the river refuses to hide?

TIDE.

The tide will turn; no trick of chance
 Can make the leaping waves advance
 One inch beyond their lawful place.
 Each drop fills its allotted space
 In all the white-capped, green expanse.
 —*The Tide Will Turn.*

ALICE MEYNELL.

ALICE THOMPSON, by marriage Alice Meynell, is known to readers of sonnet literature, and those who skim collections of poetry, chiefly by the few strong and perfect sonnets, which, with the hall-mark of Rossetti or Ruskin,—for the public loves such a quintessence of praise,—represent her in most of the anthologies. Her lyrics, quite as beautiful and quite as fraught with thought, have scarcely reached the outer circle of poetry-readers. Her one slender volume, "Preludes," dear to poets and poetry-lovers, is now unobtainable. In these later days, little poetry comes from her pen. A busy literary woman, she has narrowed down her exquisite poetical expression into prose as delicately clear and beautiful. Hers is poetry which by its nature must be slow to grow: fine and subtle, it has no quality of impetuosity and impulse to make the world accept at once thoughts purer than its own. In its thoughtfulness it is at times almost involved, though in another mood, as witness the poem "San Lorenzo's Mother." She is clearness and simplicity itself. One begins by loving this simplicity, and ends by delighting in the more subtle poetry. She is tender to wistfulness, and serious to the verge of melancholy, with a twilight pensiveness altogether sincere. And beautiful as her expression is, it is subservient to the wealth of fine thought which fills to overflow sonnets and lyrics alike.

Alice Thompson is the younger daughter of a man whose literary friendships with the great men of his day were memorable things: her mother, a musician, a painter, a many-sided personality, it is not wonderful that the marriage should have produced gifted children. The childhood and girlhood of the young poet was spent in Italy, traces of which, and colors of which, are vital through her poetry. The poems in "Preludes" were written in early girlhood,—a strange thing, one feels, reading poetry which is so mature as almost to forbid hope of better things from the same pen. Plenty of sympathy the girl must have had, and a most congenial atmosphere. Her sister, now Lady Butler, the painter of great war pictures, was working away happily at her soldiers and her horses: the little poet was thinking her strange thoughts and weaving them into wonderful rhyme. The father and mother were full of eager sympathy and interest, quickened by the judgment of Mr. Ruskin, who pronounced as hopefully for the future of the poet as for the artist. Those years in Italy shaped Alice Meynell's poetry, giving it some southern quality of dreaminess and warmth and grace. Her reminiscences of

taly puzzle one here and there in her poetry, till explained.

"A Northwest wind will take the towers,
And dark with colors, sunny and cold,
Will range alone amid the flowers."

A wind of Italy thus will be, with a suggestion of visible air against a sapphire background, very different to the bleak Nor' Wester of the islanders. Another thing which must have strongly influenced her, was the conversion of herself and all her family to the Catholic faith, which took place when she was on the verge of womanhood. "Preludes" was published the year Lady Butler's "Roll Call" sent English people wild over the work of a young girl. What between the popular *furor* over the painter, and the sweetness of praise from great men for the poet, those young sisters were well in anger of losing their heads, if they had not been very level-headed,—which, indeed, one might expect from their achievements.

Mrs. Meynell married, in 1877, the editor of the London *Weekly Register* and *Merry England*, a busy journalist, and very thoroughly in the literary limelight. Since then she has shared his work, contributing constantly to the *Saturday Review*, *The World*, and half a dozen other papers and to all the art magazines, for she is a great art critic. She was as the most beautiful children in the world, lovely as if they had floated out of the blue cloud-background of a Florentine picture. Very un-English children to look at, with their Southern ideal loveliness. The poet herself looks her poetry more than any poet I have ever seen. In the midst of all this home-happiness, slender and still, with wistful eyes, and grave lips, a beautiful face and presence, and one to haunt one when roses' beauty is forgotten. Her voice goes with these,—an unforgettable voice certainly, when it has once spoken tenderly, with lingering cadences full of the tenderest music.

K. T.

SONG.

AS THE inhastening tide doth roll,
Dear and desired, upon the whole
Long shining strand, and floods the caves,
Your love comes filling with happy waves
The open sea-shore of my soul.

But inland from the seaward spaces,
None knows, not even you, the places
Brimmed, at your coming, out of sight,
—The little solitudes of delight
The tide constrains in dim embraces.

You see the happy shore, wave-rimmed,
But know not of the quiet dimmed

Rivers your coming floods and fills,
The little pools 'mid happier hills,
My silent rivulets over-brimmed.

What,—I have secrets from you? Yes.
But O my Sea, your love doth press
And reach in further than you know,
And fills all these; and when you go,
There's loneliness in loneliness.

BUILDERS OF RUINS.

WE build with strength the deep tower-wall
That shall be shattered thus and thus.
And fair and great are court and hall,
But how fair—this is not for us,
Who dimly feel the want of all.

We know, we know how all too bright
All hues of ours though dimmed through tears,
And how the marble gleams too white;—
We speak in unknown tongues; the years
Interpret everything aright.

They crown with weeds our pride of towers,
And warm our marble through with sun,
And break our pavements through with flowers;
With an Amen when all is done,
Knowing these perfect things of ours.

O days, we ponder, left alone,
Like children in their lonely hour,
And in our secrets keep your own,
As seeds the color of the flower.
To-day they are not all unknown—

The stars that 'twixt their rise and fall,
Like relic-seers, shall one by one
Stand musing o'er our empty hall;
And setting moons shall brood upon
The frescoes of our inward wall.

And when some midsummer shall be,
Hither shall come some little one
(Dusty with bloom of flowers is he),
Sit on the ruin i' the late long sun,
And think, one foot upon his knee.

And where they wrought, these lives of ours,
So many worded, many souled,
A northwest wind will take the towers,
And dark with color, sunny and cold,
Will range alone among the flowers.

And here and there, at our desire,
The little clamorous owl shall sit
Through her still time; and we aspire
To make a law (and know not it)
Unto the life of a wild briar.

We have a purpose perfect, dear,
Though from our consciousness 'tis hidden.
Thou, Time to come, shalt make it clear,
Undoing our work; we are children chidden
With pity, and smiles of many a year.

Who shall allot the praise, and guess
What part is yours and what is ours?
O years that certainly will bless
Our flowers with fruits, our seeds with flowers,
With ruin all our perfectness.

Be patient, Time, of our delays,
Too happy hopes, and wasted fears,
Our faithful ways, our willful ways.
Solace our labors, O our seers,
The seasons, and our bards the days;

And make our pause and silence brim
With the shrill children's play, and sweets
Of those pathetic flowers and dim,
Of those eternal flowers my Keats,
Dying, felt growing over him.

AN UNMARKED FESTIVAL.

THERE'S a feast undated, yet
Both our true lives hold it fast,—
The first day we ever met.
What a great day came and passed!
Unknown then, but known at last.

And we met; you knew not me,
Mistress of your joys and fears;
Held my hand that held the key
Of the treasure of your years,
Of the fountain of your tears.

For you knew not it was I,
And I knew not it was you,
We have learned as days went by,
But a flower struck root and grew
Underground, and no one knew.

Day of days! Unmarked it rose,
In whose hours we were to meet,
And forgotten passed. Who knows

Was earth cold, or sunny, Sweet,
At the coming of your feet?

One more day, we thought; the measure
Of such days the year fulfills.
Now how dearly would we treasure
Something from its fields, its rills,
And its memorable hills;

—But one leaf of oak or lime,
Or one blossom from its bowers,
No one gathered at the time.
Oh, to keep that day of ours
By one relic of its flowers!

THOUGHTS IN SEPARATION.

WE never meet; yet we meet day by day
Upon those hills of life, dim and immense,
The good we love, and sleep, our innocence.
O hills of life, high hills! and, higher than they,

Our guardian spirits meet at prayer and play.
Beyond pain, joy, and hope, and long suspense,
Above the summits of our souls, far hence,
An angel meets an angel on the way.

Beyond all good I ever believed of thee
Or thou of me, these always love and live.
And, though I fail of thy ideal of me,

My angel falls not short. They greet each other;
Who knows, they may exchange the kiss we give,
Thou to thy crucifix, I to my mother.

RENOUNCEMENT.

I MUST not think of thee; and tired yet strong,
I shun the love that lurks in all delight,—
The love of thee,—and in the blue heaven's height
And in the dearest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the sweetest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden, yet
bright;
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep
And all my bonds I needs, must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away—
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

A DAY TO COME.

YOUR own fair youth, you care so little for it,
 Smiling towards Heaven, you would not stay the
 advances
 Of time and change upon your happiest fancies.
 I keep your golden hour and will restore it.
 If ever, in time to come, you would explore it—
 Your old self whose thoughts went like last year's
 pansies,
 Look unto me; no mirror keeps its glances;
 In my unfailing praises now I store it.
 To keep all joys of yours from Time's estranging,
 I shall be then a treasury where your gay
 Happy and pensive past for ever is.
 I shall be then a garden charmed from changing,
 In which your June has never passed away.
 Walk there awhile among my memories.

THE MODERN POET.

A SONG OF DERIVATIONS.

I COME from nothing: but from where
 Come the undying thoughts I bear?
 Down through long links of death and birth
 From the past poets of the earth.
 My immortality is there.

I am like the blossom of an hour;
 But long long vanished sun and shower
 Awoke my breath in the young world's air.
 I track the past back everywhere,
 Through flower and seed, and seed and flower.

Or I am like a stream that flows
 Full of the cold springs that arose
 In morning lands, in distant hills;
 And down the plain my channel fills
 With melting of forgotten snows.

Voices I have not heard possessed
 My own fresh songs; my thoughts are blessed
 With relics of the far unknown;
 And, mixed with memories not my own,
 The sweet streams throng into my breast.

Before this life began to be,
 The happy songs that wake in me
 Woke long ago and far apart.
 Heavily on this little heart
 Presses this immortality.

CHARLES LORENZO CLEAVELAND.

CHARLES LORENZO CLEAVELAND is a native of Canada, and was born near Montreal, February 25, 1855. His educational advantages were those of the ordinary country youth, and whatever success he may have achieved is due less to classical culture than to the force of native genius. Literary aspirations developed early, and while yet a mere youth he began writing for publication. His earlier poems appeared in *Demores's Monthly*, and later on he became a contributor to the *Atlantic*. Then followed a period of rest, during which Mr. Cleaveland came to the United States, leading a sort of nomadic life through Colorado, California, and other places of interest in the West. Again resuming the pen, Mr. Cleaveland's poems appeared in *The Current*, *Inter-Ocean*, *Chicago News*, the *St. Louis Magazine*, etc. For several years he was a resident of Muskegon, Michigan, and for a time was editor of a representative labor paper in that city. In 1889 he removed to Millbury, Massachusetts, where he now resides.

Mr. Cleaveland has never made literature a profession. When he writes, it is for pastime, and as the spirit of the muse inspires. His natural vein is philosophical, contemplative and reflective. His poems are marked by originality, both in thought and expression; and it is to be hoped that in the future he will devote himself more assiduously to the production of verse, gifted, as he is, with a high degree of the creative art. C. B. C.

GREENWOOD MEN.

I.

SO LONG I've been these ranks among,
 Since first the tender leaflets sprung
 From dark and mellow beds of spring,
 That now, when 'neath tall tasseling
 The green ears fill with nectar-milk,
 And stir their pendent plumes of silk,
 Familiar life there seems to be
 Between this waving corn and me—
 A subtle sympathy unknown
 In word or thought, but felt alone
 By one who hears the silent sound
 That cheers the heart upon the ground.

II.

All these are merry greenwood men,
 Disporting in their native glen!
 These lusty stalks are hunters strong,
 With valiant hearts and lips of song;

Clad in tough gearing, foot to head,
That holds them safe, wherever led;
Fantastic bow and hunting blade
Show in the lines the leaves have made:
And on the sunny wind of morn
Is borne the sound of silver horn,
That echoes clear o'er hill and glen:
And hark! That sylvan song of men
That floats with sunny wind of morn
And winding of the hunting horn.

III.

THE SONG.

We are a merry company,
With oaken sinews, spirits free!
We own the swiftness of the deer,
And feel the robin's stainless cheer.

Fair forms glide outward from the glade;
Bright eyes we see within the shade;
Wife-laughter, musical and sweet,
Makes paradise of yon retreat.

Ho, hunters in the ancient wood,
Close up the ranks of brotherhood!
Call all from quest and chase away,
To hold our greenwood gala-day.

IV.

The sweep of sunny wind of morn,
The homeward blast of hunting horn,
The echoes of a forest song,
The laughter of a joyous throng,
Are mingled in a symphony
That spreads abroad, from tree to tree,
And bears my heart within the spell,
From bough to bough, from hill to dell,
Through covert-glade, by clinging vine,
And mossy trunks that stand in line
In shadows cool of height and glen:
And I am one of greenwood men!

PURPOSE.

NOT like the shifting sand beside the sea,
That landward drifts to every sea-wind's sweep,
Or back within the all-engulfing deep
When mountain currents bend the foothill tree—
Not like the sea-sand shall our purpose be,
But cherished as a sacred trust to keep
Inviolat and steadfast, so that we
Be strong with courage, though we laugh or weep.

Friends may depart by fate or chance; the gold,
That buys these worldly pleasures may clude;
E'en love may miss its other self—in all,

If purpose be of active, noble mold,
Not all in vain is life's great task pursued
Unto the height where death's earth-shadows
fall.

A PINWOOD SONNET.

THIS is the inner circle of the pines;
Yet here within the sweet and ancient shade
The calls are heard of labor and of trade—
The saw-mill's whistle, as the sun declines,
Breaks through this solitude, and certain signs
Mark where shrewd men have keen inspection
made
Of these tall timbers, whose square feet arrayed
Made quick their blood, as though with mellow
wines.

And while that brook like a full artery,
With silent force throbs through the woodland
wild,
While like a breathing bosom doth appear
The gentle waving of each bough and tree
That stirs within the evening breezes mild,
It seems the heart of Michigan beats here!

QUATRAINS.

I.

THE warm light fades from off the western sea,
A ship floats by in shadow o'er the sun:
So doth my heart pass far away from me,
In darkened mist, to search for thee, dear one!

II.

Even as one within a midday heat
Doth pant for cooling touch of wind and rain:
So do I pause upon the world's broad street,
And long to feel thy soothing hand again!

SUNNYWAY.

WERE I not I, and could I be
Just what my choice would make of me,
I'd be a hunter strong and gay
Within the land of Sunnyway.
Where's Sunnyway? You travel west
Till balms from a mild ocean's breast
Float in by isles of mellow light,
And temper all the day and night.
Oh, who can sound the clarion cheer
That fills the blood on summits here,
When, looking out from peak to plain,
Unfold the deeps of fruit and grain!

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Lytham

One hand may reach into the south
 And pluck an orange for the mouth,
 The other still may fondly hold
 All fruits that brave the eastern cold.
 But what of hunting? Did I fail
 To touch upon the deer and quail?
 They're there, but hidden far below
 The redwood, oak and mistletoe.
 But while I stand, in sunny breeze,
 Beneath the pruned almond trees,
 Fast Robin Hood's wild spirit dies
 Within the warmth of these rich skies.
 Upon the foothills and the peaks
 The pathless chase for him who seeks!
 And when he cares no more to roam,
 The peerless valley's flowery home.
 The peerless valley, regal height,
 The genial course of day and night,
 The silvery mist of early day,
 The golden land of Sunnyway!

AN OBINE SONG.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, dear Tennessee,
 O land of mellow light!
 Upon the brown Obine are we,
 To join the river's flight;
 By bluff and lowland, wood and field,
 Beneath the light the clear stars yield,
 A way we'll find,
 And leave behind
 The Tiger Tail* to-night

Fair is the spot from which we go,
 And true the hearts and bright;
 And many ties our bosoms know
 That brought us but delight;
 But changes come to each who lives,
 And fate sometimes no choosing gives;
 And we must find,
 And leave behind
 The Tiger Tail to-night.

Good-bye, good-bye, dear Tennessee,
 O land of mellow light!
 Oh, we will often turn to thee
 With fond and longing sight!
 Our love we leave with thee and thine—
 As we float down the brown Obine—
 Down, down to find,
 And leave behind,
 The Tiger Tail to-night!

* A point near the mouth of the Obine.

ROBERT, LORD LYTTON.

THE Right Hon. Edward Robert Bulwer-Lytton, G. C. B., G. C. S. I., second Baron and first Earl of Lytton, is the only son of one of the most eminent literary men of the present century, Lord Edward George Earle Bulwer-Lytton, and is a brilliant example of hereditary genius. He inherits in a remarkable degree the capacity for statesmanship, together with those rare literary talents which were so splendidly combined in his distinguished and illustrious father. He was born on November 18, 1831, and educated first at Harrow and afterwards at Bonn, where he devoted himself especially to the study of modern languages. He gave early promise of high literary attainments, his first work being "Clytemnestra, and Other Poems," published under his *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith. Entering the diplomatic service when only eighteen years of age, he was appointed in October, 1849, *Attaché* at Washington, where his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, was at that time minister. In 1852 he was transferred to Florence, and, two years later, to the Embassy at Paris, and successively to the Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, and Vienna. In 1862 he was gazetted second secretary in Her Majesty's diplomatic service, and acted in that capacity at Vienna. In the following year he was promoted to be Secretary of Legation, and was employed in that position at Copenhagen, Athens, and Lisbon. In 1868, after successfully concluding a treaty between Portugal and Great Britain, he was transferred to Madrid, where he only remained six months, when he was again promoted to the secretaryship of the Embassy of Vienna, and subsequently of Paris. Three months later, in January, 1873, at his father's death, he succeeded to the title of second Baron Lytton. He was appointed in December, 1874, Her Majesty's Minister to Lisbon, and after twelve months' service he was promoted to the high office of Viceroy of India, a position which he held until 1880. During his Viceroyalty Her Majesty the Queen was proclaimed Empress of India. After his resignation of the Viceroyalty, he was created Earl Lytton, of Lytton, and Viscount Knebworth, and succeeded Lord Lyons as Her Majesty's Ambassador to Paris. He married on October 4, 1864, Edith, second daughter of the Hon. Edward Villiers, and niece of the late Earl of Clarendon.

It is not, however, with his distinguished and brilliant career as a statesman and diplomatist that we have to deal, but with his position as a scholar and a poet. These latter qualities, which have been so especially marked in both father and son,

have served to make the name of Lytton far more distinguished than any title of nobility, however exalted, and have earned for it a reputation which will remain when the splendid records of their statesmanship are forgotten. His lordship has been a prolific writer, chiefly under the pseudonym, "Owen Meredith," and has published numerous works, among which are "Clytemnestra, and Other Poems" (1855), "Lucile" (1860), "Tannhäuser, or the Battle of Bards" (1861), "The Ring of Amassas" (1863), "Chronicles and Characters," "Servian Songs," "Orval, or the Fool of Time," "Fables in Song," "Speeches of Edward, Lord Lytton, and some of his Political Writings, hitherto unpublished, and Prefatory Memoir by his Son" (1874), "The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton" (1883), "Glenaveril" (1885), and "After Paradise, or Legends of Exile" (1887). W. C. N.

THE CHESS-BOARD.

My little love, do you remember,
 Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
 Those evenings in the bleak December,
 Curtained warm from the snowy weather,
 When you and I played chess together,
 Checkmated by each other's eyes?
 Ah! still I see your soft white hand
 Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight;
 Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand;
 The double Castles guard the wings;
 The Bishop, bent on distant things,
 Moves, sidling through the fight.
 Our fingers touch; our glances meet
 And falter; falls your golden hair
 Against my cheek; your bosom sweet
 Is heaving; down the field, your Queen
 Rides slow her soldiery all between,
 And checks me unaware.
 Ah me! the little battle's done,
 Dispersed is all its chivalry.
 Full many a move, since then, have we
 'Mid Life's perplexing checkers made,
 And many a game with Fortune played—
 What is it we have won?
 This, this at least—if this alone—
 That never, never, never more,
 As in those old still nights of yore—
 Ere we were grown so sadly wise—
 Can you and I shut out the skies,
 Shut out the world and wintry weather,
 And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
 Play chess, as then we played, together!

CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we seldom wed.
 Time rules us all. And life, indeed, is not
 The thing we planned it out ere hope was dead.
 And then, we women cannot choose our lot.
 Much must be borne which it is hard to bear:
 Much given away which it were sweet to keep.
 God help us all! who need, indeed, His care.
 And yet, I know, the Shepherd loves His sheep
 My little boy begins to babble now
 Upon my knee his earliest infant prayer.
 He has his father's eager eyes, I know;
 And, they say too, his mother's sunny hair.
 But when he sleeps and smiles upon my knee,
 And I can feel his light breath come and go,
 I think of one—Heaven help and pity me!—
 Who loved me, and whom I loved, long ago.
 Who might have been—ah, what I dare not think!
 We all are changed. God judges for us best,
 God help us do our duty, and not shrink,
 And trust in heaven humbly for the rest.
 But blame us women not, if some appear
 Too cold at times: and some too gay and light.
 Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes are hard to
 bear.
 Who knows the past? and who can judge it
 right?
 Ah, were we judged by what we might have been
 And not by what we are, too apt to fall!
 My little child—he sleeps and smiles between
 These thoughts and me. In heaven we shall
 know all!

FORBEARANCE.

I.
 CALL me not, love, unthankful or unkind,
 That I have left my heart with thee, and fled.
 I were not worth that wealth which I resigned
 Had I not chosen poverty instead.
 II.
 Leaving, I love thee best. * I dare not swerve
 From my soul's rights,—a slave tho' serving the
 I but forbear more nobly to deserve:
 The free gift only cometh of the free.

THE FIRST FAREWELL.

I.
 I MAY not kiss away the tears that still
 Hang on the lids which those loved eyes enshrine

I may not weep away the tears that fill
These aching eyes of mine.

II.

Sleep on, sad soul, sheltered from love and pain!
Or haply shelter love from pain with thee
In thy sweet dreams. When we two meet again,
'Tis but in dreams 'twill be.

KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

MEASURE thy knowledge by the weight of it,
Which is a kind of sorrowfulness. Men
Dig deep, get gold, and judge its value then,
According as the heaviness be great of it.

But love thy wisdom for the lightness of it.
Glad wisdom is not gotten, but is given:
Not dug out of the earth, but dropp'd from
heaven:
Heavenly, not earthly, is the brightness of it.

THE HEART AND NATURE.

THE lake is calm; and, calm, the skies
In yonder silent sunset glow,
Where, o'er the woodland, homeward flies
The solitary crow;

The woodman to his hut is gone;
The wood-dove in the elm is still;
The last sheep drinks, and wanders on
To graze at will.

Nor aught the pensive prospect breaks,
Save where my slow feet stir the grass,
Or where the trout to diamonds breaks
The lake's pale glass.

No moan the cushat makes, to heave
A leaflet round her windless nest;
The air is silent in the eve;
The world's at rest.

All bright below; all calm above;
No sense of pain, no sign of wrong
Save in thy heart of hopeless love,
Poor child of Song!

Why must the soul through Nature rove,
At variance with her general plan?
A stranger to the Power, whose love
Soothes all save Man?

Why lack the strength of meaner creatures?
The wandering sheep, the grazing kine,
Are surer of their simple natures
Than I of mine.

For all their wants the poorest land
Affords supply; they browse and breed;
I scarce divine, and ne'er have found,
What most I need.

O God, that in this human heart
Hath made Belief so hard to grow,
And set the doubt, the pang, the smart
In all we know—

Why hast Thou, too, in solemn jest
At this tormented thinking-power,
Inscribed, in flame on yonder West,
In hues on every flower,

Through all the vast unthinking sphere
Of more material Force without,
Rebuke so vehement and severe
To the least doubt?

And robbed the world and hung the night,
With silent, stern, and solemn forms;
And strown with sounds of awe and might,
The seas and storms,—

All lacking power to impart
To man the secret he assails,
But armed to crush him, if his heart
Once doubts or fails!

To make him feel the same forlorn
Despair the Fiend hath felt ere now,
In gazing at the stern sweet scorn
On Michael's brow.

POSSESSION.

A POET loved a Star,
And to it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shine, who shin'st so brightly?
O Beauty wooed and unpossesst!
O, might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die blest!"
That Star, her Poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human;
And leaving, for his sake, her heaven above,
His Star stooped earthward, and became a
Woman.

"Thou who hast wooed and hast possess,
My lover, answer: Which was best,
The Star's beam or the Woman's breast?"
"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet."

LEOLINE.

In the molten-golden moonlight,
In the deep grass warm and dry,
We watched the fire-fly rise and swim
In floating sparkles by.
All night the hearts of nightingales,
Song-steeping, slumberous leaves,
Flowed to us in the shadow there
Below the cottage eaves.

We sang our songs together
Till the stars shook in the skies.
We spoke—we spoke of common things,
Yet the tears were in our eyes.
And my hand—I know it trembled
To each light, warm touch of thine;
But we were friends, and only friends,
My sweet friend, Leoline!

How large the white moon looked, dear!
There has not ever been,
Since those old nights, the same great light
In the moons which I have seen.
I often wonder when I think,
If you have thought so too,
And the moonlight has grown dimmer, dear,
Than it used to be to you.

And sometimes, when the warm west-wind
Comes faint across the sea,
It seems that you have breathed on it,
So sweet it comes to me.
And sometimes, when the long light wanes
In one deep crimson line,
I muse, "And does she watch it too,
Far off, sweet Leoline?"

And often, leaning all day long
My head upon my hands,
My heart aches for the vanished time
In the far, fair foreign lands;
Thinking sadly—"Is she happy?
Has she tears for those old hours?
And the cottage in the starlight?
And the songs among the flowers?"

One night we sat below the porch,
And out in that warm air
A fire-fly, like a dying star,
Fell tangled in her hair;
But I kissed him lightly off again,
And he glittered up the vine,
And died into the darkness
For the love of Leoline!

Between two songs of Petrarch
I've a purple rose-leaf pressed,
More sweet than common rose-leaves,
For it once lay in her breast.
When she gave me that her eyes were wet;
The rose was full of dew.
The rose is withered long ago!
The page is blistered, too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all;
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small.
She loved it, too—long, long ago;
Her love was less than mine.
Still we were friends, but only friends,
My lost love Leoline!

TEARS.

(From "Glenaveril.")

THERE be three hundred different ways and mor
Of speaking, but of weeping, only one;
And that one way, the wide world o'er and o'er,
Is known by all, tho' it is taught by none.
No man is master of this ancient lore,
And no man pupil. Every simpleton
Can weep as well as every sage. The man
Does it no better than the infant can.

The first thing all men learn is how to speak,
Yet understand they not each other's speech;
But tears are neither Latin, nor yet Greek,
Nor prose, nor verse. The language that th
teach
Is universal. Cleopatra's cheek
They decked with pearls no richer than from ea
Of earth's innumerable mourners fall
Unstudied, yet correctly classical.

Tears are the oldest and the commonest
Of all things upon earth; and yet how new
The tale each time told by them! how unblest
Were life's hard way without their heavenly de
Joy borrows them from Grief: Faith trembles le
She lose them: even Hope herself smiles thro'

The rainbow they make round her as they fall:
And Death, that cannot weep, sets weeping all.

MAIDENHOOD.

I have no name. For they that know me best
Know how to name me not. The nightingale
Sings me when summer nights are silentest,
And the stars tremble, listening to her tale.
Shy Melancholy's sweetest child am I,
Sweeter than joy. I hover between song
And silence. There is smiling in my sigh,
And sighing in my smile. A thought among
Shy thoughts, I wander like a wind thro' flowers,
And only by their trembling canst thou tell
My secret influence on thy silent hours.

—*Maidenhood.*

PRIDE.

Better far is a handful in quiet than both hands,
though filled to o'erflow
With pride, in vexation of spirit.

—*The Apple of Life.*

FREEDOM.

The hart by the hunter pursued,
That far from the herd on the hill-top bounds swift
the blue solitude,
Is more to be envied, though Death with his dart
follow fast to destroy,
Than the tame beast that, pent in the paddock,
tastes neither the danger nor joy
Of the mountain, and its surprises. The main thing
is, not to live *long*,
But to *live*. Better moments of rapture soon ended
than ages of wrong.
Life's feast is best spiced by the flavor of death in
it. Just the one chance
To lose it to-morrow the life that a man lives to-day
doth enhance.
The may-be for me not the must-be! Best flourish
while flourish the flowers,
And fall ere the frost falls.

—*Ibid.*

CHANCE.

Trust nothing to the recompense of Chance,
Which deals with novel forms.

—*The Wanderer: Prologue.*

LOSS.

Knowing that night of all is creeping on
Wherein can no man work, I sorrow most
For what is gained, and not for what is lost;
Nor mourn alone what's undone, but what's done.

—*Ibid.*

MEMORY.

Sweet are the rosy memories of the lips,
That first kissed ours, albeit they kiss no more:
Sweet is the sight of sunset-sailing ships,
Although they leave us on a lonely shore:
Sweet are familiar songs, though Music dips
Her hollow shell in Thought's forlornest wells.

—*Ibid.*

FAREWELL.

Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet
Never farewell,—if farewell mean to fare
Alone and disunited.

—*The Wanderer: In Italy.*

COQUETRY.

Beware, beware of witchery!
And fall not in the snare
That lurks and lies in wanton eyes,
Or hides in golden hair.

—*Ibid.*

CONSCIENCE.

—We are punished for our purest deeds,
And chastened for our holiest thoughts; . . . alas!
There is no reason found in all the creeds,
Why these things are, nor whence they come to
pass.

But in the heart of man, a secret voice
There is, which speaks, and will not be restrained,
Which cries to Grief.

—*Ibid.*

REGRET.

The sea brings
The spirits of its solitude, with wings
Folden about the music of its lyre,
Thrilled with deep duals by sublime desire,
Which never can attain, yet ever must aspire,
And glorify regret.

—*Ibid.*

FATE.

Man cannot make, but may ennoble, fate,
By nobly bearing it.

—*Ibid.*

YESTERDAY.

The day comes up above the roofs,
All sallow from a night of rain;
The sound of feet, and wheels, and hoofs
In the blurred street begin again:
The same old toil—no end—no aim!
The same vile babble in my ears;
The same unmeaning smiles: the same
Most miserable dearth of tears.
The same dull sound: the same dull lack

Of lustre in the level gray:
It seems like Yesterday come back
With his old things, and not To-day.

—*Ibid.*

DECEIT.

Life is not what it might have been,
Nor are we what we would!
And we must meet with smiling mien,
And part in careless mood,
Knowing that each retains unseen,
In cells of sense subdued,
A little lurking secret of the blood—
A little serpent-secret rankling keen—
That makes the heart its food.

—*Ibid.*

SOUL.

The eternal Sabbath of the soul!

—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

Nor do I question what thou art,
Nor what thy life, in great or small,
Thou art, I know, what all my heart
Must beat or break for. That is all.

—*Ibid.*

DESIRE.

Thou art the bird of Jove,
That broodest lone by the Olympian throne;
And strong to bear the thunders which destroy
Or fetch the ravisht, flute-playing Phrygian boy.

—*Ibid.*

DOUBT.

Like a rat that comes to wanton boldly
In some lone place,
Once festal,—in the realm of light and laughter
Grim Doubt appears.

—*The Wanderer: In France.*

CIRCUMSTANCE.

'Tis God made man, no doubt,—not Chance:
He made us great and small;
But, being made, 'tis circumstance
That finishes us all.

—*The Wanderer: In England.*

HOPE.

Those who have nothing left to hope,
Have nothing left to dread.

—*The Wanderer: In Holland.*

HERITAGE.

Cursèd be the heritage
Of the sins we have not sinned!
Cursèd be this boasting age,

And the blind that lead the blind
O'er its creaking stage!

—*Ibid.*

CREEDS.

—'Tis not the creed that saves the man:
It is the man that justifies the creed:
And each must save his own soul as he can,
Since each is burthened with a different need.

—*The Wanderer: Palingnesis.*

WOMAN.

Men's truths are often lies, and women's lies
Often the setting of a truth most tender
In an unconscious poesy.

—*Ibid.*

AMBITION.

—Those who climb must count to fall,
But each new fall will prove them climbing still.

—*Ibid.*

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is not in what we take,
But what we give.

—*Ibid.*

PURITY.

Blessèd the man whose life, how sad soe'er,
Hath felt the presence, and yet keeps the trace
Of one pure woman! With religious care
We close the doors, with reverent feet we pace
The vacant chambers, where, of yore, a queen
One night hath rested.

—*Ibid.*

PASSION.

The passions are as winds on the wide sea
Of human life; which do impel the sails
Of man's great enterprise, whate'er that be.
The reckless helmsman, caught upon these gales,
Under the roaring gulfs goes down aghast.
The prudent pilot to the steady breeze
Sparely gives head; and, over perilous seas
Drops anchor 'mid the Fortunate Isles, at last.

—*Ibid.*

SONG.

No power
Is subtler o'er the spirit of man than Song—
Sweet echo of great thoughts, that, in the mind
Of him who hears congenial echoes waking,
Remultiplies the praise of what is good.

—*Tannhäuser.*

SILENCE.

But women ever err by over-talk.
Silence to women, as the beard to men,
Brings honor; and plain truth is hurt, not helped
By many words.

—*Clytemnestra.*

JUSTICE.

Upon the everlasting hills
Thronéd Justice works, and waits.
Between the shooting of a star,
That falls unseen on summer nights
Out of the bosom of the dark,
And the magnificent march of War,
Rolled from angry lands afar
Round some dooméd city-gates,
Nothing is to her unknown;
Nothing unseen.
Upon her hills she sits alone,
And in the balance of eternity
Poises against the What-has-been
The weight of What-shall-be.

—*Ibid.*

WOMAN.

O woman, woman, of what other earth
Hath dædal Nature moulded thee?
Thou art not of our clay compact,
Not of our common clay;—
But when the painful world in labor lay—
Labor long—and agony,
In her heaving throes distract,
And next with angry Heaven's red ire,
Nature, kneading snow and fire,
In thy mystic being pent
Each contrary element.

—*Ibid.*

LETTERS.

And the postman (that Genius) indifferent and stern,
Who shakes out even-handed to all, from his urn,
Those lots which so often decide if our day
Shall be fretful and anxious, or joyous and gay.

—*Lucile, Pt. i, C. i.*

EXCUSES.

Excuses are clothes which, when asked unawares,
Good Breeding to naked Necessity spares.

—*Ibid.*

ADVICE.

Of all the good things in this good world around us,
The one most abundantly furnished and found us,
And which, for that reason, we least care about,
And can best spare our friends, is good counsel, no
doubt.
But advice, when 'tis sought from a friend (though
civility
May forbid to avow it), means mere liability
In the bill we already have drawn on Remorse,
Which we deem that a true friend is bound to
endorse.

—*Ibid.*

DINING.

O hour of all hours, the most blessed upon earth,
Blesséd hour of our dinners! The land of his birth;
The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes;
The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
The money he borrowed, the money he spent;—
All of these things a man, I believe, may forget,
And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
Never, never, oh never! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner!
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some
ache
Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best
ease,

As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

—*Lucile, Pt. i, C. ii.*

DINING.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without
heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without
books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge
but grieving?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but de-
ceiving?
He may live without love,—what is passion but
pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
—*Ibid.*

GENIUS.

Alas! why is Genius forever at strife
With the world, which, despite the world's self, it
ennobles?
Why is it that Genius perplexes and troubles
And offends the effete life it comes to renew?
'Tis the terror of truth! 'tis that Genius is true!
—*Lucile, Pt. i, C. iii.*

UNATTAINED.

How blest should we be, have I often conceived,
Had we really achieved what we nearly achieved!
We but catch at the skirts of the things we would be,
And fall back on the lap of a false destiny.
So it will be, so has been, since this world began!
And the happiest, noblest, and best part of man
Is the part which he never hath fully played out:
For the first and last word in life's volumn is—
Doubt.
The face the most fair to our vision allowed

Is the face we encounter and lose in the crowd.
The thought that most thrills our existence is one
Which, before we can frame it in language, is gone.

—*Lucile, Pt. i, C. v.*

PERHAPS.

Yet there's none so unhappy, but what he hath been
Just about to be happy, at some time, I ween;
And none so beguiled and defrauded by chance,
But what once, in his life, some minute circumstance
Would have fully sufficed to secure him the bliss
Which, missing it then, he forever must miss.
And to most of us, ere we go down to the grave,
Life, relenting, accords the good gift we would have;
But, as though by some strange imperfection in fate,
The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too
late.

The Future's great veil our breath fitfully flaps,
And behind it broods ever the mighty Perhaps.

—*Ibid.*

ENNUI.

Alas! who shall number the drops of the rain?
Or give to the dead leaves their greenness again?
Who shall seal up the caverns the earthquake hath
rent?

Who shall bring forth the winds that within them
are pent?

To a voice who shall render an image? or who
From the heats of the noontide shall gather the
dew?

I have burned out within me the fuel of life.
Wherefore lingers the flame? Rest is sweet after
strife.

I would sleep for a while. I am weary.

—*Lucile, Pt. i, C. vi.*

EMS.

And the traveler at Ems may remark, as he passes,
Here, as elsewhere, the women run after the asses.

—*Lucile, Pt. ii, C. i.*

VALUE.

For the blessings Life lends us, it strictly demands
The worth of their full usufruct at our hands.
And the value of all things exists, not indeed
In themselves, but man's use of them, feeding man's
need.

—*Ibid.*

SATIRE.

O sage,
Dost thou satirize Nature?
She laughs at thy page.

—*Ibid.*

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love's little lap-dog, the overfed darling
Of a hypochondriacal fancy.

—*Lucile, Pt. ii, C. ii.*

CONCEALMENT.

When first the red savage call'd Man strode, a king,
Through the wilds of creation—the very first thing
That his naked intelligence taught him to feel
Was the shame of himself; and the wish to conceal
Was the first step in art. From the apron which Eve
In Eden sat down out of fig-leaves to weave,
To the furbelow'd flounce and the broad crinoline
Of my lady . . . you all know of course whom
I mean. . . .

The art of concealment has greatly increas'd.
A whole world lies cryptic in each human breast;
And that drama of passions as old as the hills,
Which the moral of all men in each man fills,
Is only revealed now and then to our eyes
In the newspaper-files and the courts of assize.

—*Lucile, Pt. ii, C. iii.*

LOVE.

First love, though it perish from life, only goes
Like the primrose that falls to make way for the rose.
For a man, at least most men, may love on through
life:

Love in fame; love in knowledge; in work: earth
is rife

With labor, and therefore, with love, for a man.
If one love fails, another succeeds, and the plan
Of man's life includes love in all objects.

—*Lucile, Pt. ii, C. v.*

FATE.

We are our own fates. Our own deeds
Are our doomsmen, Man's life was made not for
men's creeds,
But men's actions.

—*Ibid.*

PAIN.

There is purpose in pain, otherwise it were devilish.

—*Ibid.*

TOO LATE.

“And is it too late?”

No! for Time is a fiction, and limits not fate.
Thought alone is eternal. Time thralls it in vain.
For the thought that springs upward and yearns to
regain

The pure source of spirit, there *is* no TOO LATE.

—*Ibid.*

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PATTERSON LEON MCKINNIE.

DOCTOR PATTERSON LEON MCKINNIE comes of sturdy and patriotic ancestors. He was born at Cadiz, Ohio, May 22, 1844. His parents and grand-parents were native Americans. His paternal grandfather served in the Mexican war. His father was a captain of the old state militia. His maternal grandfather was a soldier of the Revolutionary war, and at one period had charge, for two years, of the supplies for a part of Washington's army in Virginia. His father's ancestors were Irish, and his mother's Scotch, springing from the Drummonds of Scotland, which was his mother's maiden name. He inherits the traits of the Scotch-Irish to a marked degree. The Scotch tenacity of purpose, when in the right, is strongly indicated in his nature: outspoken and independent, and firm under strong opposition, but which is balanced by the lighter and warmer nature of the Irish blood. These traits have brought him in close relation and friendship with many of the prominent men and officials of the country in both state and nation. His writings abound in denunciation of all shams and deceit, and he hates subterfuge and injustice. In youth he learned what labor was. He was at school when the War of the Rebellion broke out, and was studying Latin and the higher mathematics under a private tutor. He enlisted at the first call for volunteers for the Union Army, the martial spirit stirred by the Kansas border troubles and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" fresh in his mind. He was mustered into the service in April, 1861, in Company H, Second Iowa Infantry; reenlisted at the end of the term for three more years, and was engaged in the campaign and battles of Donelson, Shiloh and Corinth. During the war he began to write both prose and verse for the press. At the close of the war he completed his education and graduated at Rush Medical College. He married Celestia A. Grey, of Biddeford, Maine, a great-grand-daughter of James Wilson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. He engaged in the practice of his profession with marked success at Moline, Ill., yet finding time to devote, in some measure, to writing both prose and verse for the daily newspapers and periodicals of Chicago, Denver, Kansas City and local papers. In 1884 he accepted the position of chief medical examiner for a large life insurance association, which he held for six years, and in which he took a prominent part in the exposure, in connection with the state authorities, of gross frauds perpetrated on the association. He is at present medical director of the Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Illinois, to which position he has twice been elected, and in

which he is known all over the country from his well-known patriotic contributions to the press, and also as a public speaker. He has traveled widely, and his intuitive knowledge of character is evinced in his well-known character sketches and dialect poems.

Doctor McKinnie has written a great deal over the *nom de plume* of "Finn Phenix," and his writings have been widely copied. His humorous poems and sketches breathe always a true humanity and fine sense of humor. His national and memorial poems are filled with the spirit of patriotism and love of brotherhood.

The Doctor is a member of a number of scientific and literary societies and clubs, and as public speaker, politically or on the lecture platform, he is recognized as a champion of human rights. Doctor McKinnie is now living at Evanston, Ill., the charming university suburb of Chicago on the shores of Lake Michigan. His family consists of his wife, two sons and young daughter to whose education, and to literary pursuits, he is much devoted. A volume of his poems and sketches will soon be issued from the press.

J. A. S.

THE PRESS AND FAST MAIL.

FROM the lake-side city, whose thousand spires
Sprang from the conquered ashes of fires,
Like Phœnix of old, to a destiny greater
Than her votaries' fondest dreams, await her,
In the somber darkness, taking its flight,
Like spectral giants, with wings of white,
And time and distance and light defying
The press and fast mail as Mercury flying.

Freighted with thoughts of the teeming brain,
Commending the right, the wrong to arraign,
With a message of hope, of peace and strife.
Of losses and gain, of death and life,
Of sorrow and joys—the work of the world,
For itself portrayed; as a scroll unfurled,
'Tis the press that is fearless to dare and to do
The work of the gods, for the just and the true.

Scorning the darkness in its meteor flight,
Like an arrow of fire in plutonian night;
Then to race with the rays of Aurora, she springs
Away, fast away, while merrily sings,
In a yaddle and trill, the whirr of her wheels
As they cling to the steel, like a being that feels.
The pulse of the spheres as they whirl in their path
Flies the press and fast mail as a sphere in its wrath.

Over prairie and hill, with their harvest of grain,
Mississippi! Missouri! away, o'er the plain,

With the speed of the wind, to the mountains of
snow;

Aye! the winds in their race, with her speed never
blow.

With the strength of a Hercules, grace of gazelle,
The spirit of safety and speed in her dwell,
And she carries the sword piercing barriers through,
The press of the world, the world to renew.

Like a Titan he stands with his arm to the steel,
And a light in his eye, an immortal would feel.
Like Europa, he rides to Olympian height,
In the world to attain, and conquer, his right.
And the steed with his master's proud spirit imbued
From his eyrie, the planet of earth is reviewed,
Like a storm in its power, yet mild as caress,
A king serving all: The fast mail and the press

Give the way! give the air! to the spirit of truth;
To the progress that throbs with the vigor of youth;
To the art that a sceptre both wields and creates,
That a tear may disarm, yet defying the Fates.
To the thought, that away from the reign of the past
Seeks anew, yet anew, to perfection at last,
In the realm of endeavor, with her banner unfurled
'Tis the press and fast mail, that conquers the world.

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN—DAVID D.
PORTER.

Brave soldiers born of Freedom's cause, tried
sailors of the deep,
Bear emblems of your sorrow and warrior's honor
keep;
Bring tributes of devotion, where with reverential
tread
A nation stands uncovered, in the presence of her
dead.

Float low the glorious banner and the Union Jack
o'er waves
For them who sleep where Fame's-videttes keep
vigil o'er their graves,
For Sherman brave, on native land, and Porter on
the tide,
In peace and war, in life and death, twin patriots
side by side.

The flag their valor glory gave, at half mast let
it rest;
A signal from the mortal code—to immortals on
the crest
Of ramparts in the Eternal, that other patriot souls
Have been summoned, and have answered, to
God's great muster rolls.

The farewell volley in the air, a knell within our
breasts

Re-echoes from their honored graves where all
that's mortal rests;

And wakes the memory of the days that starts the
silent tears,

And we battle or we bivouac in the record of the
years.

When clouds were lowering on the land, and dark-
ness on the deep,

And Lincoln's soul was agonized, and armies dared
not sleep,

When Donelson and Shiloh, nor Atlanta's gauntlet
run

Nor Hampton Roads nor Fisher's Fort by Union
Jack were won.

When the waters of the rivers were fettered by the
hand

Of Mars in strength of earth and steel, from James
to Rio Grande,

With batteries masked and hidden as by an Arctic
night—

They came with souls in armored mail; of God's
eternal right.

Came as the whirlwind cometh from the open hand
of God

And broken shackles marked the path where mighty
Freedom trod;

Then altars there were builded, and the sacrifice
was laid

For the Nation's great dishonor, that by fire and
sword was paid.

On the shores of peaceful waters their prowess had
released

And gave to sea and freedom, with their heritage
increased,

They have lain their bodies down, their souls have
parried fears

And are marching to the minstrelsy of God's
eternal spheres.

Then may all honored heroes' graves become the
Holy Grail

Of a people reunited; and all loyalty prevail
In the name of hallowed Peace, a tribute to the just

Whose Country's sword and honor, were safest in
their trust.

In peace or war true patriots, who spurned pretense
and gave

To all accord most justly, whether titled prince or
slave;

Their whole lives teaching duty, as example only can
That the loyal must be first of all a true American.

The galaxy of stars they sealed for Union, Law and
Land,

In crimson of Fidelity, and white of Virtue's band
Shall never more be tarnished, but high o'er school
and home

Shall ever float the signal flag on Freedom's sacred
dome.

Ho! Comrades and Companions, and League of
Tennessee,

Grand Sons of Revolution and Shipmates of the Sea,
Bring incense, all true patriots, all sons of loyal sires,
All maidens fair, all women true, and light the altar
fires

Of deep devotion to the flag and fealty here renew
By open graves of loyal men who to that flag were
true;

That with our honor and our lives, come weal or
bitter woes

To stand a wall of strong defense, 'gainst seen or
covert foes.

In presence of the immortals, they are marching
through the gate

Where Lincoln, Grant and Farragut, and Logan
legions wait;

With Heaven's sweet reveille their ranks are opening
wide

To welcome Sherman, Porter, twin patriots side by
side.

GLADSTONE.

LIKE as 'tis told in holy writ: The Prophet,
With one foot in the sea, the other on the land
Declared the will of Him who rules the worlds,
So doth he with the silvery crown

Of four-score years and four,
With one foot on the shores of time,
The other on the threshold of eternity.

Enunciate the law to govern man—
That it is stronger than the code
Or constitution, or hereditary claim,
That it is written on the heart of man,

From generation unto generation:
That it roots in his affections,
And only there is strong, enduring
So doth the universal heart of Love.

And Justice in all mankind,
In every clime, the quicker beat,
And pulses throb, in Celt or Saxon breast,—
Incense of undying fame doth brighter burn.
And glow from heights, that touch eternal spheres

The time, the place, the grandeur own
And crown him valiant Knight of years
Defender bold of human aspirations.

MY MOTHER.

THEY tell me she is dead. That sainted face in life,
More saintly still in death,
Changed only by a breath,

But she: my mother still. My soul in strife
With knowledge infinite,
And reason most finite,

Doth grope to know: the dead to us are real,
For since I see her not
Her face is ne'er forgot,

And in my soul I know, and knowing feel
My mother's presence still,
And so my finite will

By reason throned, by faith is mastered well.
Though she dead to nature be
Alas! she is not dead to me.

My beloved mother, who loved me, doth dwell
Yet with me, sainted soul,
Until that veil aside shall roll.

Her precepts, trusting God, henceforth shall ever be
My guide: and guerdon led
When others call me dead,

Then will she welcome me to God's Eternity.

AUGUST 25, 1890.

THE PRESIDENT.

MAY he who stands upon heights
Olympian, be of God-like mind.
His holy Grail, true human rights;
And ruling, nobly serve, his kind.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.

GIVE honor to all to whom it is due,
Who duty or death, never parried;
But honor the brave, anew and anew
Whose shoulder the bayonet carried.

TEMPERANCE.

Then the children will lisp a blessin'
And the wimin will cry no more;
Fur the days that were sad an' distressin'
Hev' changed for joys in store,
While they pray fur the guardi'n angels
'To be with 'em and keep 'em alway
In the path where the wayside is plenty
And the end is a golden day!

—Red Ribbon Reform.

MARY E. M. RICHARDSON.

MRS. MARY E. M. RICHARDSON is a resident of Cleveland, Ohio. She is the daughter of the late George W. and Mary Hart McLaughlin, of St. Mary's, Ohio. Her father, a native of Maryland, was a dignified, refined and courteous gentleman, of the "old school." Her mother was a representative of an excellent Connecticut family.

Mrs. Richardson combines in her temperament the energetic qualities, intelligence and geniality characteristic of both. She early manifested a taste for the best authors in both poetry and prose. When a child, she was familiar with Milton and other standard authors, and revealed marked literary talent. She spent several years in teaching, and was for a time preceptress of the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, at Delaware, Ohio, of which her husband, William Richardson, Ph. D., was then president. For this position, Mrs. Richardson's rare qualities of womanhood peculiarly fitted her, and many young women, now in active life, look back to her broad intelligence and gentle discipline as the inspiration of their own lives. Fair of face, tall, and with stately grace of manner, and endowed with that highest of nature's gifts, a sweet, low voice, she seems a poem in her own personality.

Mrs. Richardson has been an occasional contributor to periodicals for a number of years. Her taste inclines to poems of a sacred character, and she has written a number of hymns. These evince a lofty spirituality, which is the keynote of her own character. In the following study of her fugitive poems, the plastic vocabulary of high culture, the purity of conception, and the delicate imagery of true poesy are shown.

L. H. N.

RECOLLECTION.

THE river murmured as it glided by;
 Among the trées
 The gentle breeze
 So softly moved it seemed a pensive sigh.
 A colonnade
 The old elms made;
 And there we walked together—you and I.

The sky was blue; the water brightly shone;
 And far below,
 As white as snow,
 The mirrored clouds were idly drifting on.
 The heavenly skies
 Of your pure eyes
 Reflected back the love that lit my own.

The river still complains as on that day—
 That afternoon
 In sunny June—
 But you and I have long been far away;
 Nor evermore
 Along that shore,
 Hand clasped in hand, shall we together stray.

Far from each other though we've spent long years,
 I have not yet
 Learned to forget;
 And, sometimes, in my dreams, your face appears,
 Still young and fair,
 And free from care,
 And bears no trace of sorrow, or of tears.

I will not think such beauty e'er could fade.
 Grim Time should spare
 Your glorious hair,
 And perfect form—'twas so divinely made.
 O'er your fair brow
 I trust, e'en now,
 That he has been too kind to cast a shade.

ON GALILEE.

THE weary day had ended,
 The throng was sent away,
 When Christ a mount ascended,
 In solitude to pray.
 O thus, each soul, alone,
 Must find Jehovah's throne!

How hallowed the petition
 He to the Father made,
 When in that lone condition
 Christ reverently stayed!—
 Perhaps the angels gazed
 And listened while He praised.

As He communed with Heaven,
 His brethren, on the deep,
 By stormy tempest driven
 Their toilsome watch did keep.
 They knew not He would come
 To them amidst the gloom.

Euroclydon was blowing,
 Forlorn and sad their plight;
 Impatiently, while rowing,
 They waited morning's light;
 When o'er the heaving wave
 Walked One with power to save.

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Mrs. Mary C. M. Richardson.

The sailors, sore affrighted,
 Knew not their Lord was near.
 Bewildered and benighted,
 They heard: "Be of good cheer;
 'Tis I, be not afraid;"
 And were no more dismayed.

On life's tempestuous ocean,
 When quakes the soul with fear,
 To quell its wild commotion
 This Presence doth appear.
 By faith alone we see
 Christ on each Galilee!

THE FOUR WINDS.

WHAT is the North Wind's boast
 When like a mighty host
 From the bleak Arctic coast
 It rushes forth?
 "I am the North Wind bold!
 I bring distress and cold;
 I come, like Viking old,
 From the chill north!"

What does the East Wind sing,
 When, like some frantic thing,
 Flapping a noisy wing,
 It flies apace?
 "I come across the main!
 I dash across the plain
 With storm-clouds in my train!
 I vex and chase!"

What do the West Winds say
 When o'er the land they stray,
 Driving the clouds away
 With mighty force?
 "Beyond the Rocky crest,
 Far in the boundless west,
 Where sinks the sun to rest,
 Have we our source!"

How speaks the sweet South Wind?
 In zephyrs soft and kind:—
 "For me the trees have pined
 Through wintry hours.
 Far o'er the Southern Sea,
 From land of Araby,
 Come I to whisper thee
 Promise of flowers!"

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

STAR of the eastern sky,
 Propitious, bright!

Filling the heavens high
 With wondrous light!
 Led by thy sacred flame,
 From far the Magi came
 To honor Jesus' name—
 Star of life's night!

Above the Holy Child
 Shone thy chaste rays,
 The Saviour, meek and mild,
 "Ancient of Days."
 Voices celestial sung,
 Surpassing mortal tongue;
 Grandly that choral rung,
 Sounding His praise.

Here He was lowly placed,
 That sinless One,
 And, being so abased,
 Our pardon won.
 Men versed in mystic lore
 Knelt humbly to adore;
 Angels laud evermore
 God's only Son!

Welcome the Christmas-day!
 Hail, Gift of Thine
 Who art the Truth, the Way!
 Hail, Light divine!
 No earthly clouds obscure
 This Star resplendent, pure;
 While endless years endure
 This Light shall shine!

A SNOW STORM.

THERE ne'er was filmy bridal veil
 Of finer, whiter texture made,
 Than falls to-day
 From skies of gray,
 Bedimming distant hill and dale,
 And trailing softly in the glade.

The winds arrange each graceful fold
 Of drapery immaculate;
 Descending showers
 Of fairy flowers
 The warp and woof transparent, cold,
 Of gossamer so delicate.

Beyond all finite care and gloom—
 Terrestrial regions far above—
 Mysteriously,
 And silently,

Within a weird, enchanted loom
Was this surpassing marvel wove.

Chaste as a soul whose faults are shriven,
Reflecting only crystal light,
Its purity,
Like charity,
A benediction seems from heaven,
And hides defects and stains from sight.

Like vestal virgin, or a bride,
Appears the Earth when clad in white!
How statuesque,
And picturesque,
Veiled by this alabaster tide
Of flakes from an aerial height!

'Neath this inimitable lace,
Embroidered with designs most rare—
Exquisite forms
Wrought by the storms—
Nature's transfigured, glorious face
Gleams wondrously, divinely fair.

“COME UNTO ME, AND I WILL GIVE
YOU REST.”

WHY should my heart abide disconsolate,
When its despair Thy love can penetrate,
And its deep gloom Thou canst illuminate?

No voice but Thine can change its night to day;
No love but Thine can take its grief away,
And bring a sacred Presence there to stay.

Upon a soul that truly does repent
Bestow, I pray, a sweet and calm content!
Have mercy, Thou, who art omnipotent!

I can no more this woeful weight sustain.
Thou, Lord, alone canst break the welded chain,
Release from burden, and relieve from pain.

Vainly do I deplore lost innocence,
And for my faults I may make no defense.
I bring Thee only guilt, and penitence!

Hast Thou not promised that the soul contrite
Thou wouldst absolve? O, make my life upright,
And teach me how to find in Thee delight!

By sin and sorrow, grievously oppressed,
I come, O gentle Saviour, to be blest;
Lay Thou my weary head upon Thy breast!

HARRIET H. ROBINSON.

IN these days when woman's place in the community as well as in the family is coming to be acknowledged, when the labor of her hands, head and heart is everywhere abundantly honored, it is well for our younger toilers to see what has been accomplished by those who grew up under circumstances more difficult than those by which they are surrounded. Labor has always been honorable for anybody in our steady-going, high-principled New England life; but it was not as easy for a young woman to put her mental machinery into working order forty years ago as it is now. Her ambition for the education of her higher faculties was, however, all the greater for the check that was put upon them by the necessities of the longer day's toil and the smaller compensation of the older time. It is one of the wholesome laws of our nature that we value most that which we most persistently strive after, through obstacles and hinderances. The author of "The New Pandora" is an illustration of what has been achieved by one such woman, the development of whose mind began as a child in the Lowell cotton mills half a century ago. The book is commended by reviewers as an admirably written composition, a beautiful and successful dramatic poem of woman. It is the result of ripe years of thought. "Nor indeed," says a critic, "could any one write so without the experiences of life behind her work."

Mrs. Robinson's maiden name was Harriet Hanson. She was born in Boston, February 8, 1825, and in 1832 removed with her widowed mother and her brothers to Lowell, where they lived for some years on the Tremont Corporation. She wrote occasionally for the *Lowell Offering*, and was on intimate terms with its editors and contributors. In 1848 she married William S. Robinson, then editor of the Boston *Daily Whig*. Mr. Robinson afterwards became well known as "Warrington" in the Springfield *Republican* and in the New York *Tribune*; and he was for eleven years Clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He died March 11, 1876.

Mrs. Robinson's first published work was "Warrington Pen Portraits," a memoir of her husband, with selections from his writings. She has also written "Massachusetts in the Woman Suffrage Movement," a history; "Captain Mary Miller," a drama; and "Early Factory Labor in New England"; and is a contributor to newspapers and magazines. But her best literary achievement is her latest, "The New Pandora," a poem of which any writer might well be proud, and which deserves

a large circulation, both on account of its substance and its execution. The poem is no mere attempt at rewriting the old classical legend,—it is modern in all its suggestions, and puts the possibilities of humanity—inclusive of manhood and womanhood—on a noble upward plane. There are passages of exquisitely clear-cut poetry in the drama, and gleams of true poetic aspiration lighting up the homely toil of the woman who knows herself not of earthly lineage. The "Chorus of Ills" beginning their flight is a strong chant, as classical in its strain as some of Shelley's in his imaginative dramas. Indeed, the whole poem is so classically thought out and shaped as to be lifted quite above what is "popular" in style, and is for that reason less likely to attract the attention it deserves.

To the writer of this brief notice, it is pleasant to recall the time when the author of this beautiful poem and herself were children together,—school companions and work-mates,—when an atmosphere of poetry hung over the busy city by the Merrimac, and when its green borders burst into bloom with girlish dreams and aspirations. Perhaps her "Pandora's Prayer" breathes the very truest aspirations of many a heart among that far-away throng of industrious onward-looking maidens:

"But this I ask, that I may be allowed by thee
To do one single thing to make my kind more good,
More happy for that I have lived."

L. L.

THE THYME-LEAVED SANDWORT.

WHEN first I met you, little milk-white flower,
Hid in the grass along my lonely way,
'Twas early spring; but even then your day
Was almost done, your life had lost its power.

And yet, along your puny stalk, the dower
Of each day's bloom, a tiny seed there lay
Safe held within,—the flower of yesterday,
To bloom again and fill your little hour.

O, blossom small, a lesson well you teach!
What though my life no increase seems to gain,
No fair fruition yield! Still may I reach
Unto my highest bound and climb amain,
And climbing bloom, so that a seed for each
Day's flower will show I have not lived in vain.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

MARCH 6, 1888.

AND so they pass along the receding line,
The men who make the age, its leaders, kings,

And every deed they wrought fruition brings,
To all the people, with adjustment fine
Of God's great law. For nations rise, decline,
As do their leaders teach. So secret springs
Control the rivers' flow. But see, there wings
A new procession toward the heights divine,
And lo, a woman leads! whose deeds no song
Of poet sweet, nor page of history keeps.
Not great, or wise, she claimed not to belong
To such as these; not this the praise she reaps,
But o'er her grave, whose pen could write no
wrong,
The pure young girlhood of the nation weeps.

THE INWARD VOICE.

I SAID unto my soul, "Be still, nor haunt
Me longer with thy voice divine, nor urge
Me yet to do the thing I ought, nor scourge
My follies. Off! Thou shalt not rule and taunt
Me thus. I'll eat and drink and die, and vaunt
My purpose still." Then evil thoughts did surge,
Usurp her place, and desperate to the verge
Of darkest night I came, that well might daunt
A stronger one. Then I recalled my soul,
And pleading to the voice that once was mine
I said: "Come yet again, and have control;
Come back, I'll welcome thee and ne'er repine,
But do thy will and bravely speak the whole,
Whate'er betide. In life and death be thine."

MY MADONNA.

MADONNA! most gracious Madonna!
With the marvelous child on thy breast,—
I could not interpret the mystery,
That appears in thy form manifest,

That veiled in thy motherhood sacred
Doth an essence creative enshrine,
Revealing the mythical blending
Of humanity with the divine.

But thou, O my chosen Madonna!
Hast unfolded the mystery grand.
When I see our own child on thy bosom,
It doth teach me,—then I understand

How all through the soul of the mother
Doth the Presence ineffable shine,
Forever announcing the union
Of humanity with the divine.

LOVE.

Who loves, forgets himself, oppresseth not
The one he loves; doth more than clothe and feed,
And find a home for his own mate. He doth
Consult her wishes, honor her, respect
Her feelings, as they were his own. True love
Sustains the mind and makes the spirit thrive;
Uplifts the earthy toward the spiritual part.
It makes the dullest clod a thing of life;
Its presence fills the darkest hut with light,
Illumes its walls of clay. It silvers o'er
The wooden spoon and gilds the gourd with gold.
—*The New Pandora.*

THOUGHT.

How beautiful is thought!
It wraps the soul, and makes the body seem
A thing of air! It knows nor time, nor space,
But free it roams, more swift, more subtle, yea,
Ethereal more than are the gods! Ah me!
I sometimes wish that I had naught to do
But think my thoughts; and yet amid my toil,
However hard and mean, such fancies rise
As might have had their birth 'midst woods and
flowers.

And when I make the fire in early morn,
Or sweep the hearthstone up, such glorious scenes
Along the climbing blaze arise, ascend,
As well may fill the sun-god's home, or stream
Through Heaven's blue, adown his shining beam.
—*Ibid.*

MORN.

At first a far-off bird attuned his pipe;
Then thousands joined the song, and thronged in air
A myriad insects swift; and creatures small,
That always sleep o' nights, came forth to eat;
The cattle woke and lowed among the hills;
The zephyrs 'gan their dance. The rosy Hours
Led forth bright Clarian's car. He took the steeds
And up the slanting East brought th' advancing day.
—*Ibid.*

SILENCE.

Silence
So vast, that makes the soul forevermore
Acquainted with its God, slept over all.
And if my spiritual ear could then have heard,
Interpreted the voice that in me speaks,
Then should I once for all have known myself.
But like inscrutable Nature, it was dumb.
—*Ibid.*

HUSBAND TO THE WIFE.

Yet all are needed to make up the world.
If all were fine, then who would till the soil,

And plant and gather food to feed mankind?
If all were coarse, then beauty were unknown;
No joy and comfort, no blest lives, no homes
On earth be found, nor children born of Heaven.
I love thee as thou art. For all the world
I would not have thee changed; and day and night
I thank the God that thou wert made for me;
And oft-times smile and hug myself, and say:
FOR ME, did Jove send her with ill intent
To earth; *for me* did Vulcan mould her clay;
For me, within his darksome cave did blend
Rhodora's red, Viola's blue, to grace
Her eye and cheek. She lives! to earth she came
For me, for me! I am the happy man.
—*Ibid.*

MARRIAGE.

Without a mate and child, a man is like
A crippled tripod standing on one leg,
The pestle that no mortar hath, the flail
That lacks the handle, or the sharpened axe
Without the helve, the bellows and no forge,
The lanthorne dull that hath no flame within.
He's like one-half the fire-tongs, or the shears
That undivided clip the fleecy wool.
—*Ibid.*

PRAYER.

Great Jove! 'tis I, Pandora, mother of my kind.
I heed thy message clear, sent me by Hypnos pale.
I ask thee not that this my life may be prolonged,
That I may live again among the immortal gods,
But this I ask, that I may be allowed by thee
To do one single thing to make my kind more good,
More happy for that I have lived. Thou madest me
The source, the messenger of ills to man. But I
Have learned thy true intent, interpreted thy thought
That, 'neath each seeming ill, a hidden blessing lies.
And what I could do, that I did, to obey thy will.
This legacy would I bequeath, this one pure gift
To all my race—I fain would bid sweet Hope come
forth

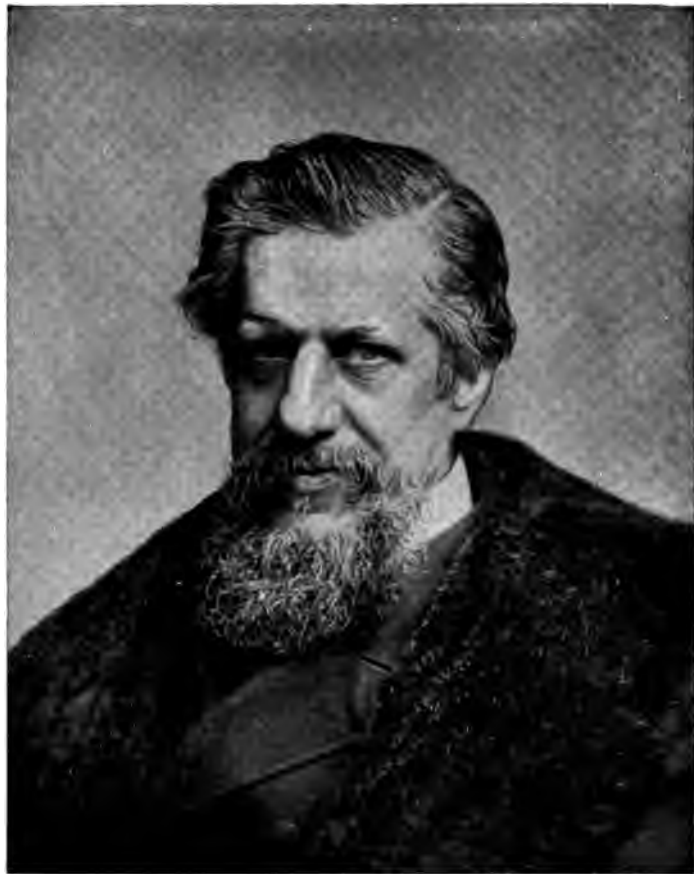
Let me not die while still the only good lies hid
Within the casket's verge. O, let me bid it forth!
If thou dost think me worthy of the boon, O hear
My supplication, Father, hearken to my cry!
—*Ibid.*

WEDDED LOVE.

How blest the wedded home where friendship reigns!
Its walls coherent are with light and warmth;
Within its depths dwell comfort, patience, love.
There hides no sin, nor aught contaminate.
Freedom of speech is welcome there, and each
Is just to each. There order, neatness rules,
As meets the needs of all. No single one
Lays down the law that will coerce the rest.
'Tis not too finely kept for daily use. —*Ibid.*

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Edwin Arnold

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

FEW men have realized with greater directness their loftiest and noblest ambitions than the scholarly *litterateur*, Sir Edwin Arnold, C.S.I. Born in the early summer of 1832, the second son of Mr. Robert Coles Arnold, J. P., of Kent and Sussex, he was educated at King Henry the Eighth's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London, being elected subsequently to a scholarship at the University College, Oxford, where, in his twentieth year, he gained the Newdigate Prize for his English poem, "The Feast of Belshazzar." His literary aims were high, and each year brought with it the attainment of new hopes, as it never failed also to record fresh advances in a career already bright and full of brilliant promise. In 1853 he was selected to address the late Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. In 1854 he graduated in honors. The year following found him in the temporary but responsible position of Second Master in the English division of King Edward the Sixth's School at Birmingham. And not long after, so great were his attainments, so many his parts, he was elected to the post of Principal at the Government Sanscrit College at Poona, and made a Fellow of the University of Bombay.

Being a man of great learning, and a profound thinker, it was but natural that he should embrace the opportunity of his sojourn in India to acquire a more intimate acquaintance, through personal observation, with the manners, customs, and religious ideas of the interesting and ancient races inhabiting that beautiful, mystic, Oriental land. And to this acquired knowledge, combined with his high intellectual gifts, we are indebted for the descriptive truthfulness and grandeur which give such a stamp of reality to his Eastern works. Throughout his period of office in the Bombay district, during which time he was twice the recipient of the official thanks from the Governor in Council for his valuable services through the period of the Mutiny, he found time to devote considerable attention to the study of Indian literature. The result of these labors may be seen in numerous volumes, which testify to the greatness of his genius and the depth of his intelligence. Foremost of the works of this class should stand "The Light of Asia." For this great master-piece, much of which was written, we are told, during the author's daily journeys on the Underground Railway, Sir Edwin Arnold was decorated by the King of Siam with the Order of the White Elephant. Produced as recently as 1879, it has already passed through fifty editions in England and numerous versions in America, and has been

read with enthusiasm by scholars throughout the civilized world. We wonder not at this, for the time spent in its perusal has been passed, as Carlyle so forcibly states, "Well and nobly, as in a temple of Wisdom." The remaining works of importance are, "The Hitopades'a," which was published in India, with a vocabulary in English, Sanscrit, and Murathi; "The Book of Good Counsels," being a metrical translation of the work just mentioned; "Education in India;" "A History of the Administration of India under the Marquis of Dalhousie;" "The Indian Song of Songs," a metrical paraphrase from the Sanscrit of the Gita Govinda of Jayadeva; a volume of Oriental subjects in verse, under the title of "Indian Poetry;" translations from the Sanscrit Epic, "The Mahabharata;" "Pearls of the Faith; or, Islam's Rosary," being an enumeration of the ninety-nine "beautiful names of Allah," with comments in verse; "Lotus and the Jewel," containing "In an Indian Temple," and "The Casket of Gems," and "The Light of the World," just published. There has also been issued a volume of "Selections from the National and Non-Oriental Poems" of this author.

As one of our finest Greek scholars, Sir Edwin Arnold has further given us "The Euterpe of Herodotus," being a translation from the Greek text, with notes; a popular account, with translated passages, of "The Poets of Greece;" and "Hero and Leander," a translation in Heroic verse from the Greek of Musæus; with many other pieces from Greek, Latin, and other languages. In 1861, immediately after his return from India, he joined the staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, of which journal he now holds the laborious and responsible post of editor. It may be mentioned that it was Sir Edwin Arnold who, on behalf of the proprietors of this journal, arranged the first expedition of George Smith to Assyria, resulting in the recovery of the cuneiform tablets of the Deluge and the Creation. Under his direction also Henry Stanley was sent as Dr. Livingstone's successor to Africa, this expedition resulting in the discovery of the great River Congo. Sir Edwin Arnold is a Fellow of the Royal Asiatic and the Royal Geographical Societies of London, and Honorary Correspondent of that of Marseilles. As a fitting tribute to his valued services in India, he was named, at the time of the Queen's Proclamation as Empress of that land, a Companion of the Star of India. Four years later, that is in 1876, he received from the Sultan the second-class of the Imperial order of the Madjidie; and at a later date the third-class of the Ormanieh. On January 1, 1888, he was named by Her Majesty, the Queen-Empress, Knight Commander of the Order of the Indian Empire.

F. A. H. E.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
—'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

SHE AND HE.

"SHE is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her! and leave her!—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of marble they laid it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows, and her dear, pale face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes;—
Which were the whiter no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away," they said,—"God understands!"

And then there was Silence;—and nothing there
But the Silence—and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
For they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he—who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,—

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turn'd it!—Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kiss'd, in the old place, the quiet cheek;

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he call'd her the name that was fondest
erewhile.

He and she; and she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love!

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice? no language of death

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and to soul distinct,—intense?"

"See, now,—I listen with soul, not ear—
What was the secret of dying, Dear?"

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower fall?"

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?"

"Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?"

"Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?"

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so what a wisdom love is?"

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear;

"I listen—as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven!—and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell *you*, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"*You* should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise;

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

* * * * *

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the soft rich voice, in the dear old way;—

"The utmost wonder is this,—I hear,
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear;

"I can speak, now you listen with soul alone;
If your soul can see, it would all be shewn

"What a strange delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.

"I should laugh for joy if you did not cry;
Oh, listen! Love lasts!—I love never will die.

"I am only your Angel who was your Bride;
And I know, that though dead, I have never died."

PEACE, GOOD WILL.

AH! think we listened there,
With opened heart and ear,
And heard, in truth, as these men say they heard,
On flock, and rock, and tree,
Raining such melody;
Heaven's love descending in that loveliest word,

"PEACE!" Not at first! not yet!
Our Earth had to forget
Burden of birth, and travail of slow years;
But now the dark time done!
Daylight at length begun!
First gold of Sun in sight, dispelling fears!

PEACE, pledged, at last, to Man!
Oh! if there only ran
Thrill of such surety through one human soul,
Would not the swift joy start
From beating heart to heart,
Lighting all lands; leaping from pole to pole?

PEACE, PEACE—to come! to be!
If such were certainty
Far-off, at length, at latest, any while,

What woe were hard to bear?
 What sorrow worth one tear?
 Murder would soften, black Despair would smile.

But, heralded on high,
 From midnight's purple sky
 Dropped like the sudden rain which brings the
 flowers;

PEACE! Aye to dwell with men,
 No strife, no wars! and, then,
 The coupled comfort of those golden hours.

GOOD-WILL! Consider this,
 What easy, perfect bliss
 If, over all the Earth the one change spread
 That Hate and Fraud should die,
 And all in amity,
 Let go rapine, and wrath, and wrong, and dread!

What lack of Paradise
 If, in angelic wise,
 Each unto Each, as to himself, were dear?
 If we in souls desried,
 Whatever form might hide,
 Own brother, and own sister, everywhere?

All this,—not whispered low
 To one heart, full of woe
 By reason of blood-reddened fields of Earth,
 By sight of Fear and Hate,
 And policies of state,
 And evil fruits which have from these their birth:

But, through their ears, to us
 Straitly imparted thus
 With pomp of glittering Angels, and their train;
 And radiance of such light
 As maketh mid-day night,
 And heavenliest speech of Heaven, not heard again.

Till these things come to pass!—
 Nay, if it be—alas!—
 A vision, let us sleep and dream it true!
 Or—sane, and broad-awake,
 For its great sound and sake,
 Take it, and make it Earth's, and peace ensue!
 —From *The Light of the World*.

SONG.

NAY! if thou must depart, thou shalt depart;
 But why so soon—oh, heart-blood of my heart?
 Go then! Yet—going—turn and stay thy feet,
 That I may once more see that face so sweet.

Once more—if never more; for swift days go
 As hastening waters from their fountains flow;

And whether yet again shall meeting be
 Who knows? Who knows? Ah! turn once more
 to me!

DESTINY.

SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours
 For one lone soul another lonely soul,
 Each choosing each through all the weary hours,
 And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
 Then blend they, like green leaves with golden
 flowers
 Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
 And life's long night is ended, and the way
 Lies open onward to eternal day.

MOON.

Meantime the moon, the rolling moon, clomb high,
 And over all Vrindávana it shone;
 The moon which on the front of gentle night
 Gleams like the chundun-mark on beauty's brow;
 The conscious moon which hath its silver face
 Marred with the shame of lighting earthly loves.
 —*The Indian Song of Songs*.

LOVE.

Thou, thou hast been my blood, my breath, my
 being;
 The pearl to plunge for in the sea of life;
 The sight to strain for, past the bounds of seeing;
 The victory to win through longest strife;
 My Queen! my crownèd Mistress! my sphered
 bride!
 Take this for truth, that what I say beside
 Of bold love—grown full-orbed at sight of thee—
 May be forgiven with a quick remission;
 For, thou divine fulfillment of all hope!
 Thou, all-undreamed completion of the vision!
 I gaze upon thy beauty, and my fear
 Passes as clouds do, when the moon shines clear.
 —*Ibid.*

MARRIAGE.

Then, follow, happiest Lady!
 Follow him thou lovest wholly;
 The hour is come to follow now
 The souls thy spells have led;
 His are thy breasts like jasper-cups,
 And his thine eyes like planets;
 Thy fragrant hair, thy stately neck,
 Thy queenly sumptuous head;
 Thy soft small feet, thy perfect lips,
 Thy teeth like jasmine petals,

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Julia Lee Bell
(1873)

Thy gleaming rounded shoulders,
And long caressing arms.

—*Ibid.*

PARDON.

When maids scold,
With looks that pardon, lovers may be bold.

—*Hero and Leander.*

WOMAN.

Oh! ever, when the happy laugh is dumb,
All the joy gone, and all the anguish come—
When strong adversity and subtle pain
Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain—
When friends once faithful, hearts once all our own
Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone—
When fears and cares the lonely thought employ,
And clouds of sorrow hide the sun of joy—
When weary life, breathing reluctant breath
Hath no hope sweeter than the hope of death;—
Then the best council and the last relief
To cheer the spirit or to cheat the grief,
The only calm, the only comfort heard
Comes in the music of a woman's word—
Like beacon-bell on some wild island-shore,
Silverly ringing in the tempest's roar,
Whose sound borne shipward through the midnight
gloom

Tells of the path and turns her from her doom.

—*The Feast of Belshazzar.*

SYMPATHY.

In all this earth there is not one
So desolate and so undone,
Who hath not rescue if they knew
A heart-cry goes the whole world through.

—*The Three Roses.*

PARADISE.

Be not as those who have forgotten Him,
For they are those who have forgot themselves;
They are the evil-doers: not for such,
And for the heritors of Paradise,
Shall it be equal; Paradise is kept
For those thrice blessed who have ears to hear.

—*Pearls of the Faith, 10.*

JUDGMENT.

The smiting, the smiting of that Day!
The horror, the splendor, who shall say?
The Day when none shall answer for his brother;
The Day which is with God, and with none other.

—*Ibid, 29.*

ORELIA KEY BELL.

ORELIA KEY BELL was born April 8, 1864, at the Bell mansion, a stately Southern home in the heart of Atlanta. The house has become historic as it was, soon after Orelia's birth, the headquarters of General Sherman's engineering corps, and the room in which she was born and spent the first three months of her life was used by General Sherman as a stable for his favorite colt. Mrs. Bell, with her little ones, was driven out of her home on July 10, 1864, and forced to seek refuge in a safer part of the state. The entire moving outfit of this family, accustomed to every comfort and luxury, was a dumpcart, a bag of meal, a side of bacon, a little salt, a comforter, two shawls and one feather pillow. Mrs. Bell and her little son, baby daughter and faithful nurse, spent several days in a sheephole. In speaking of this hard fortune of war, and the fact that General Sherman's horse was stabled in her nursery, Miss Bell says: "Doubtless the horse was eating corn out of my crib while I was eating with the little lambs out of their crib." She was a thoughtful, wide-eyed baby, and her old nurse "Mauma Aggie" used to say to her mother "Don' tech dat chile Miss May, she's up in de hebens wid de angels." As a small child she was quiet, dreamy, dwelling in the realm of the ideal, with her little brain full of radiant, poetic visions. She began to read at an early age and to delight in it. She loved and still loves "Mother Goose." She discerns in its simple records the profoundest lessons of philosophy. Her religion is that God is Love, Jesus our Saviour; in this creed she finds all the strength and inspiration she needs. A poem by her father, "God is Love," has been the keynote to her highest and sweetest songs. Her "humanest point," she confesses, is that she "falls in love with women," but she adds that she "cannot help it, the women are so enchanting." These fair loves of hers fill her heart but never displace each other, and in these unique friendships there is neither jealousy nor the shadow of turning.

Miss Bell is of gentle birth on both sides of her house, and is very thoroughly educated. She is fair to see, a slender form crowned by a patrician head and pretty face,—like Ronsard's description of Mary Queen of Scots, she has "The face of a flower and a body like its stem." She has suffered loss of home and property, and has met her reverses with a brave front and a song in her heart—a song that, welling up in courage and purity, has sung itself into countless melodies that have won for her both fame and money. She writes always with strength, and grace, power and melody are wedded

in her verses. Her warmest recognition has come from Mr. Gilder of *The Century*, Mr. Page M. Baker, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, Mr. C. A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, Mrs. Frank Leslie and her own home paper the *Constitution*. Miss Bell has printed and been well paid for over two hundred poems, and has as many more yet in the manuscript. Miss Rutherford, the learned principal of Lucy Cobb Institute, in Athens, Ga., who is now preparing a work on American authors, will class Miss Bell as the foremost Southern poet, and on a plane with Lowell and Longfellow. Frank L. Stanton has christened her the American Mrs. Browning, and says she "is the only living woman whose poems he cares to read." Her deep and thrilling poem, "Maid and Matron," has been selected by Rhea as worthy of her use in select recitations. M. R. C.

MAID AND MATRON.

THUS a maiden, light and fair,
To a dame with silvered hair:
"Tell me how Love cometh."
"Listen,"
Comes reply, while teardrops glisten
In the memory-melting eyes:
"You will wake some morn to see
A bluer blue spread o'er the skies
Than was erewhile wont to be,
On the rose a redder red,
A softer down upon the thistle,
And the sky-lark overhead
Will so soft a matin whistle,
You will wonder why before
You loved not to listen more.
All the earth and all the air
Will seem so fresh, will seem so fair,
You will chide your unbelieving:
Surely life is worth the living!
Work for heart and work for hand
Will spread all around you, and
Since loving one and loving much
Breeds loving many, o'er you such
A sense of charity will steal,
That, like Schiller, you will feel
A wish to rush 'midst its alarms
And snatch the world up in your arms!
Ah, child, you will be nearer Heaven
In that hour than it is given
Unto mortals ere to be
Again."

The maiden pensively,
This time with hand pressed to her brow,
"Now that you have told me how

Cometh Love," she said, "suppose
That you tell me how Love goes."
Gravely shook the silvered head,
"Child, Love never went," she said.

THE DEAD WORKER.

Poor hands! fold them over her breast
So hard, so brown, so cold!
They have done their work and have won their rest
Tho' they won no gold.
Theirs was a battle for bread,
How they struggled, and grappled and bled.

Poor hands! lift them gently, for they
Once lay in a mother's breast,
All dimpled and pink and cosily
As birds in a nest;
And a mother's heart once leapt
As into her bosom they crept.

Poor hands! give them flowers to carry
Down into the grave, for they
Were too work-worn and too world-weary
To pause by the way,
And pluck them. Bring lilies and roses,
And fill the stiff fingers with posies.

Poor hands! they have never a ring,
But a mark where a ring has been;
It was all they had to remind them of spring,
But to save them from sin,
She pawned it. And so much of gold
Never again did they hold.

Poor feet! when the way was high
And stony, and nettle-strewn,
We passed them by with never a sigh,
For the blood-prints under the moon.
Now that the life-blood is froze,
Bring the warm gaiters and hose.

Poor eyes! close them to—how they stare!
Nay, place no gold on that brow,
It was lack of that made the furrows there,
She needs none now.
She goes to a mansion whose floor
Is paved with the costliest ore.

Poor eyes! No leisure they had
To look up into the sky,
And see if 'twas blue, as the poets said,
But now they see.

y they are not so dim,
 at they will open in Him.

SINCE OUR SOULS CROSSED.

our souls crossed, sweet soul, my soul hath
 dwelt
 : Eternal Now. No Might-have-been,
 'as, no Will be, but the calm serene
 -Life is,—Light is,—Love is,—Truth is! I felt
 first moment at thy knee I knelt,
 when I arose and raised mine eyes—'twas
 seen!—
 : kingdom in this beauteous land terene.
 one chosen spot, one narrow belt,
 utspread o'er the earth that is not sad,
 is not sinful, is not woe-predoomed;
 y the fire of love updrawn, consumed,
 ruth's sun, upleapeth and is glad
 -Life is,—Light is,—Love is,—Truth is,—and
 even
 dwell we in the kingdom of His Heaven.

A SONG TO COOL MY LADY.

o to cool my lady. Let it be
 ade of breezes, shades, and fountain spray,—
 wer or two—white flowers—roses, say,
 clambering roses of faint fragranc
 road green leaves; a gentle melody—
 's "Cradle Song," or two or three
 ures from Schubert's "Serenade in E";
 sage from Longfellow's "Rainy Day."
 y Lanier's last sigh, a rever
 ils upon the soul's Vesuvian Bay,
 er glimpse into futurity;
 ht-wind fluttering thro' a myrtle tree;
 l of cameo o'er an emerald sea,
 ows of snow-clouds on a moonlit lea.

TO YOUTH.

TOUCH love with prayer,
 It is a holy thing:
 No dove with snowier wing
 Fanned Eden air.

To mortal care,
 Heaven's whitest angel, Truth,
 Entrusted it, O youth!
 Touch love with prayer.

JOHN H. HEWITT.

PROFESSOR JOHN H. HEWITT was born July 11, 1801, in New York City. He graduated at West Point in 1822, with the rank of second lieutenant of infantry. During his sojourn at West Point he learned to be a fine performer on the flute, being taught by Richard Willis, who was then leader of the band. Mr. Hewitt was well versed in music, however, before entering West Point, through instructions from his father, who was also a musical professor. Military life not being congenial to him, young Hewitt resigned his commission and proceeded south on a packet brig from New York to Savannah. He finally settled in Greenville, S. C., where he edited the *Greenville Republic*, taught music in the young ladies' academy, and also studied law with Benjamin F. Perry under Judge Earle. He remained in Greenville until summoned to the death-bed of his father. From Boston he returned to New York, shortly afterwards marrying Miss Estelle Mangin. He then moved to Baltimore and commenced to edit the *Saturday Morning Visitor*. His next move was to go to Washington to take charge of a paper called *The Capital*. Again returning to Baltimore, he soon became a prolific writer for the press, besides composing many ballads and poems. He was, at various times, identified with the *Emerald*, *Minerva*, *Saturday Visitor*, *Enterprise*, *Clipper*, etc. About this time he wrote a comedy, "The Governess," which was successfully brought out at the old Holliday Street Theater and Museum, and dramatized Irving's story of "Rip Van Winkle" for the Front Street Theater, which was then the leading theater. In 1859 he went to Hampton (Va.) College to take charge of the musical department. His wife died in 1860, and he then again went south, where he met Miss Mary Alethia Smith, of South Carolina, a grand-daughter of Sir Richard Launcelot Bland, one of the early settlers of Beaufort district, whom he subsequently made his second wife. Augusta, Ga., was his next home, where a book and music business was carried on for a time, after which he accepted an offer to go to the Wesleyan Female College at Staunton, Va., where he and his wife were both engaged in teaching. From Staunton he moved to Dunbar Female Institute at Winchester, Va., where he held a similar position. Baltimore, his favorite city, was his final anchoring place, where the rest of his life has been spent in writing poems, sketches and stories for many publications. Here he died on October 7, 1890, after a long illness, at the ripe old age of 89, much beloved and honored by the people of the city of his adop-

tion. His last poem, "Jesus Lead Me, I am Blind," was written and set to music while on his death-bed. Mr. Hewitt has composed upwards of fifty pieces of music under the *nom de plume* of Eugene Raymond, many novelettes under the name of Col. Marcus Kennedy, and his humorous articles have always been under the name of "Jenks." His first published poem with his own music was published in Boston. He wrote "The Minstrel's Return from the War" when eighteen years old, which was exceedingly popular. Another well-known composition is "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother." Among his patriotic pieces may be mentioned "Our Native Land," "American Boy." His cantatas were very popular, especially "Flora's Festival" and the "Fairy Bridal." He is also the author of several oratorios. He has written a number of dramas and a score of light operas, among which the "Vivandies" and "Blind Artist" may be mentioned as full of bright and sprightly airs. During the war the professor was prolific of songs relating to the southern army, and after the war his patriotic national songs attained great popularity. In 1853 he published a book of poems which had a large sale. He has written campaign songs ever since he was twenty-one. G. O. B.

THE AMERICAN BOY.

"FATHER, look up and see that flag,
How gracefully it flies;
Those pretty stripes—they seem to be
A rainbow in the skies."

"It is your country's flag, my son,
And proudly drinks the light
O'er ocean's waves and foreign climes—
A symbol of our might."

"Father, what fearful noise is that,
Like thundering of the clouds;
Why do the people wave their hats,
And rush along in crowds?"

"It is the voice of cannonry—
The glad shouts of the free;
This is a day to mem'ry dear,—
'Tis Freedom's jubilee."

"I wish that I was now a man,
I'd fire my cannon too,
And cheer as loudly as the rest—
But, father, why don't you?"

"I'm getting old and weak, but still
My heart is big with joy;

I've witness'd many a day like this,
Shout ye aloud, my boy."

"Hurrah for Freedom's jubilee!
God bless our native land;
And may I live to hold the sword
Of Freedom in my hand!"

"Well done, my boy!—grow up and love
The land that gave you birth;
A home where Freedom loves to dwell
Is Paradise on earth."

THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye look to the skies, with your hoary peaks,
And the clouds come gathering round,
With the sun-set tints on their pouting cheeks
And their fleecy girths unbound;
The muttering voice of the storm is heard,
It is rolling along your crest,
It frights alike the valley bird,
And the eagle from her nest.

When I was a boy, with a glad halloo,
I'd climb to a lofty crest,
To see the sun wade the eastern blue,
Or sink in the golden west,
And the monarch bird scream'd the echo back,
Expanding his wings of might;
And the dun deer leap'd o'er her rocky track,
To glens of livelong night.

I loved to study the rocks and woods
The finger of God was there,
His beauty I saw in the gentle floods,
And his voice was in the air;
And while from the dizzy peak I gazed,
Or in the dim valley trod,
Three words in the golden picture blazed,
Eternity—Nature—God.

SONG OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

OUR hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Her lofty hills and valleys green
Are smiling bright before us,
And like a rainbow sign is seen,
Her proud flag waving o'er us.

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M. Crawford

And there are smiles upon our lips
 For those who meet her foemen,
 For Glory's star knows no eclipse
 When smiled upon by woman.
 For those who brave the mighty deep
 And scorn the threat of danger
 We've smiles to cheer—and tears to weep,
 For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land,
 Our song is for her freedom;
 Our prayers are for the gallant band
 Who strike where honor 'll lead 'em.
 We love the taintless air we breathe,
 'Tis Freedom's endless dower:
 We'll twine for him a fadeless wreath
 Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties rare,
 Of Italy's proud daughters;
 Of Scotland's lassies—England's fair,
 And nymphs of Shannon's waters;
 We heed not all their boasted charms,
 Though lords around them hover—
 Our glory lies in Freedom's arms—
 A Freeman for a lover!

THE LAKE SPIRIT'S SONG.

COME to the lake of the Dismal Swamp,
 I wait in my light canoe,
 The pale moon dims my fire-fly lamp,
 And my drink is the midnight dew.
 The ghost of the warrior chief I see,
 And he calls me his maiden bride;
 And I hear the moan of the cypress tree,
 Where the maid by my arrow died!

Come let us sail in my phantom bark,
 And sport in my fire-fly light;
 Chase the swift-bat with our meteor spark
 'Till the sun drink the dews of night.
 We'll skim o'er the waters blythe and gay,
 Tho' the murderer's howl we hear;
 And we'll seek a cave for the sunbright day,
 Where we'll sleep till the stars appear.

Come to my bark, it is moored for thee,
 The whippoorwill warbles "come;"
 You'll love, I'm sure, it's sad melody,
 For it sings o'er your loved one's tomb.
 My fire-fly lamp begins to burn dim,
 The morn-star is shining bright;
 Now, away—away o'er the lake I skim,
 And I bid thee, dearest, good night.

MRS. M. SWAFFORD.

(BELLE BREMER.)

INDIANA is rapidly gaining recognition as a literary centre, not only because it is the home of two of the greatest, if not the two greatest, American writers of the past decade, James Whitcomb Riley and Gen. Lew Wallace, and of others of international reputation, but because in every section of the state live poets and prose writers of unusual merit and growing fame. Yet the Wabash Valley has been a specially congenial clime for literary workers, and so fruitful of poets that it was once proposed to form an association of poets of the Wabash Valley. In this favored region Mrs. M. Swafford ("Belle Bremer"), of Terre Haute, Ind., was born and bred. Her parents were Virginians, her father of German and her mother of English descent. Her love for the South and Southern scenery, and her tropical warmth of feeling so patent in her poems, are thus partly due to hereditary instincts and influences. But they are strengthened by her own temporary yearly residence in the South, which her delicate health makes necessary. She finds in her winter home at Huntsville, Alabama, much of her inspiration, and to this Southern environment the Oriental coloring of her verse is no doubt largely due. She delights to call herself semi-Southern, but not by way of disparagement to her Northern home. By education and primary attachment she is an Indiana woman and has proved to be the first woman in Terre Haute to publish a book. This honor she has lately attained in the publication of "Wych Elm."

Mrs. Swafford began her literary work about fifteen years ago, writing at first short stories, which were favorably received. Her first story and her first poem also were accepted and published. She has had, indeed, very little of the experience so common to most writers implied by the words, "Returned with thanks." Her delicate health and trouble with her eyes have interfered greatly with the amount of her literary productions, as she is at times compelled to lay aside her pen entirely. She is a graphic and interesting prose writer, but for several years she has devoted her limited time, by preference, almost exclusively to verse.

Mrs. Swafford is the wife of Dr. Swafford, a prominent physician of Terre Haute. She is a member of the large literary coterie of that city. Also of the "Western Association of Writers," and has taken part in the exercises of several of its conventions, and is identified with its beginning. In person she is a frail little brunette

whose dark, "dreamy" eyes betray her poetic temperament and seem to witness to the truth of what she has herself recently said:

"Out of the love I bear it give I my life to poesy."
M. E. C.

HESPERIDES.

We read of a marvelous island fair—
A charming story and quaintly told—
And a wonderful garden lying there,
Whose trees bear apples of yellow gold.
It is said if you sail away, away,
O'er the pulsing seas, to the shining west
Steadily on, you will come some day,
With favoring breeze, to the island blest.

But eye of mortal has never seen
The mythic isle of the western seas,
With its garden bright in the flashing sheen
Of golden fruit on the magic trees;
You may gaze, and gaze, where the cloud-lands pile
Their sunset gold till your eyes are dim,
You never will sight the Hesper isle,
Though you sail to the ocean's farthest rim.

There's a wider sea in its ebb and flow,
And ever its shifting waves are curled
Round ships that sail, and the ships below—
The sea of Life, and it laps the world;
And bright as a gem, in this circling sea,
On a happy isle 'neath tropic skies,
Where the crimson current is swift and free,
A garden of golden fruitage lies.

But once, in sailing the wide sea o'er,
We sight this beautiful wonder-land,
The garden of youth, with its precious store;
Once only our feet will touch the strand
Where the rosiest curtains ever drape
The windows of day with a shining mist,
And the bloom is still on the purple grape,
The blush on the peach the sun-god kissed.

But one brief day in the garden is ours
To have and hold till the sun goes down,
To eat of the fruit and pluck the flowers
And gather the clustering nuts of brown;
And the hours go by on wingèd feet,
Ah! never were hours so dear as these,
Where the golden fruit that we pluck and eat
Is sweet as honey from Hybla's bees.

Then the sun slips over the western wall,
The gold fades out of the twilight sky,

And darkly the evening shadows fall;
Our day is now with the things gone by,
And our boat is ready to sail, alas!
For down by the shore the boatman calls,
And so, with lingering steps, we pass
Forever outside the enchanted walls.

THE HAUNTED BATTLE-FIELD.

ALL the place is haunted;
In the moon's pale beams
Every wind-stirred thicket
Full of specters seems;
Here a bayonet glistens,
There a sabre gleams.

Sounds a ghostly bugle
Far away, and then
Comes a steady tramping,
As of marching men,
Up among the shadows
Of the haunted glen.

Yonder, down the valley
By that riven pine,
Where the ground was reddest
With the human wine,
Come the spectral columns
Wheeling into line.

See the ghostly gunners
Gathering around
Where the broken caissons
Moulder on the ground;
And again the cannon
Thunders from yon mound.

Now the storm of battle
Sweeps across the vale,—
Comes a heavy patter
As of leaden hail,
And the Southern pine-trees
Bend as in a gale.

Wavers there no column,
Infantry like rock
Stand with stern set faces,
To receive the shock
Of the charging squadrons
Seeming death to mock.

Rush the phantom horsemen
Like the wind, nor heed
Screaming shell and shrapnel,
Neigh of dying steed,

Prayer or imprecation,
Shriek of spirit freed.

But the charge is over,
All is still again:
Crimson dyes the grasses,
Like a bloody rain,
Where the ghastly reapers
Mowed that awful lane.

Ever in that valley
At the close of day
Come the warning shadows,—
Shadows blue and gray,
Gathering in the moonlight
To the dreadful fray.

Shadowy lines are forming,
Marching to and fro,
Spectral drums are beaten,
Ghostly bugles blow,
Where was fought the battle
In the long ago.

THE EVENING SOUTH-WIND.

A FICKLE sprite and very bold, this rover of the
South,
His jasmine-scented breath is sweet, but passion-hot
his mouth.
He wantons 'mong the sleeping flowers, and with
his kiss that woos,
The crimson petals of the rose, drop with the evening
dews.
He softly sighs to see it droop, but he has had his
bliss,
And there are other sweets for him, and other flow-
ers to kiss.
He ruffles up the tiny brook that slips among the lands,
In little merry ripples low, that tinkle o'er the sands;
And shakes the lily's waxen cup with restless wings
that beat,
Until its rare perfume is spilled, and all the night is
sweet.
He rustles through the dry, dead leaves, he croons
among the pines,
And spies where honeysuckle hangs its trumpet
'mid the vines.
"Ah ha!" says he, "a hunter's horn within this
leafy screen,
By Æolus! I'll blow a blast will wake the Færie
Queene."
He rocks the brown bee in the rose safe housèd for
the night,

And gleefully he laughs to see the angry insect's
fright.
He runs along the meadow paths and tangles up the
grass
In traps to catch the tripping feet of pretty maids
that pass;
He sees an open casement wide, where some fair
dreamer lies,
And boldly enters in to kiss the sleeping beauty's
eyes;
He gently stirs the perfumed hair about the dream-
ing face,
And from the rounded bosom fair he lifts the filmy
lace.
Now in the silver radiance white, within the moon-
light's rim,
He sees where her white hands had placed and
strung a harp for him,
And breathes upon its vibrant strings his softest,
sweetest sighs,
Till at his light caress awakes the soul that in it lies,
And trembling through the mystic spell the moon-
light ever weaves,
In strangely sad sweet undertones the ghost of
music grieves.
Not long can dreaming beauty hold the restless little
sprite;
Away, away, on eager wings, across the southern
night
He wanders restlessly until he wearies, and in dim
Cool forest aisles he sleeps at last, lulled by his own
sweet hymn.

RESTITUTION.

SOMETIME, some great white day of days, we think
All things that puzzle us will be made plain,
And we shall find again each broken link
That, somehow, we have lost from our life chain.
Buried in dust along the great highway
Somewhere they lie, waiting the finder's hand,
And they will all be gathered up some day,
And we shall have again the perfect band.
By and by, somewhere, the good seed that we sow,
Though long within the ground it may have lain,
Will wake to life from its long sleep and grow,
And ripen for us into golden grain.
The good we do, the kindly word we've said
To those who heard and calmly went their ways
Unheeding, will return to us, "like bread
Cast on the waters, after many days."

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE resides in her native town, Clinton, Ontario, where she was born November 26, 1837. Her parents were English, of mixed Irish and Scotch descent. Her early years were passed on her father's farm, where she cultivated the acquaintance of nature in all her moods; early evincing a taste for poetry and painting that the hardships incident to a home of limited means could not subdue. Later on she studied painting in Toronto. She has taken prizes in all the provincial exhibitions. She is very proficient in pencil drawing, and, as a teacher, is also very successful.

In 1882 a Toronto firm published "The Mission of Love," a volume of poems by Miss Mountcastle, which has been very favorably criticised. She then wrote, "The Novelette—A Mystery," which was purchased and published by the same firm. It had a good sale. Her style is clear, chaste and forcible. Miss Mountcastle was recently elected an honorary member of the Trinity Historical Society, Dallas, Texas.

O. A. R.

THE SETTLER'S WIFE.

NOT yet! not yet! he cometh!
And I have waited long;
I've trimmed the fire to brighter glow,
I've sung his favorite song;
I've spread the board to while the time,
And yet it is so long.

Not yet! not yet! he cometh!
I listen at the gate;
I hear no sound of horse's feet,
And it is late—so late—
Hark to the chiming of the clock
That tells me it is eight.

Not yet! not yet!—why lingers
My loved one far from me?
The night is coming on apace;
No longer can I see
The bridge that spans the river o'er,
Nor yet the cedar tree.

Not yet! not yet! he cometh!
And night and storm I fear;
The wailing wind sweeps wildly by,
The thunder is more near;
The rain falls down with dreary plash—
Oh,—would that he were here!

Not yet! not yet!—more dreary
And dark the evening grows;
The pine trees sway with dismal sound;
The turbid river flows
With fiercer, wilder, madder roar—
To magnify my woes.

Not yet! not yet! he cometh!
The angry lightnings flash,
The thunder deafens with its roar—
Ah,—yonder goes the ash—
Rent from the root to topmost bough,
It falleth with a crash.

Not yet! not yet! he cometh!
Hark, did I hear a moan?
Again the tempest louder roars,
'Twas like a human tone—
Ah!—Do I hear his step at last?
My Willie!—Oh, mine own!

Oh, joy! oh, joy!—he cometh!
The firelight blazeth bright;
The kettle sings upon the hearth,
While blacker grows the night;
The tempest loud and louder roars,
But all within is light.

AUTUMN.

AH! who, with tearless eye serene,
Can watch the forms of nature dying?
And who, without a pang can see
Her youthful beauty daily flying?

Whose once bright locks have ta'en the haze
The Indian summer gives the distance,
Which dims the brightness of her eyes,
And casts a film o'er her existence.

The crow's feet round whose eyes have traced,
Like withered rose-leaves many a crinkle;
And oh! the charm that won all hearts,
Her dimple, turneth to a wrinkle.

Her cheek that in her summer's prime
Blushed with the rose's sweetest blooming,
Now, like the faded lily, shows,
The autumn tints their glow entombing.

Had Socrates and Plato been—
In lieu of men—one blooming woman,
Combined Philosophy had failed
To hide the sting that marked them human.

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Susan H. Kent

AN APPEAL.

I HAVE "cast forth my bread on the waters,"
 With purple and crimson that burn.
 Oh, Faith! hold me close to thy bosom
 Whilst I watch and I wait its return.

I have "cast forth my bread on the waters"
 Where moonbeams have kissed the dark wave;
 Where love lieth low sweetly sleeping,
 And the death angel weeps o'er a grave.

I have sent forth my bark on the waters;
 Can storms on dark Huron o'erwhelm
 While Faith, as a star, shines above her,
 And Hope sitteth bright at the helm?

I have sent forth my bark on the waters;
 Oh, let not the tempest's wild roar
 In uncontrolled passionate fury,
 Cast a wreck and a ruin on shore.

ART THOU THINKING OF ME?

ART thou thinking of me, my beloved?
 Though distance doth sever us wide;
 The fancy still haunts me, my darling,
 That thou art again by my side.

I feel an intangible presence,
 About me wherever I move;
 A something that whispers, my darling,
 Of thee, and thy passionate love.

My spirit communes with thy spirit;
 My thoughts cannot wander from thee;
 Thy ærial presence enchains them,
 And haunts me wherever I be.

There is naught in this world that can give me
 A tithe of the joy that doth fill
 My being, when whispers thy spirit
 To mine—that thou lovest me still.

SUSPICION.

Accursed thing! Thou steal'st into the mind
 That else were pure, leaving a noisome trail
 To mark thy loathsome touch. To lowest depths
 Of degradation dost thou bring the mind
 That entertaineth thee.

—*Suspicion.*

LUCIAN HERVEY KENT.

LUCIAN HERVEY KENT, the author, was born in Dorset, Vt., August 4, 1816. He was the youngest of the two sons of Moses, Jr., and Jerusha Kent, grandson of Moses Kent, Sr., who took a valiant part in the battle of Bennington, and great-grandson of Cephas Kent, the first representative from his district in the Vermont Legislature. Cephas Kent was cousin of Chancellor Kent, author of the Commentaries, and father of John Kent, the centenarian. The paternal ancestry of Lucian Kent were a hardy, long-lived race of people, whose names have been closely identified with the history of New England from the time of the early English colonies. But while such a staunch paternity bequeathed to the subject of this sketch a generous legacy of qualities of heart and brain, by some mischance the wheel of fortune cast to his lot the impediment of poverty and a frail physique with which to overcome the many adverse elements which thickly beset his path. When but six years of age he was taken with his parents, under trying circumstances, to St. Lawrence county, New York, the journey being made in the old style overland manner by ox-team, in the middle of a severe winter and through an almost unbroken wilderness. Among the misfortunes of this two-hundred mile journey overland were the loss of household goods and narrow escape from freezing. At their destination, after settling in a small aboriginal hamlet consisting of ten rude log dwellings, the destitute family began the struggle for existence. With the constraints of physical disability on the part of the parents; with the barren condition of the locality in which they pitched their misfortunes, and especially the embarrassments attendant upon the lack of means with which to get a start, this struggle amounted to little less than a mortal combat. So much, indeed, were the manual services of Lucian and his brother in demand, that their only opportunity for schooling was during the severest winter weather. These opportunities, however, were in no way neglected—everything in the way of good books which they were able to obtain being eagerly studied.

After becoming of age Mr. Kent acquired, by his own efforts, an academical education, and was thereby enabled to maintain a livelihood by teaching—a profession which he followed for many winters and with marked success.

In the summer of 1849 he was married to Miss Mary McEwen, by whom he has seven children—six sons and one daughter. Since this time Mr. Kent has followed exclusively the occupation of

farming. He now resides at Westfield, N. Y., and though seventy-five years of age, leads a very active life, both physically and intellectually. Besides doing a great amount of manual labor, consistent with early habits, he improves his spare intervals reading newspapers, magazines and the latest works of philosophy and science—being a constant student of the leading questions of the day and always abreast of the times. For the source of Mr. Kent's inspiration as a poet the reader is referred to his preface to "Sunshine and Storm."

H. B. K.

MATTER AND MIND.

PART FIRST.

SEARCH all the realms of matter and of mind,
Scan their relations single and combined,
Make them a problem for solution given
To find what is of earth and what from heaven;
Go to the rocks on which the sunbeams pour
And learn the treasures there laid up in store.
When flint is struck a scintillation flies,
Twinkles a moment and in darkness dies;
Say is it lost, when all is gone and dark,
Or did the flash preclude another spark?
Where is the lightning which the hill top rent?
With that one stroke were all its forces spent?
Did all its power to single purpose tend,
And that performed did its existence end?
Gold is the same although defiled by dross
And an assay may find it without loss;
The cloud which hovers over the expanse
Consumes away before the solar glance,
And seems to turn to nothing on the sight
As it dissolves in the empyrean height;
But ere night fall it may return again
To swell the rills which flow along the plain.
The waving branches which to-day are green,
Touched by a blight will soon be naked seen
Without a chance that either sun or rain
Will ever wake them into life again.
The change to *them* remains as only death
While *other* forms of life seize on their breath.
The frailest bubble on the waters tossed
Still has a being though its form be lost.
Its drops may issue where the fountains teem
And mingle in the waters of the stream.
If matter turns to force and force to soul
Can links be found to make the chain a whole?
The ivy sends its tendrils to entwine
The object that supports its slender vine,
Nor can the sage with all his wisdom find
A better method with his God-like mind.
An instinct guides the beaver and the bee,
Instructs the timid hare in time to flee.

And when his feet shall fail him in the race
To double on the track and blind the chase.
A chain of being on a perfect scale
Must have the parts above too strong to fail;
The upper links must hold the weight below
Or else the whole will in confusion go.
If matter is the base of all the line
And the inert can rise to the Divine,
If rock ground into dust by ponderous power
Opens to sunshine in the spring-time flower,
And by transition in its time shall find
Its nature quite synonymous with mind,
Itself the essence of a living soul
With matter less refined in its control,
Is there no chance pertaining to the plan
That grosser matter will reclaim the man?
Will the coy glances of the lover's eyes
Pass off to live as ether in the skies,
Until at last in state still more refined
They form the moral element of mind?
Now in the trial let us freely own
That mind's another form of flesh and bone.
Call all things matter which pertain to mind
And offer incense to the sighing wind;
Say life awaking from a latent sleep
Rides on the elements that blindly sweep;
That force inherent, running through the scheme,
Drives onward till it forms a mental stream;
Is there no chance that it will culminate
And then fall back into its first estate?
If soul is subject to contingency
Forever drifting on a restless sea,
Without a beacon light by which to trace
Its past connection to its present place,
Then memory's lost with the expiring breath
And all the past becomes as blank as death;
While with each change the soul begins anew
To grope its way in search of what is true.
Glares for a time till it consumes away
And turns to sinter in its bed of clay,
On being's scale at last to sink so low
As not to answer to the sunbeam's glow;
In nature's useless mortar to be ground
Long as her tireless wheels repeat a round,
Until all which a universe adorns
Returns at last to the primeval forms,
Without a promise of another birth
From all the forces left in heaven or earth.

TRUTH.

THOU art an angel of celestial birth!
O angel, come and make thy home on earth!
Bright visitant! let thy blest light appear,
And chase all moral darkness from our sphere.

Before thy beams, now error's minions fly,
 And throneless Falsehood fails beneath the sky.
 How mighty are the triumphs thou hast won!
 But thy vast conquests are as yet begun.
 Go forth thou victor! let thy sceptre fall
 On each dark waste, and rule thou over all!

BREVITIES.

MOUNTAINS.

ENDLESS aggregates of sand—
 The mightiest monuments that stand.

TREES.

Decay in resurrected forms;
 Nature's tent from sun and storms.

WIND.

An angel whispering to me
 The presence of a Deity.

MAN.

A tyrant claiming right to sway.
 After his might has passed away.

WOMAN.

A sacred sweet that's spoiled by power
 Like manna kept beyond the hour.

MUSIC.

The finest note of nature's strings;
 The rush of passing seraphs' wings.

BEAUTY.

A counterfeit of pigments made,
 That without virtue soon must fade.

JUSTICE.

The balance which can never rest
 Until all wrong shall be redressed.

MERCY.

Pure as the dew-drops of the morn
 Around a pathway else forlorn.

SUCCESS.

But life is short and hastens to its close
 Sure as the streamlet to the river flows,
 And blest is he who all his work has done
 And feels prepared to leave a victory won.
 Whose mission has fulfilled its prophecy
 Before the call to lay his armer by.

—*The Polar World.*

DEATH.

When lofty aims have well achieved their end,
 The wise man's thoughts will ever upward tend;
 He comes to feel it is a loss to live,
 That death's a blessing heaven may kindly give.

—*Ibid.*

ROBERT KERR.

ROBERT KERR was born at Kilmarnock, Scotland, in March, 1829. Unfortunately, in his early childhood he received a hurt at the hand of a younger brother, which resulted in permanent injury, and he became an invalid for life. His youth unfolded amid scenes and associations full of history and poetry. The time from his sixth to his eighteenth year was spent in the county town of Ayr, two miles from where Burns was born. He knows what earnest struggle for life and culture means. He labored from early morning till eight at night, then attended evening classes till ten, when he came home to study till one in the morning, preparing his lesson for the next night.

In his twentieth year, he wrote his first poem, "Winter," which he sent to the local paper, of which Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, now of New York, was editor, where it appeared in the "Poets' Corner." In 1856 he was chosen to present a public testimonial to Louis Kossuth and crown him with a Kilmarnock bonnet in presence of a large and enthusiastic assembly. A volume published about this time, entitled, "Learn to Live," was the means of securing him admission to Cavendish (Theodore) College, Manchester, through the influence of Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, now of City Temple, London, who had just founded the institution. In 1859 his poem, "Remember Robert Burns," written on the centenary of the poet's birth, appeared, of which Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., the Historian of Europe, said: "The touching verses on Burns are worthy of a lasting destiny." Since 1860, many of his poems have been fugitives, appearing in papers and magazines. In 1864 he married Margaret Crawford, and their romantic courtship should have longer note than this paper can give. They have eight living children, two of whom are married.

At the close of his college studies he was ordained Rector of the Congregational Church at Caistor, Lincolnshire. While there, in 1866, he published "Sacred Hours by Living Streams," which contained sermons from his first year's ministry. In 1867 he became Pastor in succession to Rev. Prof. Hunter, at Forres, Scotland, a beautiful district made famous in "Macbeth."

In 1872 he visited the United States, examined the lands along the Northern Pacific Line in Minnesota, returned to Scotland, formed and sent out a Scotch and English colony. In 1874, in compliance with repeated solicitations, he followed as their minister, with his wife and family. Upon his arrival in Minnesota, he found but ten houses on

the town site. He began preaching in the railroad depot, organized a public school, and three months after, formed and opened a church. As soon as the way was opened he moved southward, and has served churches in Iowa, Missouri, Illinois and Kansas. While on a visit to Scotland he issued "The King of Men." In 1884 he wrote "Auld Kilmarnock Toon," which was issued as a pamphlet and rapidly bought up by his fellow-townsmen. Since coming to America he has written poems and hymns, many of which have been set to appropriate tunes for temperance and Sunday School books.

M. S. L. B.

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

The noble Hungarian lately said: "My hands are empty, but they are clean."

BENEATH the blue of Italian skies,
And the shadows of eighty years,
A rare old man with lustrous eyes
And a tottering step appears.
Sadly he leans on a stronger arm,
And talks of changes he has seen,
Yet one thought cheers him like a charm—
"My hands are empty, but they're clean!"

Oh, Kossuth! Great Hungarian chief!
The record thine early days
Wreathes grandeur round that sentence brief
Which Age's wisdom so display!
Thy lofty aim and pure intent,
Thy love of truth and liberty—
A halo rich in beauty blent—
Now glorify thy poverty.

We mind when thou did'st bravely lead
The fortunes of thy fatherland,
How nations gazed, and men would read
The stirring news that came to hand.
We mourned for unnamed heroes dead
Whose life in gushing crimson ran,
But shouted gladly when we read—
"Dembiuski won;" and "Bem beat Ban!"
And when the tide of battle turned,
Our hearts were wrung with keenest woe;
While wrath against vile Georgey burned,
Who sold his country to her foe!

We mind how in thy Turkish jail,
With but four volumes in thy reach,
In three short years thou did'st not fail
To master our strange English speech.
Then, as with rare magnetic power,
Thy words aroused the souls of men,
They felt as if thy wondrous dower
Had brought Demosthenes again!

We crowned thee in our youthful years
With Scottish cap; and, like a king,
Out townsmen hailed thee with their cheers
That make the very welkin ring.
And reverently we grasped thy hand,
And *felt* thee great; but now I ween
In thine old age thou'rt truly grand,
With hands so empty, yet so clean!

How high in power, how deep in woe,
A noble man may stand and fall!
When driven to exile thou did'st go,
A carpet bag contained thine all!
You felt the wrecks of baffled hopes
Like gloomy spectres o'er you wave,
As, joyless from life's sunny slopes
You staggered to an obscure grave!

Yet then these thoughts did thee uphold—
"I never rose to power through blood!
I never broke an oath for gold,
Nor sinned against my country's good!"
Still from such facts sweet comfort draw,
We know thou'lt be what thou hast been—
Brave, great, and true, without a flaw,
With hands so empty, yet so clean!

Thy name shall live; and, sure as fate,
When countless years have come and gone
'Twill shine among the good and great,
With Bruce, and Tell, and Washington.
The sun, now dipping in the west,
Shall beautify a fairer scene—
The home of those supremely blest
Whose hearts are pure, whose hands are clean!

Ho, Magyars! Patriots everywhere!
When he shall pass within the veil,
A noble monument prepare
To tell all times the lofty tale!
In breathing marble let him stand
Where first he gazed on earth and sky,
With hands outspreading to command
The homage of posterity;
Grave, deep, and bold, like autograph,
That through the ages may be seen,
His best and glorious epitaph—
"My hands are empty but they're clean!"

Ho, ye who fain would rule the State,
Who say ye seek your country's weal,
Learn what alone makes manhood great,
And to this aged patriot kneel!
Pure hands alone can nations raise,
The foul must blacken and demean;
Be men, though in your closing days
Your hands be empty, if they're clean!

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A. L. Wells

HARRY LAURENZ WELLS.

HARRY LAURENZ WELLS was born in Geneva, Illinois, March 28, 1854. His parents were both of old Puritan stock from Massachusetts, his mother being a Peirce. After receiving such an education as the excellent public schools of Geneva could give him, Mr. Wells was about to enter college at the age of seventeen, when the great Chicago fire occurring made it necessary that he should go to work. During the following six years he held a position in a large wholesale stationery and publishing house in Chicago, after which he entered the law office of Hon. Emery Storrs and attended the Chicago Law College for a year. Ill health compelled him to relinquish both study and newspaper work, which he was doing for revenue, and in 1878 he went to California, where he was engaged for several years in local historical writing of California and Nevada. In 1882 he went to Portland, Oregon, and for nearly a year continued historical work in that state and Washington. I think the proprietor of *West Shore* magazine must have found a horseshoe or a four-leaf clover about that time, for in March of the following year Mr. Wells became editor of that publication. Although it had been in existence for eight years previous, it was a small, poorly printed and poorly illustrated monthly of thirty-two pages, without a cover, and with no standing as a literary publication. During the eight years that Mr. Wells has been editor of *West Shore*, great improvements have been made, and its character has been completely changed. In September, 1889, it was converted into an illustrated weekly, and it is now recognized as one of the leading illustrated literary weeklies of the country. Mr. Wells has given the paper a pure, high, moral tone, and his editorial work is one of its strong features. He is gifted, too, with a versatility of genius and a remarkable force and simplicity of expression. As a poet, the delicately humorous mood seems to be his happiest one; but he now and then touches a chord which indicates what he might accomplish in song of a deeper and more tender tone, did not the dry, practical details of editing and publishing make dumb the softer notes. His "Song of the Bears," a legendary poem of the Haidah Indians of Queen Charlotte Island, attracted wide attention and favorable criticism. Mr. Wells contributes to various standard periodicals both verse and prose, and has done a great deal of historical writing,—his most important work being the "Popular History of Oregon," embracing the period from the time of Cortez to the admission of the state into the Union. Almost his only form of

diversion from his editorial work is of a military nature. He is an enthusiastic national guardsman. For four years he was a member of the well-known First Regiment of Chicago, and served during the railroad riots in 1877, and the troubles in the coal mines; also for six months in California, and for five years in Oregon, and is now Captain of Company K, First Regiment Oregon National Guards, acknowledged to be the finest regiment on the Pacific coast. Mr. Wells was married at Yreka, California, to Minerva M. McManus in 1881, and to this union two children have been born, only one of which—Ray, a little girl of three years—is living. Mr. Wells' tastes, like his nature, are refined and delicate, and although a hard and conscientious worker, he yet finds time to devote to the flowers he loves. The sonnet, "My Roses," could have been written only by a lover of the queen of flowers. He is specially interested in roses and chrysanthemums, having more than seventy choice varieties of the former. MRS. E. H.

UNREST.

THE clouds roll black before the storm-tossed deep;
While from their breast the thunder mutters low,
Responsive to the lightning's fervid glow,
That leaps from crested wave to mountain steep.
Like battling hosts that serried columns keep
And roll their lines successive on the foe,
The rushing waves dash each its curv'd bow
Against huge cliffs, that spurn their maddest leap.
So wars my spirit, agonized to shake
Off all this load of crushing woe, and rend
Its galling chains, and bid itself be free;
Strives hopelessly its prison walls to break;
As beats in ceaseless struggle to the end
Against its rock-girt shore the restless sea.

MY ROSES.

THE mellow tint of purest yellow gold;
The soft, rich glow of happy maiden's blush,
When love's first thrillings set her cheeks aflush;
The ruby hue of vintage rare and old;
The glint of amber by the storm waves rolled
From out the sea; all colors that the brush
Of artist finds in clouds of evening, lush
With flame from dying sun; the autumn wold;
The thistle down; the drifted banks of snow;
The sea-shell's tinge; the alabaster white;
The opal's fiery heart; the amethyst—

With all these tints at morn my roses glow,
 And lift their glad, sweet faces to the light,
 Their velvet cheeks by dews of heaven kissed.

THE KLAMATH.

WHERE mountains pierce empyrean blue,
 And valleys green enchant the view,
 Where autumn paints with richest hue
 Mount Shasta's leafy woods,
 Through gorge and vale of Siskiyou
 The Klamath pours its floods.

In silvery Tlamat's * dual lakes,
 Deep margined, green, with tule brakes,
 Where cayote's howl the echo wakes
 At earliest break of morn,
 And feathers float in snowy flakes,
 A quiet stream is born.

Scarce springs it from the lake's embrace,
 With many a sweeping curve of grace,
 Till mountains high their masses place
 Athwart its sluggish way,
 And dashing now around their base
 The singing waters play.

From valley wide and canyon deep.
 From rivulet on mountain steep,
 From rocky gorge where cataracts leap,
 Its rushing tributes come;
 The floods of many mountains keep
 One pathway to their home.

Resistless now, it surges on,
 And cleaves the mountain's heart of stone,
 A mighty power, whose roars alone
 The deepest silence break,
 With thunder answering thunder tone
 The voiceless echoes wake.

Such is the stream, a turgid tide,
 Gathered from mountain summits wide,
 And rushing on with mighty stride,
 To seek the boundless sea,
 Whose rolling billows ceaseless ride,
 From granite fetters free.

When evening falls on Klamath's tide,
 Through dark'ning shades the waters glide

Yet swiftly on; in valleys wide
 The gathering gloam hangs low;
 While on the mountain's terraced side,
 The Indian camp-fires glow.

Yet, far above the valley's gloom,
 As if to 'scape the threatened doom
 Of day, Mount Shasta's towers loom
 With twice anointed head.†
 And on his marble brows the bloom
 Of sunset hues is shed.

Still must Sierra's monarch bow
 His lofty head and ice-crowned brow
 To Night's decree. Her mantle now
 She gently spreads o'er all,
 To thus all things alike endow
 With universal pall.

Thus fades the day, and comes the night,
 As flit anticipations bright
 We form in the rose-tinted light
 Of youth's expectant days,
 To fade from age's weakening sight
 In death's obscuring haze.

WHY FALL THE LEAVES?

Why fall the leaves?
 The boughs that with such tender care
 Sustained them, rustling, in the air,
 Tho' still as strong, are stripped and bare;
 The sun is bright; the sky is fair;
 Why fall the leaves?

The breezes through the forests moan
 And sob, to find their playmates gone;
 The ravaged limbs, with creak and groan,
 Repine that they are left alone;
 Why fall the leaves?

Their rustling music soothed the wold;
 But, widely scattered, brown and gold,
 They lie, and, after winter's cold,
 Will quickly turn to forest mold;
 Why fall the leaves?

Their span is run, and Time has cast
 Their lot with millions in the past;
 And millions more, still following fast,
 Will live, grow old, and die at last,
 As died these leaves.

* The original name, of which "Klamath" is a corruption.

† Shasta has two peaks, one 500 feet higher than the other.

GEORGE W. WEBSTER.

GEORGE W. WEBSTER was born in Geneva, Ohio, May 5, 1860. He has always lived in his native town, with the exception of four years which he spent in Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, from which institution he took the degree of A. B. with the class of 1885. For at least six months of his life he was obliged to forego all exercise, both of mind and body, on account of rheumatism. His taste for books and study of all kinds developed very late. He never read a book that he enjoyed till he was fourteen years old. That book was Longfellow's Poems, given him by a teacher for receiving the most head-marks in his spelling class. For the love of the teacher he read the book; for the love of that book he has read a good deal. His first attempt at writing verse was made in his nineteenth year and was very crude, both in thought and melody. In school his preference was for plane geometry; next to it came psychology and ethics. His life has always been very quiet. He has never seen much of the world. Some of his poems have appeared in various Boston publications. The greater part of them have not been in print.

C. W. M.

MY SEASON.

WHEN chestnut burrs grow brusque and brown,
And laughing shower their treasures down;
When vagrant boys, with loaded sticks,
Go bent upon their thievish tricks;
When the brown monk with cloak, dark-streaked,
Runs slyly homeward, swollen-cheeked;
When every corner of the fence,
By shucks, and husks, bears evidence
Of revels held at my expense;
It is my season.

When leaves are brown, gold, green and red,
And the year's foliage is half shed;
When winter apples hang at prime,
A rustle tells of husking time,
The hickory drops its hollow shield,
And the farmer gossips about his yield;
When now and then a cold, wet day
Drives out-door joys and cares away,
And gives me and my thoughts a play;
It is my season.

WINTER'S TEMPLE.

I WALKED one day among great drifts of snow,
Like houses, built for the storm-children's sport;

But, as I looked again, it seemed not so.
In spotless white, fantastic forms were drawn,
As if some genius swift designed a court
And castle, worthy of the fair-cheeked Dawn.

Volute, modillion, cornice and festoon,
Aye! countless graces of the builder's art,
Splendid in promise, everywhere were strewn,
As though the sculptor waited cooler hours,
A steadier hand, distrustful of the heart,
To smooth and fit and rear his lofty towers.

With stealthy foot I sought the youthful sprite;
For young, methought, must be such fancy wild;
But, searching long, I found an old man white
Bowed down with years, and dumb with present woe.
Him I addressed. To my surprise, he smiled
And shook his long uncombed locks of snow.

"I know the questions you would ask," said he;
"And, since my heart not holds no longer boon,
The partner of its hopes, close privacy;
I'll tell you of these sketches, roughly dight,
While all my heart did glow, as if the moon,
With silent, full-orbed glory, filled my night.

Last eve I felt Spring's warm breath in the air,
And, fain to win her as she came this way,
Till dawn I wrought upon a temple fair,
That I might shrine her there, my youthful spouse,
To cheer my heart against the dreary day;
But she hath passed, and let the spirit drowse."

LINES.

WRITTEN ON HEARING A DAY-BIRD SING
ABOUT MIDNIGHT.

WHAT thoughts disturb thy downy rest?
My pretty singer, say
Dost dream that thou must out of nest,
To greet the rising day?

Why lookest toward the waking hours?
I prithee little bird!
Art thou not with more songful powers,
In shadowy past land stirred?

Or dost thou watch, with sleepless eye,
From midnight's vantage ground,
Atop thy citadel so high,
The freighted hours go round?

If so, pray scan their ships for me,
Those dropping out of sight,
And those, that o'er the eastern sea,
Come sailing into light.

Aye, look my bird, if thou 'rt awake,
 And sing me, which is best;
 And I will read thy song, and take
 My dream-way, east or west.

TWO SONNETS.

I.—PIANISSIMO.

A LIGHT and gentle hand doth touch the keys,
 And mellowed echoes come from far away,
 As if a white-robed virgin, on her knees,
 Prayed God to send again the "golden day."
 Aye! peace shall come, pure soul, when hope and
 joy
 Shall mingle in the world, as in thy voice;
 When noon shall cease the day-spring to decoy;
 When hopeful hearts in present things rejoice.

Touch lighter, lighter still, the subtle chord,
 Else shall thy heart be like the restless world,
 And discord rise to meet an angered Lord,
 And peace forever from the earth be hurled.
 Now, o'er my heart the peaceful spell doth grow,
 Methinks the dawn is near; play low, play low.

II.—FORTISSIMO.

Ah! peace hath risen to a mighty flood,
 As grows the pale light of the crescent moon,
 When, in the west, sinks down the sea of blood,
 That, pale with fright, she has seen swell since
 noon.
 Strike loud the keys; the promised day doth break,
 And waits an anthem from the purest soul,
 A full heart-stirring pean, such as make
 Men strong to run, as they draw near the goal.
 High, higher yet send up the cheering song!
 The Lord doth love and glory in thy power,
 And, as its echoes in the heart prolong,
 The eastern hills laugh 'neath the dawning hour.
 Ha! might shall love and wed the meek-eyed peace,
 And strife on earth, as in thy heart, shall cease.

GOLDEN SWEETS.

"WHAT sweets are golden?" Youthful days,
 With summer's long sweet fond delays,
 And autumn's winding, rustling ways.
 "Ah yes! but you forget the maid,
 That was with golden fruit betrayed."
 'Tis true! but hark! I have it now—
 Sweet apples, hanging on a bough
 Above a lass, all debonair,
 Who reaches up in mute despair,
 Yet blushes and is half afraid,
 When courtesy would lend her aid.

WILLIAM BURT HARLOW.

WILLIAM BURT HARLOW was born in Portland, Maine, April 4, 1856. His father, William Harlow, was also born in Portland, but his grandfather came from Plymouth, Mass., where Sergeant William Harlow, the first of the family in this country, settled in 1637. The Harlows came originally from the village of Harlow, in Essex county, England. The mother of the subject of this sketch was Julia L. Burt, of Longmeadow, Mass. She was a direct descendant of Lieutenant-Colonel Nathaniel Burt, who fell in the battle of Lake George, September 8, 1777. In 1861 William Harlow moved his family from Portland to Syracuse, N. Y.

William B. Harlow, after completing the public school course at Syracuse, entered Harvard College, from which he graduated in 1879. In 1880 he was appointed Professor of English Literature, Composition and Rhetoric in the Syracuse High School. In 1884 he published a work entitled "Early English Literature, from the Day of Beowulf to Edmund Spenser," and in 1890 a book of poems "Songs of Syracuse," relating mostly to scenes and incidents in and around this beautiful city of Central New York. During the summer of 1884 he made a tour of Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium. In 1886 he crossed the continent and spent some time in Colorado, Utah, California and Oregon. In 1871 he journeyed through Canada and visited Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In 1888 he again crossed the Atlantic, and this time devoted his attention to the British Isles. The lake regions of Scotland and northern England, the mountains of Wales and the cities of Ireland were of special interest to him. In 1885 the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D. were conferred upon him, for literary work, by the Syracuse University. His articles and poems have from time to time been published in *Science*, *Education*, the *New York Tribune*, the *Christian Register*, the *Academy*, *New England Journal of Education*, and in several of the Syracuse daily papers. He is still residing in Syracuse. D. F. M.

KENILWORTH.

IN hoary Kenilworth we wander yet,
 Where good Queen Bess and courtly Leicester met;
 And mounting now the winding stair we find
 The tiny room where Amy Robsart pined;
 The narrow windows in the massive wall,
 The bare stone floor so cheerless to the fall

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Yours truly,
Wm B. Harlow.

Of footsteps; far below the roofless hall,
Once gay with lords and ladies at the feast;
The minstrel harps that sounded, long have ceased;
The tower of John of Gaunt looks grimly down
On silent court, where games of great renown,
With baiting of the bear, twelve days were held,
One royal Christmas in the times of eld.

LODORE.

A SABBATH day, by musical Lodore—
From heathery hills the gathered waters pour
Down rocky steeps, where moss and ivy creep;
At last the noisy torrents peaceful sleep
Within the bosom of that silvery lake,
The Derwentwater, which the mountains make,
A mirror to reflect each rugged height;
Here Wordsworth and wrapt Coleridge took delight
In lifelong rambles by the tarns and streams,
Where gentle Nature weaves her fairest dreams.

TO A BUTTERFLY HATCHED IN FEBRUARY.

THOU airy spirit that hath burst
Thy darksome prison bands,
Of summer's angels, thou the first,
Would'st float o'er sunny lands.

The honey dew of earthly flowers,
Fond one, thou seek'st in vain;
Alas! no magic art is ours,
To give what thou would'st gain.

Soul's emblem, thou wast born to pain,
Fair Psyche with bright wings;
Thou o'er some gentle heart would'st reign,
While yet the storm wind sings.

Ere blustering blasts have o'er thee blown,
Or ere those wings would rest;
Flit, fairy, to the world unknown;
Where cherished hopes are blest.

BY THE BROOK.

MINT and buttercups and cresses
Springing by the water's side,
Moss-fringed rocks to catch the eddies,
Tiny falls and basins wide.

Fresh spring ferns and violets nodding,
From cool nooks above the bank;

Feathery yarrow leaves and clover,
Yellow mustard, tall and rank.

Strawberries and dandelions,
In this sweet confusion spring,
Butterflies above it floating,—
Two white spirits on the wing.

Solitary insects skating,
Where the pools are smooth and clear;
Blooming apple-trees low bending;
From the grass rise teazles sere.

Golden ripples on the water,
Caught by pebbles down below;
Purling murmurs o'er the rock bed;
With the stream my fancies flow.

TO A WATER-LILY.

SWEET, perfect flower, that from the stagnant pool,
Morn's silent hour has waked to fragrance cool!
That lily-pad, thy table green is spread;
The pearls of dew and sunshine are the bread
That like a royal banquet waits for you.
Those snowy petals opening to the blue,
Disclose the haunt of many a golden sprite;
A ring of fairies dancing in delight
Around the bed where still their playmates sleep,
And from their fluttering garments perfumes creep.
Borne from the grottoes where those naiads dwell,
Ere they arise within the circling shell,
To greet the world and gladden mortal eyes,
Or throng the mind with airy fantasies.
Thou vision of a fair and radiant life,
Through many a weary day of pain and strife,
Far down in gloomy depths of mire and ooze,
From dross of earth thou but the good did'st
choose,
And wakened it to beauteous being pure.
So now the glorious summer comes to lure
That green sheathed bud up to a brighter world!
O'er sin triumphant thou hast how unfurled
Those spotless leaflets to a golden dawn,
That ushers in thy resurrection morn.

TEAZLES.

A teazle, my friend,
Is no difficult end,
If in it you'd look for a poem,
It bristles with wit,
Or something quite fit
To set all one's idle thoughts flowing.
—A Teazle.

CHARLES M. DICKINSON.

SOME twenty-five years ago a poem entitled "The Children," found a place in nearly every journal in America, and in many in England. It was spoken in schools and read on platforms, and quoted from the pulpit. It pictured the life of a sympathetic teacher among his scholars, and was a voice of the education that is inspired by the heart. The poem was signed "Charles Dickinson." Over that name it was printed in Mrs. Kirkland's "School Girl's Garland" (Scribner & Co., 1864), and it has since found its way into nearly every collection of verse. About 1870, some careless compositor dropped the final letters from "Dickinson," and since then the poem has often gone the rounds of the newspapers ascribed to Charles Dickens. This poem, the most beautiful expression of the true mission of the teacher ever written, was the inspiration of Charles M. Dickinson, and grew out of his own experience in his school. What a delightful school it must have been, the picture of which will never fail!

Mr. Dickinson belongs to a substantial family, and was born at Lowville, Lewis county, N. Y., November, 1842. It is worth noting that Benjamin F. Taylor, who wrote "Oh, a Wonderful Stream is the River Time," was born in this village.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Dickinson commenced teaching school. He taught during winters, and attended Fairfield Seminary and Lowville Academy in summers. He began writing verse when about fifteen years of age.

In 1864 he went to Binghamton, N. Y., and studied law with Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson. Life was a struggle with him at that time, and he helped pay his expenses by writing stories at night. He practiced law in Binghamton and New York until 1878, when he became the editor and manager of that powerful and admirably edited journal, the *Binghamton Republican*.

Mr. Dickinson impresses one as a poet of great energy of character and depth of feeling; a man with width in the region of ideality, and a soul-grasp of the hand, yet with the clear vision of practical things that wins success in all undertakings. He loves a retired life, and lives in elegant seclusion amid the most picturesque scenery. His publishing house in Binghamton is among the most beautiful buildings of the city, as great a credit to the enterprise of the place as the conscientious and literary character of his paper is an honor to the county and state. He has the reputation of being interested in his employés, and he is quick to see and appreciate literary merit in new writers and to help them.

He has led an ideal life of eminent influence for good, and his published volume of poems is but a voice of all this worthy aspiration, soul growth and rich experience. He is a poet of nature and the heart. He sympathizes with life, and expresses these sympathies with a cultured mind and a trained pen. He is a poet that all should know. "The true mark of a good heart," says Mme. de Sevigne, "is its capacity for loving." Mr. Dickinson loves humanity, and his poems make better the hearts and lives of all who read them, and will live among the immortals in grateful influence. He has that rare genius that sees beauty, and uses it to create good, and to plant with imperishable flowers the fields of an inspired experience. H. B.

HOW FAR FROM HEAVEN.

DEAR love of mine, through whom I know
The risen Christ still lives below,
Repeats his miracles of old,
Turns all the sunset into gold,
And, with its touch of light divine,
Turns all the river into wine,
Breathes heaven's harmonies through the notes
The birds drop from their velvet throats,
Sets all the world a-dreaming of
Her ancient Paradise of love,
And brings the skies so near to view,—
How many miles from heaven are you?

I know you're near its bound'ry lines,
For, as we stood beneath the pines,
Your soul went upward in a prayer;
You raised to heaven your pleading eyes,
And lo, the gates of Paradise
Stood open wide a moment there.
I caught a glimpse of wondrous things—
A gleam of glory, flash of wings,—
A sense of music filled the air;
And straightway, from the open skies,
A dazzling beam cleft like a blade,
Right through the midday light, and made
A darkened space to left and right,
A shadow in the sunniest place,
And, like an angel's smile of light,
Fell full upon your upturned face.

Come closer, Love, and tell me true,
How many miles from heaven are you?
I know your sainted feet have pressed
The flowery highways of the Blessed,
And every foot of sky and sod
To the dear city of our God.

I know you hear the choirs that sing
 In the fair palace of their King;
 And, by the holy thoughts that rise,
 Like timid angels, in your eyes,—
 Your pause to change with trembling tone,
 Your native language to our own,—
 By all the sweet, mysterious things
 That make me look to see your wings,
 I know a lovelier land than earth
 Contains the record of your birth,
 That you're a heavenly envoy here—
 An angel clothed in fair disguise;
 You walk the world with weary feet,
 That you may make yourself more dear
 Than all the treasures 'neath the skies,
 Then, like the North Star's magnet-sway—
 Loaned from its place, to wear by day,—
 You lead the soul from sin and care,
 O'er hills where night and morning meet,
 Straight up to heaven, unaware.

And as I follow, I behold
 Glad glimpses of the gates of gold;
 And all my homesick soul forlorn,
 Longs for the land where it was born.
 No more Earth's magnet-heart afar,
 Draws to itself each living thing;
 The silver thread of every star
 Becomes a heavenly leading-string.
 Far through the sky's celestial calm,
 I see the paradise of palm,
 Through which the sunsets burn and blush,
 And winds repeat their heavenly psalm,—
 God's voice within the Burning Bush;—
 And just beyond, the golden wall
 Where those we thought were in the grave,
 Send happy looks to us, and wave
 Their signs of welcome, over all.

Some sunshine from Eternal day,
 Falls here and there, about our way;
 Some flowers in exile bloom to tell
 The glorious gardens whence they fell;
 And warm air currents flow by me—
 The Gulf Stream of the ethereal sea—
 And sometimes fan my heavenward face
 With a strange touch of added grace,
 Like angel's breath or sweep of wing;
 And we're so near our resting place,
 The very birds come out to sing,
 To cheer us with their song and sight,
 And then fly back again at night.

I see th' attending stars stoop down
 And follow nightly with your crown;
 I see the pearly cloud that brings

And hovers with your waiting wings;
 And sometimes, in the waning light,
 I tremble lest you fade from sight.
 O precious Guide! I pray you, wait,
 If first you reach the heavenly gate;
 For well I know, if I pass through,
 'Twill be that I'm a part of you,
 And not for aught that I have done;
 For all my earthly self, the true,
 The purest thoughts I ever knew,
 My noblest aims since life began,
 My hope, my faith in Christ and man,
 And all the love my life has known,
 Are all your own—are all your own.

AT MOTHER'S GRAVE.

ACROSS the river's rippling sheen
 They went, with sorrowing tread,
 Through meadows that put up their green
 To rival the blue o'erhead,
 Out where the untrodden streets proclaimed
 The hamlet of the dead.

Through cloudy vales of blue and gold
 The sun went wandering down;
 Each spire, and dome, and mountain bold,
 Put on its crimson crown;
 And a hundred suns were all aglow,
 In the windows of the town.

A little stream slipped through the grass,
 With sad and murmuring sound;
 On every side, grief's highest tide
 Had left full many a mound,—
 As if His "Peace be still!" had fixed
 These waves upon the ground.

And ever, where the streamlet went
 Broad elms and maples grew,
 Whose heavy shadows o'er it bent,
 Hid sun and star and blue;
 The heaven it saw from yonder field
 Was all the heaven it knew.

But, flowers sent up the faint, sweet breath
 Of her whose breath was still,
 And birds right in the face of Death
 Sang out their sweetest trill;—
 How could they know, that had not sinned,
 That Death had power to kill?

Save these, no earthly sound was heard,
 No living thing was there;

Yet, something like the awful word
Of God, was in the air;
Which, striking dumb all worldly thought,
Unloosed the lips of prayer.

Was it th' assembled souls of those
Long gone, the pure, the just?
Or the all-yearning heart that goes
To them, with love and trust,
And beats its life out, day and night,
Above their hallowed dust?

Or was it Christ's sweet soul divine?
That comforts those who mourn;
And only pours its oil and wine
On bruised hearts and torn;
That lingers most where purest love
And holiest grief are borne.

They could not tell; they only knew
That Peace so filled the air,
It left no room o'er sod or tomb,
For earthly thought or care,
As if the souls of all the saints
Still held communion there.

And straightway, all their grief and pride,
That darkness and unrest,
When a new sense starts in lovers' hearts,
No more their souls oppressed;
For Love had rolled away the stone,
And let in an angel guest.

Then Memory ceased to paint and con
Her storied pictures o'er
And sweet Hope paused, and gazed upon
Her future joy no more;—
The present brightness dazzled all
Behind them and before.

And, kneeling there, beside the dust
Of one whose life was given
To making this sad world forget
Its early loss of Heaven,
Love found and let them through the gate
Whence primal sin was driven.

No wonder that the happy whole
Of heaven was in her eyes;
For, years before, her mother's soul
Strayed back to Paradise;
And she was then the cherished child
Of a saint beyond the skies.

And she had longed for motherland,
Until the angels came,

And led her up the sloping sky,
Through all its flakes of flame;
And she had walked the golden streets,
And knew them all by name.

Dear one, since that all-hallowed eve,
Full many a year has flown;
And many a fond heart comes to grieve
Round new-made mound and stone;
And two, where Death has writ his name
'Neath those we loved, thereon.

From your dear eyes full many tears
Have faded half the blue;
And in your golden hair the years
Have twined some silver through;
But your sweet soul still keeps the youth
Of the Heaven it journeys to.

And even Death has reconciled,
By adding holier ties;
For then, you only were the child
Of a saint in Paradise;
But now, you are the mother of
Two angels in the skies.

God help us to be tender of
Your every thought and care;
Lest you be tempted by the love
Of the dear ones over there,
To take your sunshine from our home,
And make their home more fair.

A MORNING MIRACLE.

*As Christ stands close to both God and sin,
So earth meets heaven where the skies begin;
But the air is so pure, though faint and thin,
It keeps the earthly out and the heavenly in.*

THE river lifts its morning mist,
An incense-offering to the Sun;
Through countless threads of amethyst
And gold and silver, finely spun,
It trembles upward through the skies,
As slowly as a soul might rise,
Until it felt the magnet-power of Paradise.

'Tis of the earth, but out of it
Has been distilled each earthly trace;
The watchful skies alone transmit
The pure through their transparent space
The earthy back to the earth is given,
No longer a part of the river even,
The heavenly alone ascendeth into heaven.

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Chas. M. Dickinson

NIGHT'S SILENCE.

DAY hath her sounds, but night her silences,
 Sleep from the grave and Rest from Heaven come;
 Earth holds her breath and every voice is dumb;
 The tired wind's asleep; Speech forgets her words;
 Silent as printed notes are notes of birds;
 In all the earth a single cricket's sound
 Makes voice more dumb and silence more profound;
 While countless stars with noiseless step march
 through
 The dome of heaven, in reverent review;
 No wonder earth is awed, and through the blue
 The awful silence creeps, as line on line
 Of suns and planets wheel and march and shine
 Around the throne of Majesty divine.

THE LILIES.

THE lilies do not toil, and the lilies do not spin;
 They have to hold their chalices to catch the rain-
 drops in,
 To wash their raiment white as snow, from golden
 heart to hem,
 To justify the words of praise the Master spake of
 them.

IN THE GARDEN.

WHEN the night comes down
 Over field and town,
 And hides all the flowers and meadow daisies,
 I turn my eyes to the blossoming skies,
 To the far-off gardens of Paradise,
 The mistletoe boughs in the starry mazes,
 The daisy borders, white and dense,
 And the nebulous meadows of innocence;
 To the radiant spots
 Of forget-me-nots,
 The jasmine Harp; and twinkling down,
 The anemones in the Northern Crown;
 To the tiger-lily that nods and glows
 In the crescent bed of the larger Lion,
 The stars of Bethlehem and Sharon's rose,
 And the great, white river that heavenward goes,
 And waters each plant and flower, then flows
 Right on to the beautiful city of Zion;
 And my heart is so filled with the wondrous view,
 That it overflows in reverent praises,
 And mourns no more for the violets blue,
 For the roses sweet, and the meadow daisies.

LUCY D. W. FERRIS.

LUCY D. WHITCOMB FERRIS was born in Poolville, Madison county, New York, August 8, 1833. Mrs. Ferris' early life was passed amid the beautiful surroundings of the Chenango valley. Her girlhood was not marked by anything peculiarly striking, but with the ordinary work of the home, the school and the Church, she developed a character lovely, solid and abiding. Her appreciation of the beautiful in nature was measurably met in the delightful retreats in this valley by the river and the sheet of water that is now known as "Fairy Lake."

She was married to Rev. J. M. Ferris, June 25, 1857. In the labor of the itinerancy as a minister's wife for thirty-four years she has rendered most valuable service. Her writings have consisted chiefly in tales founded on facts that have come under her own observation, illustrating and enforcing some moral principle. Travels, public exercises, with all their amusing scenes or soberer phases, together with associations with all classes of individuals, has given to her a wide field in which to exercise her gifts. Her poems have mostly been written for her own amusement. They have not as yet been collected in book form. Mrs. Ferris now resides in Earlville, Iowa. J. M. F.

INVOCATION.

O THOU, the everlasting one,
 Hallow'd Thy name. "Thy will be done."
 From earth below and hosts above,
 Be praise to Thy redeeming love.

'Tis to this love we make appeal,
 'Tis Thine to pardon, Thine to heal.
 Pour on our souls a fount of light,
 And help to make conviction bright.

The spirit with unuttered groan,
 Wafts our faint cry to Thy great throne.
 Bid sweet response our being fill,
 "Fear not for I am with you still."

Then let our faith its joy proclaim,
 Glory to Immanuel's name!
 Glory to Christ of Calv'ry's fame!
 Glory for all, a Saviour came.

LOVE.

Love ventures all, but Fame will not surrender
 Its vain pomp, while Love is true forever.

—A Comfortable Thought.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, the most famous of historical novelists, was born in Edinburgh in 1771 and died in 1832. He studied at the University of Edinburgh, read law, and in 1792 was called to the bar. In 1799 he was appointed Sheriff, in 1806 he was made Clerk of the Court of Sessions, and in 1820, when he was forty-nine years old, received a baronetcy. His first literary effort was a translation of some of Bürger's ballads, which was published in 1796. Other translations followed, with three or four original poems, but not until 1805 did Scott attain the place of literary eminence which he forever after held and adorned. His first grand success was "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which appeared in that year, and was received with almost universal praise. "Marmion," "The Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," and other poems, were issued in quick succession, each confirming his poetical reputation and spreading his fame. But Scott is better known in the world as a novelist than as a poet, and a few words descriptive of his remarkable career in fiction seem to be necessary to the completeness of this sketch. In 1814 "Waverly" was issued at Edinburgh, and instantly attracted attention. No author's name appeared on the title-page, and the public was left in a state of painful doubt as to the source of so brilliant a book. Its perplexity was naturally increased, the next year, by the appearance of "Guy Mannering," and, at brief intervals, of its successors. Scott was suspected of the authorship of these books, but stoutly denied it, and not till many years later did he confess the truth. Space will not permit us to dwell upon the pecuniary troubles which clouded the last years of the great novelist. In all the history of literature there is no record of such labors as his; one admires his lofty sense of honor, his unyielding fortitude, and his almost superhuman power of application with equal warmth. The secret of Scott's success may be said to lie in his felicitous employment of common topics, images, and expressions, such as all readers can appreciate. Another source of his strength was his intense nationality; no writer before him had so vividly illustrated the characteristics of Scottish life and character. His novels were and are popular because they deal with real life, and avoid the meditative and speculative habits which are wearisome to the common reader. Not conspicuously surpassing all other novelists in single qualities, Scott yet possessed and combined all the qualities necessary for his work in such nice and harmonious adjustment as has never been witnessed in any other man. His novels fascinate and enter-

tain with an enduring yet indescribable charm, and convey much valuable information as to the life of the times of which they treat. G. R. C.

MELROSE.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight.
—*Lay of the Last Minstrel, Canto ii.*

DEATH.

O fading honors of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid.
—*Ibid.*

SORROW.

I was not always a man of woe.
—*Ibid.*

TRUTH.

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 't was said to me.
—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—*Ibid, Canto iii.*

EXPECTANCY.

Her blue eyes sought the west afar,
For lovers love the western star.
—*Ibid.*

POETS.

Was flattery lost on poet's ne'er:
A simple race! they waste their toil
For the vain tribute of a smile.
—*Ibid.*

POETS.

Call it not vain;—they do not err
Who say, that, when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies.
—*Ibid, Canto v.*

LOVE.

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;

It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
With heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

—*Ibid.*

PATRIOTISM

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—*Ibid., Canto vi.*

SCOTLAND.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood;
Land of the mountain and the flood.

—*Ibid.*

YOUTH.

Just at the age 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech, and speech is truth.
—*Marmion, Canto iii.*

COMPANIONS.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone.
—*Ibid.*

BETRAYAL.

'Tis an old tale and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read, in story old,
Of maiden true betrayed for gold,
That loved, or was avenged, like me.
—*Ibid.*

WAR.

In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.
—*Ibid.*

INCONSTANCY.

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,
And loved to plead, lament, and sue;

Suit lightly won, and short-lived pain,
For monarchs seldom sigh in vain.

—*Ibid., Canto v.*

SORROW.

With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
—*Ibid.*

WOE.

But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men.
—*Ibid.*

CHRISTMAS.

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
—*Ibid., Canto vi.*

COURAGE.

And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den
The Douglas in his hall?
—*Ibid.*

DECEIT.

O, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practice to deceive!
—*Ibid.*

WOMAN.

O woman! in our hours of ease
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish rend the brow,
A ministering angel thou!
—*Ibid.*

MARMION.

"Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.
—*Ibid.*

BEAUTY.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face.
—*Lady of the Lake, Canto i.*

FOOTSTEP.

A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew.
Ev'n the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread.
—*Ibid.*

COURAGE.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth:

Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare.

—*Ibid.*

DEATH.

Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

—*Ibid.*

CHIEF.

Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances!

—*Ibid., Canto ii.*

SYMPATHY.

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.
And if there be a human tear
From Passion's dross refined and clear,
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head.

—*Ibid.*

TIME.

Time rolls his ceaseless course.

—*Ibid., Canto iii.*

GRIEF.

The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears.
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

—*Ibid., Canto iv.*

COURAGE.

Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

—*Ibid., Canto v.*

BRAVERY.

And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.

—*Ibid.*

PUBLIC OPINION.

Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain!
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king!

—*Ibid.*

RODERICK DHU.

Where, where was Roderick then?
One blast upon his bugle horn
Were worth a thousand men.

—*Ibid., Canto vi.*

STORMS.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded.

—*Pibroch of Donald Dhu.*

DELIVERANCE.

In man's most dark extremity
Oft succor dawns from Heaven.

—*Lord of the Isles, Canto i.*

NATURE.

The wind breathed soft as lovers sigh,
And oft renew'd seem'd oft to die,
With breathless pause between;
O who with speech of war and woes,
Would wish to break the soft repose
Of such enchanting scene!

—*Ibid., Canto iv.*

CARELESS SPEECH.

O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken!

—*Ibid., Canto v.*

FOLLY.

Where lives the man that has not tried
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!

—*Bridal of Triermain, Canto i.*

INDECISION.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains,
Winning from Reason's hand the reins,
Pity and woe! for such a mind
Is soft, contemplative, and kind.

—*Rokeby, Canto i.*

REMORSE.

What spectre can the charnal send,
So dreadful as an injured friend?

—*Ibid., Canto ii.*

PRIDE.

A mother's pride, a father's joy.

—*Ibid., Canto iii.*

INDIVIDUALITY.

There was a soft and pensive grace,
A cast of thought upon her face,
That suited well the forehead high,
The eyelash dark, and downcast eye:

The mild expression spoke a mind
In duty firm, composed, resigned.

—*Ibid*, *Canto iv*.

SENSUALITY.

His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye but not the mind.

—*Ibid*, *Canto v*.

AGE.

Thus aged men, full loth and slow,
The vanities of life forego,
And count their youthful follies o'er,
Till Memory lends her light no more.

—*Ibid*.

UNCERTAINTY.

Hope and fear alternate chase
Our course through life's uncertain race.

—*Ibid*, *Canto vi*.

FAME.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

—*Old Mortality*.

BIBLE.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!

—*The Monastery*.

BIBLE.

And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

—*Ibid*.

WOMAN.

Woman's faith and woman's trust
Write the characters in dust.

—*The Betrothed*.

PERSEVERANCE.

He that climbs the tall tree has now right to the fruit;
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his suit.

—*Talisman*, *Ch. x.xvii*.

PROBITY.

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,
And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword
Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
Which better had been branded of the hangman.
What then? Kings do their best—and they and we
Must answer for th' intent, and not th' event.

—*Kenilworth*, *Ch. x.xxii*.

SINGLE POEMS.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible
swift sword:

His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred cir-
cling camps;

They have builded him an altar in the evening dews
and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps:

His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of
steel:

As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace
shall deal;

Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with
His heel,

Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judg-
ment seat:

Oh! be swift my soul to answer him! be jubilant my
feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the
sea,

With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and
me;

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men
free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

THAT GLORIOUS SONG OF OLD.

IT came upon the midnight clear,

That glorious song of old,

From angels bending near the earth

To touch their harps of gold;

“Peace on the earth, good will to men

From Heaven's all-gracious King”—

The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds
The blessed angels sing.

But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;—
Oh, hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;—
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

EDMUND HAMILTON SEARS.

NATURE'S NESTLINGS.

DOWN in the dark, past the white of the snow
Where the silence keeps watch, and a song cannot
go,

Nestled all winter the rootlets that grew
In the summer-time past, when the fragrant winds
blew.

Wise Mother Nature had put them to sleep
And her children rest well, when her charges they
keep.

Hopes that for mortals, like stars, fill all night
With the splendor of dreams and prophetic delight;
Pierce not the deeps where these buried things lie,
For humanity's hopes have their birth in the sky.

Be it night-time of sorrow, of pain, or of death
We have promise assured by a "Thus the Lord
saith."

Conscious of God, yet a being who fell!
Gravest things could man learn from the seed in its
shell;

Underground life has a history too,
Where the seed obeys law, all its tiny life through;
Where it fills out its lot, neither fails nor rebels
Tho' with mysteries great all its little heart swells.

Sweet is the time when an upper air voice
Has the power to bid seed and root to rejoice,
April's warm wind, and a sunbeam's caress,
Lo! a transfigured earth, that its Lord doth confess,
Touch and call of the Infinite Loving that guides
Man or Law round the year till Great Easter abides!

Touch—piercing down to the deepest earth—bed
Where the miracle growth has been hiding its head;
Call—whose ineffable secret of power
Wakes a million seed-hearts for a tryst in love's
bower.

Life blood of rootlets leaps high with proud flush,
Feeling warm in their veins what will make the rose
blush.

Lilies are dreaming of whiteness to sway
On the altars above, when men come to the May;
Flowers that dream, and the souls that aspire
Both shall hear the glad bidding, "Come, come
thou up higher."

Bursting to life is the secret of spring,
To the realm of the air, of the light, of the wing!

No place is left the great secret to keep
When the nestlings of Nature awake from their sleep.
Whisp'ring stir in the earth bursts to song in the air,
Soaring songster must feel that all praise, too, is
prayer.

Shall the lily-bulb dream of an hour to pray
And the soul from its altars turn coldly away?

Easter the blessed! first born in the sky,
Evermore born anew where all buried things lie,
Splendor and wealth of thy gifts to bestow
Reach from heavenly lights, to the grave in the
snow—

Grain for a world—and the carnation's breath
Were preparing anew, while we called it all—death!

* * * * *

Desolate, desolate grave in the snow,
Where the mourners keep watch and a hope cannot
grow,

Easter's great angel yet by *thee* shall wait.
 Never grave was too deep, never time was too late,
 Sepulchre seals on all prisoned within
 Burst away at His word who hath slain death and sin.

ISADORE G. JEFFERY.

TRUST.

BUILD a little fence of trust
 Around to-day.
 Fill the space with loving work,
 And therein stay.

Look not through the sheltering bars
 Upon to-morrow,
 God will help thee bear what comes
 Of joy or sorrow.

MARY F. BUTTS.

LET THE TOAST PASS.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
 Here's to the widow of fifty;
 Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
 And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
 Now to the maid who has none, sir:
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
 And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
 Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
 Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And now to the damsel that's merry.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
 So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together.
 Let the toast pass,
 Drink to the lass,
 I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

NO SECT IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
 Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
 That night I stood in a troubled dream
 By the side of a darkly flowing stream;

And a Churchman down to the river came,
 When I heard a strange voice call his name;
 "Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,
 You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
 And his long gown floated out behind,
 As down to the stream his way he took,
 His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I am bound for heaven, and when I'm there
 I shall want my book of Common Prayer;
 And though I put on a starry crown,
 I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eye on the shining track,
 But his gown was heavy and held him back;
 And the poor old father tried in vain
 A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
 But his silk gown floated on the tide,
 And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
 Whether he belonged to "The Church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
 His dress of somber hue was made.
 "My coat and hat must all be of gray,
 I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
 And slowly, solemnly waded in;
 And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight
 Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;
 A moment he silently sighed over that,
 And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
 His coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
 Went quietly sailing away, away;
 And none of the angels questioned him
 About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts with a bundle of psalms
 Tied nicely up, in his aged arms,
 And hymns as many, a very nice thing,
 That the people in heaven, all round, might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh
As he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather surprised as, one by one,
The psalms and the hymns in the waves went down.

After him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me, what shall I do,
The water has soaked them through and through?"

And there on the river far and wide
Away they went on the swollen tide,
While the saint astonished passed through alone,
Without his manuscript, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name,
Down to the stream together came;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged, may I ask you, friend,
How do you attain to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow"—
"But *I've* been dipped, as you'll see now,

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you.
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left, his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last they together entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian Church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the *men* I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they could never agree,
The old or the new way, which it could be,
Nor ever for a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a constant murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd:
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new,
That is the false and this is the true."

Or, "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new,
That is the false and this is the true."
But the brethren only seemed to speak;
Modest the sisters walked, and meek.

But if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on her way,

How she longed to be on the other side,
Nor feared to cross o'er the swollen tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then;
"Let no one speak but the holy men;
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
Oh! let the women keep silent all?"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met,
And all the brethren were talking yet,

And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done.

And Priest and Quaker and all who died
Came out alike on the other side—
No forms or crosses or books had they;
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, nor MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

MRS. E. H. J. CLEVELAND.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough;
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here,
My father pressed my hand:
Forgive this foolish tear,—
But let the old oak stand.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

• GEORGE P. MORRIS.

REVELRY IN INDIA.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
 And the walls around are bare;
 As they echo the peals of laughter
 It seems that the dead are there.
 But stand to your glasses steady,
 We drink to our comrades' eyes;
 Quaff a cup to the dead already—
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets flowing,
 Not here is the vintage sweet;
 'Tis cold, as our hearts are growing,
 And dark as the doom we meet.
 But stand to your glasses steady,
 And soon shall our pulses rise;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
 Not a tear for the friends that sink;
 We'll fall, 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,
 As mute as the wine we drink.
 So stand to your glasses steady,
 'Tis in this that our respite lies;
 One cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others,
 We thought we were wiser then;
 Ha! ha! let those think of their mothers,
 Who hope to see them again.
 No! stand to your glasses steady,
 The thoughtless are here the wise;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
 There's many a cheek that's sunk;
 But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
 They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
 So stand to your glasses steady,
 'Tis here the revival lies;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
 'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
 And thus does the warmth of feeling
 Turn ice in the grasp of death.
 Ho! stand to your glasses steady;
 For a moment the vapor flies;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
 Who shrinks from the sable shore,
 Where the high and haughty yearning
 Of the soul shall sing no more?
 Ho! stand to your glasses steady!
 This world is a world of lies;
 A cup to the dead already—
 Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
 Betrayed by the land we find,
 Where the brightest have gone before us,
 And the dullest remain behind—
 Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
 'Tis all we have left to prize;
 A cup to the dead already—
 And hurrah for the next that dies!

BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning;
 By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 head,
 And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory.

CHARLES WOLFE.

MIDSUMMER INVITATION.

PALE student, leave thy cobwebbed dim alcove,
 And stretch one restful summer's afternoon
 Thoughtless amidst the thoughtless things of June,
 Beneath these boughs with light and murmur wove!
 Drop book and pen, a thrall released rove—
 The Sisyphean task flung off; impugn
 The withered Sphinx—with earth's fresh heart
 attune:

Thou, man, the origin of evil prove!
 O leave that dark soil where the spider delves,
 To trap the unwary reasoner in his lair,
 And weave oblivious veils round learned shelves;
 List to the beat of Ariel's happy wings,
 And cool thy brain in this balm-laden air;
 Here whispered peace shall still thy questionings.

MYRON B. BENTON.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

ALL else lies far beneath me, or above,
 And I, between two worlds, uncertain stand;
 With eyes uplifted to a vision grand,
 Yet without power to soar or upward move.
 The steps to heaven are builded of our love,
 And mine, alas, so timid on the land
 Could never find the way without His hand.
 Naught have I in my heart by which to prove
 My right to something I've not found below—
 Except this constant, strong desire to rise;
 It seems so strange the higher up we go—
 The farther from earth's sinful, suffering cries,
 That our unworthiness should haunt us so,
 And wreck us at the gate of Paradise.

MARY AUGUSTA MASON.

PERSONAL POEMS.

A COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

SHAKESPEAR.

OTHERS abide our question.—Thou art free.
 We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge! For the loftiest hill
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
 Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border, of his base
 To the foiled searching of Mortality.

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-
 secure,

Didst walk on earth unguessed at—Better so!
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MILTON.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

MILTON.

I PACE the sounding sea-beach and behold,
 How the voluminous billows roll and run,
 Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun
 Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled,
 And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold
 All its loose-folding garments into one,
 Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun
 Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.

majestic cadence rise and fall
 mighty undulations of thy song,
 faultless bard, England's Mæonides,
 ever and anon, high over all
 led a ninth wave, superb and strong,
 all the soul with its melodious seas.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE POET OF HUMAN LIFE.

Day and Night sequestered thee in vain!
 Demon's threats thou proudly couldst defy.
 Thou art not dead—supreme souls do not die:
 In all world's range no longer could constrain
 Long-winged spirit of its freedom fain—
 The stars, new lives thy fearless quest would try:
 A baffled vision may not soar so high—
 As urn as loss thine infinite, great gain.

In our sight, to whom men's souls lay bare,
 Revealed clean of shams, unclad of all disguise.
 Revealed to thee as if at each soul's birth
 Thou hadst been nigh to stamp it foul or fair—
 Shouldst thou seek new schools to make
 Us thee wise,
 In our air of heaven's secrets even while on earth!

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Thou wast not robbed of wonder when youth fled,
 Till the bud had promise to thine eyes,
 Beauty was not sundered from surprise,
 Reverent, as reverend, was thy head.
 Thou wast music, and thou mad'st it ours,
 Thine, crude scorn of gentle household things;
 Yet thy spirit had the sea-bird's wings,
 Led long among the chestnut flowers.

On the coast of charm and all the North Sea's
 cold
 Thou knewest, and thou knewest the soul of old,
 In dusty scroll and volume we beheld
 Thou hadst transmuted—not to hard-wrought gold,
 But clear shining of the eastern air,
 As Helios rising shakes the splendor of his
 hair.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

"Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! . . .
 . . . a hidden ground
 Of thought and of austerity within."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Austerity of Poetry*.

AUSTERE, sedate, the chisel in his hand,
 He carved his statue from a flawless stone,
 That faultless verse, whose earnest undertone
 Echoes the music of his Grecian land.
 Like Sophocles on that Ægean strand
 He walked by night, and watched life's sea alone,
 Amid a temperate, not the tropic zone,
 Girt round by cool waves and a crystal sand.

And yet the world's heart in his pulses stirred
 He looked abroad across life's wind-swept plain,
 And many a wandering mariner has heard
 His warning hail, and as the blasts increase,
 Has listened, till he passed the reefs again,
 And floated safely in his port of Peace.

WILLIAM P. ANDREWS.

ON THE DEATH OF PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

HUSHED now, forever, that beloved voice
 All craved to hear—heard but within my soul,
 Across those mighty water-worlds that roll
 'Twixt two great earth-worlds. Only death destroys,
 In souls unstained as his, those stainless joys
 That come to hearts at rest in love's control;
 Though round him shone the singer's aureole,
 His mighty heart was simple as a boy's.
 His pine woods felt him, and his loved winds blow,
 For requiem, round his more than palace home.
 Dumb the King's mortal lips, for aye; but, lo!
 Through what he wrote the soul is never dumb,
 Though the stars, wheeling proudly, seem to know
 That he who loved them to his own is come.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

WHEN JUNE SHALL COME AGAIN.

TO EMILY PFEIFFER.

THESE are the weeping moments of the year.
 Earth weareth her gray mantle wrapped around,
 And ever pensive looketh on the ground
 That she may watch the daffodils appear;
 When, knowing that her loved one, Spring, draws
 near
 She'll don her kirtle green, with pale buds
 crowned
 And laugh with joy, until the echoes bound
 With "Roses! Roses of full June are here."

Ah me! Ah me! when June shall come again,
 The song of summer roses will be hushed
 Within the arches of that garden fair—
 By stranger feet their fallen petals crushed:
 For she, their queen, doth walk no longer there,
 Nor 'neath the Aspens* weave her rhythmic strain.

E. M. EDMONDS.

TO WALT WHITMAN.

THE April torrent shining at its source,
 A thread of glass above the dappled clay,
 Has burst the banks along the narrow course
 And sent a freshet roaring on its way:
 From hill to hill the crested waters go,
 The swollen eddies heaving in their train,
 As foam and drift and rain and melting snow
 Urge the brown billows to the tumbling main.

So has that large and crystal heart of thine
 Let loose the slipping earth on either side,
 And stirred the dregs of passions half divine
 To flood its channel with a turgid tide;
 But age draws on to waste the manly frame,
 Whose broken walls shall set the current free,
 And all the stream of mingled pride and shame
 Roll down its burden on the limpid sea.

DORA READ GOODALE.

TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BECAUSE the way is long, and we may never
 Meet face to face this side the shadowed land;
 Because—a thousand things!—because the hand
 May seek in friendly, but in vain, endeavor,
 Some dreamed-of clasp; because, though seas may
 sever

This kindred-seeking dust, there is no strand
 Too far for loving thoughts—spread wave or sand,
 Forevermore, thought scorneth them for ever.

Therefore lest fate hold by her barrier still,
 No kindlier proving, hence, than in the past—
 Lest on that unknown bourn there be no meet-
 ing—

For thee, upon the tide of good and ill
 Which floods with ceaseless flow this world, I cast
 This waif: for thee, brave heart, my soul's best
 greeting.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

* See Notes.

A COLLECTION OF QUATRAINS.

ON BEAU NASH'S PICTURE AT BATH,
 WHICH ONCE STOOD BETWEEN THE BUSTS OF
 NEWTON AND POPE.

THIS picture placed these busts between,
 Gives satire its full strength;
 Wisdom and wit are seldom seen,
 But folly at full length.

MRS. JANE BRERETON.

ON THE ABOVE LINES.

IMMORTAL Newton never spoke
 More truth than here you'll find;
 Nor Pope himself e'er penned a joke,
 Severer on mankind.

PHILIP STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

TO MADAME DE DAMAS, LEARNING ENGLISH.

THOUGH British accents your attention fire,
 You cannot learn so fast as we admire.
 Scholars like you but slowly can improve,
 For who would teach you but the verb "I love."

HORACE WALPOLE, EARL OF OXFORD.

DEATH.

I.

O DEATH, thy certainty is such,
 The thought of thee so fearful;
 That musing, I have wondered, much,
 How men are ever cheerful.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

II.

My muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled,
 Sat up together many a night, no doubt;
 But now I've sent the poor old lass to bed,
 Simply because my fire is going out.

GEORGE COLMAN, the Younger.

III.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
 Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art;
 I warned both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ASKED ME TO WRITE SOMETHING ORIGINAL
FOR HER ALBUM.

AN original something, fair maid, you would win me
To write—but how shall I begin?
For I fear I have nothing original in me—
Excepting Original Sin!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

EPIGRAM ON THE "RHYME OF THE ANCIENT
MARINER."

YOUR poem must eternal be,
Dear sir; it cannot fail;
For, 'tis incomprehensible,
And without head or tail.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE ERMINE.

To miry places me the hunters drive,
Where I my robes of purest white must stain;
Then yield I, nor for life will longer strive,
For spotless death, ere spotted life, is gain.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THE BEES.

WE light on fruits and flowers, and purest things;
For if on carcasses or aught unclean,
When homeward we return, with mortal stings
Would slay us the keen watchers round our queen.

IBID.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

LEANING my bosom on a pointed thorn,
I bleed, and bleeding sing my sweetest strain:
For sweetest songs of saddest hearts are born,
And who may here dissever love and pain?

IBID.

THE SNAKE.

MYSELF I force some narrowest passage through,
Leaving my old and wrinkled skin behind,
And issuing forth in splendor of my new:
Hard entrance into life all creatures find.

IBID.

THE TIGER.

HEARING sweet music, as in fell despite,
Himself the tiger doth in pieces tear:

The melody of other men's delight
There are, alas! who can as little bear.

IBID.

THE DIAMOND.

I ONLY polished am in mine own dust—
Naught else against my hardness will prevail:
And thou, O man, in thine own sufferings must
Be polished: every meaner art will fail.

IBID.

FALLING STARS.

ANGELS are we, that once from heaven exiled,
Would climb its crystal battlements again;
But have their keen-eyed watchers not beguiled,
Hurled by their glittering lances back again.

IBID.

DARWIN.

THERE was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed, and his hair grew curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was a Man and a Positivist.

MORTIMER COLLINS.

POPULARITY.

SUCH kings of shreds have wooed and won her,
Such crafty knaves her laurel owned,
It has become almost an honor
Not to be crowned.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

MODESTY.

"WHAT hundred books are best, think you?" I said,
Addressing one devoted to the pen.
He thought a moment, then he raised his head:
"I hardly know—I've written only ten."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

DEFINITION.

A SECRET is a thing my friend confides to me,
Which I in turn confide to friends of mine, and
they
Straightway to friends of theirs confide it, till we
see

A secret really is as open as the day.

IBID.

PERSEVERANCE.

HE who builds the poorest
Has need to toil the more;
He whom naught can conquer
Finds gods stand at the door.

MARY EARLE HARDY.

COY.

A LIGHT wind wooed a floweret once
 And all a summer's day it plead;
 But still the more it breathed its love
 The more the floweret shook its head.

P. McARTHUR.

—*The Independent, March 12, 1891.*

A POET'S APOLOGY.

MY tongue hath oft-times stammered bashful-wise
 In thy dear praise. I pray thee pardon me.
 It strove to speak the language of thine eyes,
 Which none may word but thee.

CHARLES WASHINGTON COLEMAN.

—*Lippincott's Magazine, February, 1891.*

CREATION.

A RAIN-DROP, made a diamond by the sun,
 Tells from a rose-leaf that the storm is done;
 Rain-drops seem instants, jewels ages old,
 Yet both the self-same moment were begun.

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

—*Lippincott's Magazine, March, 1891.*

LABURNUMS.

O GOLDEN wonder of the wondrous Spring!
 How gleams thy affluence 'tween the April rains—
 The nimble fairies forge thy golden chains,
 And hang them on thee while their thrushes sing.

They forge them in the foundries of the air
 With flames of Spring; thy molten gold falls
 through

Where interlacing boughs frame bits of blue:
 Each chain, a thought of God to lighter care.

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

ON BLOOMFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD, thy happy-omened name
 Insures continuance to thy fame.
 Both sense and truth this verdict give,
 While fields shall bloom thy name shall live.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

MUSIC.

AN angel fair, of high celestial birth,
 Whose thrilling voice rings out through heaven's
 portals;

And who doth oft win souls yet bound to earth,
 With that sweet language used by the immortals.

MARION JULIET MITCHELL.

—*For The Magazine of Poetry.*

QUOTATIONS ON WOMAN.

Woman's grief is like a summer storm,
 Short as it is violent.

JOANNA BAILLIE, *Basil.*

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
 Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
 She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
 Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.

BARRETT, *Woman.*

Oh, woman, perfect woman! what distraction
 Was meant to mankind when thou wast made a devil!
 What an inviting hell invented!

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Comedy of Monsieur Thomas.*

A worthless woman! mere cold clay
 As all false things are! but so fair,
 She takes the breath of men away
 Who gaze upon her unaware;
 I would not play her larcenous tricks
 To have her looks!

E. B. BROWNING, *Bianca among the Nightingales.*

You forget too much
 That every creature, female as the male,
 Stands single in responsible act and thought,
 As also in birth and death.

E. B. BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh.*

And nature swears, the lovely dears
 Her noblest work she classes, O;
 Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
 An' then she made the lasses, O.

BURNS, *Green Grow the Rushes.*

The souls of women are so small,
 That some believe they've none at all;
 Or if they have, like cripples, still
 They've but one faculty, the will.

BUTLER, *Miscellaneous Thoughts.*

A lady with her daughters or her nieces,
 Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling pieces.

BYRON, *Don Juan.*

And whether coldness, pride, or virtue, dignify
A woman, so she's good, what does it signify.

IBID.

But, O ye lords of ladies intellectual
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked you all?

IBID.

What a strange thing is man! and what a stranger
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her head,
And what a whirlpool full of depth and danger
Is all the rest about her!

IBID.

Yet even her tyranny had such a grace
The woman pardon'd all except her face.

IBID.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke might
pierce;"

My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than fierce;

It being (not now, but only while a lad),
That womankind had but one rosy mouth,
To kiss them all at once, from north to south.

IBID.

I've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

IBID.

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmory, and calm, and quiet,
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth.

IBID.

Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

IBID, *Beppo*.

She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.

IBID, *She Walks in Beauty*.

Soft as the memory of buried love,
Pure, as the prayer which childhood wafts above.

IBID, *The Bride of Abydos*.

The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quench'd by her, and your last
sighs

Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing.

IBID, *Sardanapalus*.

The world was sad,—the garden was a wild;
And Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smiled.

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*.

Lo, what gentillesse these women have,
If we coude know it for our rudenesse!
How busy they be us to keepe and save,
Both to hele, and also in sickenesse!
And alway right sorrie for our distresse!
In every manner; thus shew thy routhe,
That in them is all goodnesse and troughe.

CHAUCER, *A Praise of Women*.

So womanly, so benigne, and so meke.

IBID, *Canterbury Tales*.

—*Prologue to Legend of Good Women*.

Woman and Man all social needs include;
Earth filled with men were still a solitude:
In vain the stars would shine; 'twere dark the while
Without the light of her superior smile.
To blot from earth's vocabularies one
Of all her names were to blot out the sun.

ABRAHAM COLES, *The Microcosm*.

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired;
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd
And ease of heart her every look convey'd

CRABBE, *Parish Register*.

Woman, with a mischief of their kind,
Pervert, with bad advice, our better mind.
A woman's counsel brought us first to woe,
And made her man his paradise forego,
Where at heart's ease he lived, and might have been
As free from sorrow as he was from sin.
For what the devil had their sex to do,
That, born to folly, they presumed to know,
And could not see the serpent in the grass
But I myself presume, and let it pass.

DRYDEN, *Cock and the Fox*.

Women are timid, cower and shrink
 At show of danger, some folk think;
 But men there are who for their lives
 Dare not so far asperse their wives.
 We let that pass—so much is clear,
 Though little dangers they may fear,
 When greater perils men environ,
 Then women show a front of iron;
 And, gentle in their manner, they
 Do bold things in a quiet way.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, *Delty Zanc.*

Where is the man who has the power and skill
 To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
 For if she will, she will, you may depend on't.
 And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't.
 —*From the Pillar Erected on the Mount in the*
Dane, John Field, Canterbury.

And when a lady's in the case,
 You know all other things give place.
 GAY, *Fable. The Hare and Many Friends.*

How happy could I be with either,
 Were t'other dear charmer away!
 But, while ye thus tease me together,
 To neither a word will I say.
 IBID, *The Beggar's Opera.*

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares
 The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.
 IBID.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
 And finds too late that men betray,
 What charm can soothe her melancholy?
 What art can wash her guilt away?
 GOLDSMITH, *Vicar of Wakefield.*

Mankind from Adam, have been women's fools,
 Women, from Eve, have been the devil's tools:
 Heaven might have spar'd one torment when we fell;

Not left us women, or not threatened hell.

GEORGE GRANVILLE (LORD LANSDOWNE).
 —*She Gallants.*

Woman's empire, holier, more refined,
 Moulds, moves, and sways the fallen, yet God-
 breathed mind,
 Lifting the earth-crushed heart to hope and heaven.
 HALE, *The Empire of Woman.*
 —*Woman's Empire Defined.*

Of her that bore too long the smart
 Of love delayed, yet keeping green
 Love's lilies for the one unseen,
 Counseling but her woman's heart,
 Chose in all ways life's better part;—
 Arcadian Evangeline.

BENJAMIN HATHAWAY, *By the Fireside.*

O woman! thou wert fashioned to beguile;
 So have all sages said, all poets sung.
 JEAN INGELOW, *The Four Bridges.*

Where she went, the flowers took deepest root,
 As she had sow'd them with her odorous foot.
 BEN JONSON, *The Sad Shepherd.*

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
 In the great history of the land,
 A noble type of good,
 Heroic womanhood.
 LONGFELLOW, *Santa Filomena.*

Women like princes, find few real friends.
 LORD LYTTLETON, *Advice to a Lady.*

Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
 A woman's noblest station is Retreat;
 Her fairest virtues fly from public sight;
 Domestic worth—that shuns too strong a light.
 IBID.

Woman may err; woman may give her mind
 To evil thoughts, and lose her pure estate;
 But for one woman who affronts her kind
 By wicked passions and remorseless hate,
 A thousand make amends in age and youth,
 By heavenly pity, by sweet sympathy,
 By patient kindness, by enduring truth,
 By love, supremest in adversity.
 CHARLES MACKAY, *Praise of Women.*

Disguise our bondage as we will,
 'Tis woman, woman rules us still.
 MOORE, *Sovereign Woman.*

My only books
 Were woman's looks,
 And folly's all they've taught me.
 IBID, *The Time I've Lost in Wooing.*

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7

CURRENT POEMS.

PALM SUNDAY.

DEAR Lord, out of innumerable ills
 Thy grace hath led my feeble steps and slow,
 Vouchsafed to me Thy loveliness to show,
 And given that peace, unpriced, whose gladness
 thrills
 My spirit, so that all its essence wills
 The world no more, but only Thee, to know:
 Before Thy feet of glory palms I strow,
 While my rapt heart with high Hosanna fills.

To-day Jerusalem hails Thee divine,
 Yet storm of death awaits to rend the calm!
 What, then, if grief and bitterness like Thine
 To me shall come, I shall not lack this balm,—
 To know, that if Thy way of peace be mine,
 The amaranth is sweeter than the palm!

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

—*Buffalo Sunday Express, March 22, 1891.*

A SONG.

TO SLEEP! to sleep! The long bright day is done,
 And darkness rises from the fallen sun.
 To sleep! to sleep!

Whate'er thy joys, they vanish with the day;
 Whate'er thy griefs, in sleep they fade away.
 To sleep! to sleep!

Sleep, mournful heart, and let the past be past!
 Sleep, happy soul! All life will sleep at last.
 To sleep! to sleep!

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

—*The New Review, March, 1891.*

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

IF I lay waste and wither up with doubt
 The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
 Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
 If I deny the things past finding out;
 Or if I orphan my own soul of One
 That seemed a Father, and make void the place
 Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
 What do I gain, that am myself undone?

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

—*Harper's Magazine, February, 1891.*

OLD-AGE ECHOES.

SOUNDS OF THE WINTER.

SOUNDS of the winter too,
 Sunshine upon the mountains—many a distant strain
 From cheery railroad train—from nearer field, barn,
 house,
 The whispering air—even the mute crops, garner'd
 apples, corn,
 Children's and woman's tones—rhythm of many a
 farmer, and of flail,
 An old man's garrulous lips among the rest—*Think
 not we give out yet,*
Forth from these snowy hairs we too keep up the lilt.

THE UNEXPRESS'D.

How dare one say it?
 After the cycles, poems, singers, plays,
 Vaunted Ionia's, India's—Homer, Shakespeare—
 the long, long times' thick dotted roads,
 areas,
 The shining clusters and the Milky Ways of stars—
 Nature's pulses reap'd,
 All retrospective passions, heroes, war, love, ador-
 ation,
 All ages' plummets dropt to their utmost depths,
 All human lives, throats, wishes, brains—all exper-
 iences' utterance;
 After the countless songs, or long or short, all
 tongues, all lands,
 Still something not yet told in poesy's voice or print—
 something lacking,
 (Who knows? the best yet unexpress'd and lacking).

SAIL OUT FOR GOOD, EIDOLON YACHT!

Heave the anchor short!
 Raise the main-sail and jib—steer forth,
 O little white-hull'd sloop, now speed on really deep
 waters,
 (I will not call it our concluding voyage,
 But outset and sure entrance to the truest, best,
 maturest;)
 Depart, depart from solid earth—no more returning
 to these shores,
 Now on for aye our infinite free venture wending,
 Spurning all yet tried ports, seas, hawsers, densities,
 gravitation,
 Sail out for good, eidolon yacht of me!

AFTER THE ARGUMENT.

A group of little children with their ways and chatter
 flow in,
 Like welcome rippling water o'er my heated nerves
 and flesh.

WALT WHITMAN.

—*Lippincott's Magazine, March, 1891.*

SONG.

FOR me the jasmine buds unfold,
 And silver daisies star the lea,
 The crocus hoards the sunset gold,
 And the wild rose breathes for me.
 I feel the sap through the bough returning,
 I share the skylark's transport fine,
 I know the fountain's wayward yearning—
 I love, and the world is mine!

I love, and thoughts that some time grieved,
 Still, well remembered, grieve not me;
 From all that darkened and deceived
 Upsoars my spirit free.
 For soft the hours repeat one story,
 Sings the sea one strain divine,
 My clouds arise all flushed with glory—
 I love, and the world is mine!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

—*Harper's Weekly*, February 18, 1891.

PANSY.

AH, as radiant as thy face is
 Nestling 'mong my lady's laces,
 Says my heart, "Thou art no fairer,
 Little thought-bloom, than thy wearer.
 Thou canst tell not half the story
 Of my lady's tender glory."

Is't with rapture thou are trembling
 On her breast? There's no dissembling
 In my lady; there's none truer.
 This I say who am her wooer.
 When her lips breathe words of sweetness
 In her soul is their completeness,
 So she loves thee Pansy-blossom
 For she wears thee on her bosom.

Brightly lift thy head thou fair one,
 She has placed thee there to snare one.
 He whose eyes by thee are captured
 Looks again and is enraptured
 With the face that smiles above thee.
 Rightly, blossom, doth she love thee.

Thou dost wear the look of speaking
 Tell me, Pansy, that I'm seeking.
 Thou who art her necromancer
 Whisper me my lady's answer
 To the question, doth she love me?
 Ah, she seems so far above me
 With her gentle maiden graces!
 Thou, who 'rt nestling 'mid the laces

Just above her warm heart's beating,
 Does my love find welcome greeting?

Does that gentle heart beat faster?
 Does it leap to call me master
 O'er her woman's strong devotion?
 Oh, my love is like the ocean—
 Deeply, widely, round her surging,—
 As resistless in its urging.
 And I'll win my lady's pleasure,
 Pansy, I will win my treasure.

CARRIE RENFREW.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

LINES.

(Suggested by Lyman Whitney Allen's poem, "In the
 Coming of His Feet.")

IN the coming of His feet,
 I hear music rare and sweet.
 And I listen while I ponder
 With a new, increasing wonder,
 O'er the beauty and the glory
 I shall meet!

I have lost all fear and doubt
 That long compassed me about;
 I have found the meaning plain
 Of my grief and care and pain,
 But for these I would His coming
 Be without!

For the coming of His feet,
 I must rouse my soul to meet;
 Laying down my weight of sorrow
 Deck my temple fair to-morrow,
 For His glory and His beauty
 I may meet!

ALICE S. DELETOMBE.

—*The Interior*, January 15, 1891.

LONG AGO.

HAPPIEST dreams were those that vanished
 Long ago.
 Fairest flowers were those that faded
 Long ago.
 Softest winds were those that blessed her,
 Loved her fondly, and caressed her
 Brow of snow.
 And the brooklet's banks were shaded
 Where the flow

Of the purling waters faintly
Whispered music, soft and saintly,
Long ago.

Sad, ah, sad the after summer
Where we know
That the beauteous vision vanished
Long ago!
While no winds of morning kiss her,
And the lonely flowers miss her
As they grow
By her grave, and hope is banished
From below;
And the heart is crushed that cherished
One who passed away and perished
Long ago.

HU MAXWELL.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

EMBARRASSMENT.

GAUNT wreckers watch the wintry coast at night;
The tempest rages in the outward gloom;
Rough men are praying unto God to doom
A vessel struggling with the ocean's might.
Crowded and kneeling in supreme affright
Upon the fated ship, a floating tomb,
Vast helpless throngs are seen where lightnings
'lume,
Beseeching God for salvatory light!
And He in highest heaven doth hear these prayers
Offered by every soul with voice sincere,
Who for his sentence in distraction waits,
And He, environed by a million cares,
Looks on the scene of triumph and of fear,
Uplifts his judging hand, and—hesitates!

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

—*Witch of En-dor and Other Poems*.

THE MINSTREL.

HE thought he once could sing
A song of love and spring,
But stammered, though he held a full-strung lyre;
Because he lacked the art
Which later years impart;
Because the skill was less than the desire.

And now he seems to know
Just how the tune should flow,
But misses the young ardor once so strong.
The impulse of the heart
Is slower than the art;
The skill to sing is better than the song.

The sobering touch of time
Holds back the hasty rhyme
That in the heat of youth once spurned control;
For snared in webs of thought
His flying dreams are caught;
Age looks beyond the senses to the soul.

Ah, could the singer's art
Assume the loftier part
As once the lowlier in the realm of song!
Ah, could life's grander themes
Flow like the early streams,
What minstrel then would say he had lived too long?
CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.
—*Harper's Magazine*, February, 1891.

SYDNEY LANIER.

(*Read at the Unveiling of the Poet's Bust, in Macon, Ga.*)

I HOLD a prism to mine upturned eye,
The sunlight's golden lances pierce it through—
Behold! what blazing splendors fill the Blue!
Ten thousand shimmering rainbows arch the sky,
And interblend their glorious radiancy;
All gross and common things fade from my view,
And, in her virgin beauty robed anew,
The Earth, once more, an Eden seems to be.

Such are, to me, the glorifying powers
Of thy rare verse, O crystal-souled Lanier;
What valiant war for Truth thy pen did wage!
It was Ithuriel's spear—but wreathed with flowers;
Thy stainless song recalls Art's golden age,
And Love's immortal glory crowns thy bier.

CHARLES W. HUBNER.

For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

IN the night, in the night,
I a mocking-bird heard sing,
In the loneliness and gloom
Of his close, wire-woven room;
But he longed with rapid wing
From his prison to take flight;
And 'twas for a fancied mate
That he sang so loud and late,
In the night.

In the night, in the night,
Like the captive mocking-bird,
I sit in my chamber dim,
And I, too, love like him,

By a longing sweet am stirred,
And dream of a lost delight;
I imagine a true-love, too,
And her with a song I woo,
In the night.

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

A RONDELET.

A RONDELET
Is just an epigram well told.
A rondelet
Is verse of silver set in gold—
The subject new, the rhythms old—
So framed that you here behold,
A rondelet.

JAMES GRAHAM.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

TWILIGHT.

WHEN I was young the twilight seemed too long.

How often on the western window seat
I leaned my book against the misty pane
And spelled the last enchanting lines again
The while my mother hummed an ancient song
Or sighed a little and said, "The hour is sweet,"
When I, rebellious, clamored for the light.

But now I love the soft approach of night,
And now with folded hands I sit and dream
While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem:
And thus I know that I am growing old.

O granaries of Age! O manifold
And royal harvest of the common years!
There are in all thy treasure-house no ways
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope
To memories more exquisite than hope.
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,
And thrice more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in thy lingering rays;
So autumn roses bear a lovelier flower;
So, in the emerald after sunset hour,
The orchard wall and trembling aspen trees
Appear an infinite Hesperides.
Ay, as at dusk we sit with folded hands
Who knows, who cares in what enchanted lands
We wander while the undying memories throng?

When I was young the twilight seemed too long.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

—*The Athenaeum*.

THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S PRAYER.

KEEP me, I pray, in wisdom's way,
That I may truths eternal seek;
I need protecting care to-day,
My purse is light, my flesh is weak;
So banish from my erring heart
All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating art—
Of first editions and of prints.
Direct me in some godly walk
Which leads away from bookish strife,
That I with pious deed and talk
May extra-illustrate my life.

But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly ask that I may be
Most notably beset to-day.
Let my temptation be a book
Which I shall purchase, hold and keep,
Whereon when other men shall look,
They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
Oh, let it such a volume be
As in rare copperplates abounds!—
Large paper, clean, and fair to see,
Uncut, unique—unknown to Lowndes.

EUGENE FIELD.

—*A Little Book of Western Verse*.

THE STRANGERS.

HE entered; but the mask he wore
Concealed his face from me.
Still, something I had seen before
He brought to memory.

Who art thou? What thy rank, thy name?
I questioned, with surprise,
"Thyself," the laughing answer came,
"As seen of other eyes."

JOHN B. TABB.

—*Harper's Young People*, January 13, 1891.

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NOTES.

WILLSON. When "The Old Sergeant" was first published, the attention of Mr. John James Piatt, who had met the poet three years before, was directed to the poem by a prominent Union member of Congress, who, "prefacing his confession with familiar Kentucky emphasis," said, "I cried when I read that." Mr. Piatt continues: "I took the paper home and read the poem aloud,—or tried to read it aloud, and after the bluff old Kentuckian's confession, I did not think it shameful weakness to have cried too." Mr. Piatt at once attributed the authorship of the poem to Willson, and in answer to a note of inquiry, the latter responded, not openly admitting the fact, but saying, "You speak of a production, 'The Old Sergeant,' assuming it to be mine, and say — wept over it. So did I." In a note to Prof. Lewis, Dr. O. W. Holmes says: "I read one or two of his poems, which led me to make his acquaintance. He was a tall, striking looking man, rather shy, I should say, but pleasant when one had gained his confidence. A great reader and admirer of Thoreau, and, I think, of Emerson. A Spiritualist, who was, as he thought, in near relations with disembodied beings,—his deceased father and wife. The latter would float in the air before him. One day a feather fell in his path. He looked upon this as a mystic event—a token of some kind, not an ordinary occurrence, and wrote a poem about it, of which he gave me a manuscript copy. . . . I do not think many persons made his acquaintance, except Longfellow, Lowell and myself, but I do not know. I went to see him first, and afterwards he visited me repeatedly."

GRIFFITH. "Among the lofty mountains and elevated valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and the snowy sum-

mits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman, who dwells upon the highest habitable spot, takes his horn and pronounces clearly and loudly through it, as through a speaking-trumpet, 'Praise the Lord God!' As soon as the sound is heard by the neighboring huntsmen, they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the call resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at length settles over the scene. All the huntsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. Meantime, it has become quite dark. 'Good-night!' at last calls the highest herdsman through his horn. 'Good-night!' again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the huntsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings and to rest."

MEYNELL. Mrs. Meynell, notwithstanding that she has only published one slight volume of verse, is generally acknowledged to be one of the sweetest singers among living poets. With the exception of "Renouncement" her sonnets are to be found in her volume, "Preludes," illustrated by her sister, Lady Butler (Elizabeth Thompson). Several of them show a very marked affinity to the love sonnets of Mrs. Browning. In this class I know no nobler or more beautiful sonnet than "Renouncement," and I have so considered it ever since that day I first heard it, when Rossetti (who knew it by heart), repeating it to me, added that it was one of the three finest sonnets ever written by woman.

W. S.

McKINNIE. Mr. McKinnie's poem on "Sherman and Porter" was written for and read at a memorial mass-meeting held at the Auditorium, Chicago, Sunday, March 1, 1891, to an audience of 7,000 people. Nearly 2,000 persons were turned away from the doors, being unable to gain admittance.

KERR. On December 17, 1856, in King Street Church, Kilmarnock, the author of these verses on Louis Kossuth had the honor of presenting a public testimonial to the Ex-Governor of Hungary, and of crowning him with a Kilmarnock bonnet, in presence of a large and enthusiastic audience.

DICKINSON. Mr. Dickinson's most famous poem, "The Children," was published in THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY for April, 1889. Vol. I, No. 2, page 240.

HOWE. Among the women who made themselves well known throughout the country for their interest in the condition and welfare of the troops was Mrs. Howe, who, together with her brother, rendered

important service to the Northern Army. In 1861 Mrs. Howe, in company with her husband, visited Washington. It was there that she heard the chorus from a regiment of soldiers. Among the songs which were given with true musical ring was the familiar one known as "John Brown." This was at the time used by college boys as a setting for various of their nonsensical improvisations. The episode which introduced "John Brown" and his career suggested to the author a further use for the simple tune. It was a good marching air, was easily harmonized, and readily learned. During the five years from the beginning to the end of the war there was no song which was more popular, and as one of our veterans says: "There never was a song to whose strains our men would march, fight, or die more bravely." Mrs. Howe, as she says, thought that in consequence of the popularity of the music there should be more inspiring words, and it was this idea that gave birth to the hymn. In 1862, more than a year after Mrs. Howe had written the words, they were given to the public through the medium of the *Atlantic Monthly*. She had written them during a restless night in Washington after she had seen a skirmish by the troops and had listened to a sermon by the chaplain of a regiment. Her whole mind, she says, was filled with the importance of the struggle, and with the belief that it was the guidance of an all-wise Providence toward the emancipation of human creatures whose cries for release had reached heaven. As everyone knows, through the medium of her writing, Mrs. Howe was deeply interested in the condition of the slaves. Whatever had been the views of politicians respecting the ultimate object of the war, many Christians firmly believed that it was purely for the eradication of slavery. This will account for the religious tone of the poem.

SEARS. In reply to a note from the editor, Rev. James S. Draper, of Wayland, Mass., says: "During the seventeen years that Mr. Sears occupied the Unitarian pulpit here, he was my nearest neighbor, and our families were as one, and I had ample opportunity to observe his characteristics. From others I have learned that in early youth he was noted for writing poetry and sermons; that his mental faculties matured early; that as a scholar he readily grasped the problems presented to his mind, and easily maintained the first standing in schools and college. While here in the ministry his studies absorbed his attention entirely for the time being; almost as much so, in appearance, as though in a trance condition at times. He read extensively the works of Swedenborg, and some of his views in psychological matters seem to have been drawn from that source. What Mrs. Sears

has written about his writing under some form or degree of "inspiration" seems to me to have been true. The hymn in question was written, off-hand, as it were, just before meeting on the Christmas evening referred to, which I have good reason to believe was December 25, 1854, although my data are not positive. He did not cultivate his poetical talents, and while many times called upon to prepare poetic pieces for special occasions, he rarely complied, saying: 'I can promise nothing. If anything comes to me, it will be in season, and I will inform you.' I think he liked the hymn quite as well as 'Calm on the Listening Ear of Night,' written while in the Divinity School at Cambridge."

Mrs. Sears writes Mr. Draper concerning the hymn as follows: "Your note received this evening. I have not the least objection to Mr. Moulton's publishing the hymn, 'It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.' But what is there to be said, except that it came to Mr. Sears from the inspiration of a parish gathering at our house in Wayland one Christmas evening, and was sung that same evening by the friends who met with us (you may have the date, I have not). I think you selected the tune, did you not? If you think of any other item connected with it, please add it, for your memory of those old times is better than mine, though no one enjoyed them more than I did. Mr. Sears never wrote a hymn unless he felt inspired to do so. He always said he could tell at once on reading a hymn whether it was written to order."

Edmund Hamilton Sears was born April 7, 1810, at Sandisfield, a quaint old town nestled among the Berkshire hills in Western Massachusetts. With little aid from his family, and larger self-denial on his own part, he entered Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., where he was graduated at the age of twenty-four. Three years afterwards, in 1837, he was graduated at Cambridge Divinity School. With most decided taste for a literary career, his deep religious sentiment impelled him, from early boyhood, to the Christian ministry. He enjoyed this service amidst the quiet towns of Lancaster, Wayland, and Weston, in Massachusetts, where he also found time to engage in those literary pursuits and studies which were so congenial to his taste, and for which, because of physical limitations, he finally withdrew from pastoral labors. He died in Weston, among his former parishioners, beloved and honored, January 16, 1876.

DOWLING. "Revelry in India." These lines are said to have been sung by a company of British officers stationed at a frontier post in India during a pestilence. It is also said that the author of them was the next victim. They have been persistently

attributed to Alfred Domett; but in a letter to Rositer Johnson, dated February 6, 1879, he says: "I did not write that poem, and was never in India in my life. I am as ignorant of the authorship as you can be; indeed, I never heard of the poem until I saw it attributed to myself in an article in the *Chicago Times*, in the year 1872, I think. . . . The poem has splendid talent, and even more spirit, which makes me the more anxious to disclaim it, as I do not wish to take any credit that properly belongs to another man."

SHERIDAN. These gay and flowing verses, perhaps the most popular of their class in the language, are evidently modeled on the following song in Suckling's play of the "Goblins":

A health to the nut-brown lass
With the hazel eyes, let it pass,
She that has good eyes, etc.
Let it pass—let it pass.

As much to the lively gray,
'Tis as good in the night as the day,
She that has good eyes, etc.
Drink away—drink away.

I pledge, I pledge, what, ho! some wine,
Here's to thine—here's to thine!
The colors are divine;
But oh! the black, the black,
Give us as much again, and let 't be sack;
She that hath good eyes, etc.

This song was appropriated by S. Sheppard, in a comedy called the "Committee-man Curried," 1647. Sheppard was a notorious plagiarist, and had the audacity to publish the lines without any acknowledgment of the source from whence he stole them.

CLEVELAND. "No Sect in Heaven." The author of this poem is the wife of a New England clergyman and daughter of Mr. Jocelyn, an eminent engraver of New York. The lines first appeared in the *Berkshire Courier*, August, 1860, under her name. They were also sent in manuscript to the *Congregationalist*, and were published in that paper with the signature, but not without several alterations. The poem, since then, has had an extensive circulation in religious and secular papers, and as a tract, on both sides of the Atlantic.

MORRIS. "Woodman Spare That Tree" was founded on the fact that on one occasion a friend took him into the woods not far from Bloomingdale, N. Y. and pointed out an old elm under which he had played in his youth. While they were examining the tree a man approached and was about to cut it down when Morris's friend offered the workman ten dollars to spare it. The three men went into the woodman's cottage, and Morris drew up a bond to the effect that the tree should be preserved dur-

ing his friend's lifetime. So strong was the impression that the incident made on Morris's mind that he commemorated it in a verse. A compliment that greatly delighted the author was paid this poem by a member of the British House of Commons, who concluded a long speech in favor of protection by quoting it, the tree, according to the speaker, being the constitution, and Sir Robert Peel the woodman about to cut it down. See "Bryant and his Friend," by James Grant Wilson (New York, 1886).

WOLFE. This famous ode, "The Burial of Sir John Moore," is here printed exactly as it stands in "Wolfe's Remains," where it is copied from the original manuscript. The Rev. Samuel O'Sullivan, writing under date of April 22, 1841, says: "I think it was about the summer of 1814 or 1815 (I cannot say for a certainty which), I was sitting in my college rooms (in Dublin), and reading in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register,' in which a very striking and beautiful account is given of the burial of Sir John Moore. Wolfe came in, and I made him listen to me as I read the passage, which he heard with deep and sensible emotion. We were both loud and ardent in our commendation of it, and after some little time I proposed to our friend to take a walk into the country. He consented, and we bent our way to Simpson's nursery, about half way between Dublin and the Rock. During our stroll Wolfe was unusually meditative and silent, and I remember having been provoked a little by meeting with no response or sympathy to my frequent bursts of admiration about the country and the scenery, in which, on other occasions, he used so cordially to join. But he atoned for his apparent dullness and insensibility upon his return, when he repeated for me the first and last verses of his beautiful ode, in the composition of which he had been absorbed during our little perambulation. . . . These were the only verses which our dear friend at first contemplated; but moved, as he said, by my approbation, his mind worked upon the subject after he left me, and in the morning he came over to me with the verses by which it was completed." Wolfe (born in Dublin December 14, 1791, died February 21, 1823), neither published this poem nor took pains to claim it. Manuscript copies were taken down from recitation, and it was finally printed, with the initials 'C. W.' in the *Newry*, Ireland, *Telegraph*, from which it was speedily copied far and wide. An interesting discussion of its merits by Byron and Shelley is given in Medwin's "Conversations of Byron."

MASON. This remarkable sonnet by Miss Mason was inadvertently omitted from the study of her poetry in the January number of this magazine.

BENTON. "Midsummer Invitation" was first published some twenty years ago. In its present form it was revived for publication in *THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY*. For a study of Mr. Benton's poetry see Vol. II, No. 3.

ANDREWS. This sonnet on Matthew Arnold appeared in *The Century* for July, 1888.

MARSTON. Philip Bourke Marston was a great admirer of Hayne, and without doubt the feeling was reciprocated. This sonnet first appeared in the *New York Independent* of October 21, 1886.

EDMONDS. "When June Shall Come Again," a sonnet on the death of Emily Pfeiffer, was first published in the *Women's Penny Paper* of London. "Under the Aspens," is the name of one of Mrs. Pfeiffer's works, and it was in a hammock under the aspens of Mayfield that she wrote during the summer months.

GOODALE. Miss Goodale's tribute to Walt Whitman was published in *Lippincott's Magazine*, April, 1886.

WILSON. This excellent sonnet on Stevenson was originally published in *The Critic*, and republished in Crandall's "Representative Sonnets by American Poets."

TENNYSON. The text of "A Song" is taken from a cablegram to the *New York World*. For the three stanzas the *Review* is said to have paid the Laureate more than \$10 per word.

DELETOMBE. This poem was inspired by reading Mr. Allen's poem in the October (1890) number of *THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY*.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

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FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

A STUDY OF HIS POETRY.

I.

ON the 25th of June, 1889, at the age of thirty-nine, there passed from earth one of those strangely gifted souls, whose story becomes the wonder of succeeding generations, though the people among whom they live, and from whose presence they go out to the land of shadows, give little heed to their existence, or to their work.

Francis Saltus Saltus, dying in the flush of manhood, with the best working years of life un-lived, left behind him a mass of literary and musical performance, that simply because of its extent, is wonderful. But it is not the amount alone that makes it worthy of note. In the variety of matter, in the originality of thought, in the curious and vivid imagination that it evinces, the work of Francis Saltus will stand out as an evidence that our literature has produced a phenomenon.

The variety of his work is as astonishing as its vastness; covering poetry, both serious and comic, biography, musical composition and literature, romance, literary and general criticism, correspondence and other journalistic work, humorous articles and books on all subjects. He was not content to use one language, but luxuriated in many, and was proficient in each.

To fully understand the man, and to reach a proper conception of the motives which actuated his work, would require that daily intercourse which Boswell held with Johnson, and this no man outside of his own family had; but some idea of his gifts, and his methods, and his achievements may be won from a glance along his life. He began writing at an early date, winning school honors with a readiness that made competition with him useless, and when under sixteen years of age, turned a Spanish legend of mingled beauty and disgust, into poetry that made its revolting and lovely features more pronounced and striking than they are in the original tongue. Sent abroad to finish his education, he became a linguist of rare excellence, speaking and writing the leading languages of Europe and the East, and acquiring a knowledge of many of the patois that cling to these; remnants of a speech that exists only in remote mountain hamlets and unsought places. The ease with which he mastered the learned languages, and the equal facility with which he gathered a knowledge of the tongue of the semi-civilized peoples of western Asia and northern Africa, was marvelous, and these were not useful for travel alone, but in his hands became vehicles for thought and literary effort. The rapidity

with which he worked, and his varied linguistic attainments, can be best shown in telling of his "Life of Donizetti." This book, certainly the most complete musical biography extant, and a work of love and loyalty such as usually measures the accomplishment of a life, was composed in English, and translated into French, Italian and German by the author. When it is considered that the manuscript will make seven hundred printed pages, the labor this caused is, to say the least, amazing, and the achievement one to be wondered at. That such a work, whose composition involved much travel, a large expenditure of money, and a correspondence that became gigantic in its proportions, should remain unpublished in the native land of its author, is not a gratifying mark of American literary enterprise. Unfortunately, in the fire that consumed a great warehouse in New York, the French, German and Italian translations were destroyed, otherwise the Italian and German editions would be in print, as propositions looking to this result were under consideration by the author at the time of his death. He did not live to complete the new translations, but so thoroughly were the Italians convinced of the strength and usefulness of his work, that he received from them the freedom of the city of Bergamo, and was enrolled a member of the society that commemorates the life and glorious achievements of the great composer whose biography he wrote. Fortunately, a type copy of the English version of this work had been made, and was not stored with the translations and original, so that this monument of American scholarship still exists.

But while giving much time to musical biography and studies, as this "Life of Donizetti" and monographs on Rossini, Bellini, "The Kings of Song," and humorous articles concerning the plots of operas, and the lives of famous composers, and much musical criticism, shows Saltus was not idle in poetry.

It has been related that he began writing poetry at an early age. His first volume, "Honey and Gall," was published in 1873, and was the result of work done before he was twenty. Fugitive, serious and humorous poems from his pen were common from that time till his death, but save a pamphlet of humorous sonnets on the plots of famous operas, published under his pen name of "Cupid Jones," no other collection of his verse was published. Since his death, two volumes, "Shadows and Ideals," and "The Witch of En-dor, and Other Poems," have appeared. There still remains unpublished two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, one volume of sonnets, two volumes of French poems, one volume of poems in other foreign languages, a volume of children's poetry, and two volumes of humorous and comic verse, and a large number of

poems written on events and occasions of passing interest. Beside these, there was destroyed in the fire mentioned, a poem entitled "Nijni Novgorod," giving a graphic picture of the great fair in that city, interspersed with many Russian and Oriental legends clinging to this vast gathering, enough to make a large volume, and miscellaneous poems sufficient to make a book equal in size to those published since his death.

Francis Saltus was early a contributor of European correspondence to several papers, and his letters were widely quoted. He has contributed general articles, criticisms and editorials to many journals, and his work in this direction would make several respectable-sized books. In connection with this branch of his literary achievement, though different, and showing the versatility of his mind, may be mentioned his humorous writings. He was prolific in those witty and humorous dialogues that brighten our daily and weekly press, often writing from fifty to one hundred in a day. More than ten thousand of these were published, and a large number still remain in manuscript. Besides these, he wrote crazy histories of the United States, France, Rome, England and Germany, a comic Robinson Crusoe, a comic cook book and a comic Bible, with numerous witty and humorous sketches on people, incidents and events.

Saltus was also a writer of short stories of much power, in the same vein as those of Theophile Gautier and Edgar Allan Poe, but differing from them in thought and manner of treatment. Here his originality and imagination reveal, and his study in Paris, and his intimate acquaintance with the best French literature, has given his stories the verve and finish of those models of concise romance. There are enough of these sketches and stories to fill several books, and it is keeping within bounds to say that his literary work, if carefully collected, would make more than fifty printed volumes.

And this was not all of his work. He was a musical composer of great force and beauty, and was equally prolific in this branch of art. Two grand operas, one on "Marie Stuart," the other on "Joan-of-Arc," are among his remains in this line, and he composed both librettos and music. He also composed several short and comic operas, and more than two thousand fugitive pieces, all of which have merit, some being veritable gems of melody. Several of his fugitive pieces, composed during his residence in Paris, became very popular there, and were claimed by people whose genius was unequal to such work. In improvisation Saltus was unrivaled. He could sit down to the piano and compose and play melodies that would move the soul with their strange harmony and power, and this without pre-

vious thought or study. That he should possess these gifts is not strange. His mother was a superb and enthusiastic musician, and his paternal grandmother a woman of much poetic talent and accomplishment.

This, in brief, is the record of a life's work that ended just at the beginning of manhood's prime, just as the mind's mature prospect was opening. That the ultimate achievement would have been different had life gone on; that many of the thoughts and methods followed, would have been changed, is shown by the experience of literary minds in the past. As life did not go on, the result of his poetic accomplishment must be judged from what he left, and the poetical work of Francis Saltus already in print, measures more, both in variety and extent, than that which the world reaped from many longer lives.

II.

There are three volumes of poems bearing the name of Francis S. Saltus, "Honey and Gall," published in 1873, and "Shadows and Ideals," and "The Witch of En-dor, and Other Poems," published in 1890. Of "Honey and Gall," but little need be said. It was a strange volume, and for a youth of twenty a wonderful book, full of originality, highly imaginative, but marred by a pessimism, and at times by a grotesqueness, that showed a faulty conception of manhood and nature. It evidenced a poetic talent of high order, and gave promise of work that could win attention, and command respectful consideration.

This was accomplished when "Shadows and Ideals" was published in the June of 1890, and was further demonstrated by the appearance of "The Witch of En-dor, and Other Poems," six months later. These two books place the poetic work of Francis Saltus fairly before the world, and on them a judgment of his manner, his thought, his power and his accomplishment, can be founded.

The one thought that prevails when reading these volumes, is, what a superb imagination,—what a wonderful command of language. When these, and the great erudition evidenced by both books have had their sway, another thought follows, a wish that the soul which could imagine such things, and invest the imaginings with such a glory of language color, could have been won from the train of thought which fills them with a vague distrust of manhood and the things the world holds sacred. To condemn, simply because the work is not of the quality that best meets one's idea of poetic excellence, is unjust. The thing to consider, is, does the work of Saltus evince poetic talent? Has it the ring, the fire, the imagination, the fancy,

that should appear in poetry? Is it inventive? Does it clothe striking thoughts in appropriate language? The answer to all of these questions must be yes. Back of the answer arises a protest. What has manhood done to this life, that the genius ruling it should forever condemn man and his ambitions? What great wrong has the soft hand of woman inflicted, that no vision of pure feminine loveliness shines from the pages? What fault of nature filled this soul with a morbid pessimism, which turned her beauty to ashes, took from flower, and grass, and tree their color and fragrance, and left only the waste places of the world as an inspiration?

These are questions that cannot be answered, save as the work of the man answers them; and in this one finds a chaos of contradictions, a mingling of glorious and abhorrent thought, a rush of melodious language ending in a climax of horror. This quality can be best shown by the two short poems that follow, taken from "Shadows and Ideals," both wonderful pieces of original and concentrated picturing.

REPASTS.

I.

WITHIN a garret where all fire is dead,
A poet dreams of Fame and seeks his bed,
Avidly gnawing a foul crust of bread.

II.

A fair young mother, happy and elate,
Fills with kind hand her little darling's plate,
The first real Christmas meal he ever ate.

III.

Across the way, a gouty nabob dines
His friends with choicest fare and costly wines,
The table glitters with the wealth of mines.

IV.

On a frail raft, beneath a scorching sky,
Three famished, shipwrecked sailors, with a sigh,
Cast lots to see which one is doomed to die!

ANANKÉ.

A TREE is blooming in some distant grove,
A mammoth oak whose branches pierce the sky,
Peopled with birds, where agile squirrels rove,
Where owlets hoot and where the eagles die.

A maid is seated in a dreary room,
Her drearier thoughts are far, ah! far away,
While, with a heart immersed in utter gloom,
She weaves a cerement till the close of day.

Fair flowers are sleeping in the frozen ground,
Until spring beckons them with signs unseen
To aid the glory of new nature crowned,
And, starlike, light the meadows' dewy green.

A block of marble in a quarry lies,
Inert, unfeeling in its silent sleep,
While o'er it, roaring thro' the sombre skies,
The wintry winds their doleful vigils keep.

From that same tree my coffin will be wrought,
Kind hands will place those flowers upon my head,
The maiden's work will be the shroud I sought,
The marble block will hold me with the dead.

The ruling passion here is death,—death and suffering. In the first poem, the poet and the shipwrecked sailors color the thought that follows its reading. In "Ananké," a peculiarly strong and striking bit of work, it is death,—cold, silent, unending death, that looms through the melodious echoes of the poem. So, too, in that notable poem, "Across the Steppes," whose local color, action and imagery is so strong, so rapid and varied, that one sees the flashing snow, partakes of the feast, and listens to the steaming samovar, after making the guest say of the host's patron saint,—

"Her hair is golden as the sun-kissed wheat,
Her eyes are like the Volga's matchless blue
Those holy lips hold pardon ever new,
I long to throw my sins before her feet."

The poet makes the guest steal the image of the saint, and die, the prey of wolves.

The quotations, so far, have been from "Shadows and Ideals," and the book will furnish the remaining matter of this section.

It is the motive, and not the poetry, of these pieces that is condemned. Robert Browning was a great soul, and a true poet, but his work is frequently vague and imperfect, and often useless because of these faults, which stand out all the more prominently, because he could and did write poems that flamed with noble thoughts and glorious pictures, uttered in simple and comprehensible language. Francis Saltus, while seemingly filled with an ever-changing phantasy of horror, could and did write poems of rare beauty and sweetness. Having taken issue with the inspiration of much of his work, it does not follow that this work is not poetry, and poetry of a high order. It is poetry, vivid, absorbing, powerful, with a splendor of imagery and diction that is wonderful. And the themes chosen, the treatment followed, are original and varied. In metre and form, too, Saltus is a master, and his sonnets are pictures that tingle with life, or burn with color, while his thought is clear-cut, flowing and passionate, as the theme demands.

Having shown what appears to be the great fault in the poetry of Saltus, those qualities which stamp it as work of a high order, in fact, as work born of genius, come up for example and consideration. Perhaps the most pronounced of these is the vivid local coloring with which he imbues his poems; the power of assimilation which his mind shows, in its treatment of widely different scenes and subjects. Saltus is a Frenchman by the Seine, a Spaniard in

Seville and Grenada, a Russian on the Steppes. This gives much of his work a peculiar charm, that makes one forget the underlying thought.

In "Shadows and Ideals," the most ambitious poems are, "The Cloud," which opens the book, telling the story of a fleecy mass of vapor, born—

"When light first dawned upon the startled earth,"

to wing for centuries from clime to clime—

"Drifting from mountains of eternal ice
To balmy islands redolent with spice,

varied pictures showing its wanderings till the "pure and spotless form of Christ" passed through it "on the way to meet his God."

An "In Memoriam" of Henry W. Longfellow, closing with this stanza,—

"Thou art gone to join the countless host of shadows,
But thy sweetness will triumphantly remain,
Like the perfume of the violets on the meadows,
Made refreshing by the ripple of a rain!"

"Across the Steppes," before spoken of; "A Farewell," the most tender and appreciative of Saltus' poems on women; "The Cross Speaks," a story of the cedar of Lebanon, forming that instrument of Christ's sacrifice; and "Rivals," a poem wherein the two giant peaks of the world, Kunchinjunga, which,—

"Majestic and sublime in icy splendor,"

towers over the Himalayas, and Chimborazo, that—

"Of mighty storms and blighting winds prolific,"

rises amid the Andes, vaunt their power and grandeur. The wide divergence of these themes, and their adaptability to poetic treatment, allows of many changes in metre and pictures, and while they are no stronger than many shorter poems, they show the author's skill in form and effect better.

Saltus was impregnated with the French spirit, and subjects from that fair land are scattered thickly through the pages of "Shadows and Ideals." "Ravallac," "The Forest of Fontainebleau," Dumas' famous "Musketeers," "The Carp at St. Germain," "Austerlitz," Paris, its catacombs, streets and associations, these, and many more, find place and picture in his work; while Napoleon, the First Napoleon, was a worshiped hero, and Bernadotte a scorn and a reproach.

From his love for music, from his travels, and from his linguistic accomplishments, sprang many poems, one of these being a series of sonnets to languages, Latin, Italian, Anglo-Saxon, Spanish, Greek and French. The one to Anglo-Saxon is quoted to show their texture and spirit.

ANGLO-SAXON.

HIGH SOUNDING, terse and energetic tongue,
Like boreal winds, impetuous and rough;
There rings in thee the manly, haughty stuff
That suits a brawny chest, a Harald's lung.

Thy harsher beauties by old minstrels sung,
When tamed to deeper calm, were sweet enough
To please the robust Saxons, brave and bluff,
Who mouthed thy consonants when thou wast young.

But when thy short, sharp words fall on my ears
From tutored lips, their rich and powerful sound
Clangs like steel rapiers smiting brazen shields.
I picture up a revel of hostile spears,
And hear King Arthur to his foes around,
Trumpet defiant words on battle-fields.

One attribute of the poems of Saltus forces itself upon the mind with the reading of each different piece, and that is his ability to impress a line with the memory-haunting power which recalls the complete sonnet or poem to the thought. Turn where you will, these lines stand out, winning full perusal for the setting that holds them. This is the mark of the true artist, the evidence of something greater than talent, and when one finds these scattered thick on every page, he feels that he is in the presence of genius. Take a few examples of these gathered at random, gloomy, flower-fretted, gem-like, or horror-fraught, and this power becomes plain.

"A snake of lightning writhes along the sky."
"Balmy with grain and the soft southern breeze."
"The drowsy wood seemed desolately dead."
"One perfect night, when June lay wrapped in bloom."
"Vast, virgin solitudes of polar snow."
"Her gold-black glances glitter like a bee."
"And kiss all hell upon his perfect lips."

The picturesque power of Saltus is strongly exemplified in his sonnets, a class of poems in which he reveled, and in whose composition he showed a readiness and facility that made many of those he wrote veritable gems of genre. That these should show a great variety of thought, picture and passion, was inevitable, considering the life from which they sprang. One that has been frequently quoted, and whose motive and inspiration has been often imitated, is the following:

THE BAYADERE.

NEAR strange, weird temples, where the Ganges' tide
Bathes domed Lahore, I watched, by spice-trees fanned
Her agile form in some quaint saraband,
A marvel of passionate chastity and pride.
Nude to the loins, superb and leopard-eyed,
With fragrant roses in her jeweled hand,
Before some Kaat-drunk Rajah, mute and grand,
Her flexile body bends, her white feet glide.
The dull kinoors throb one monotonous tune,
And wail with zeal as in a hasheesh trance;
Her scintillant eyes in vague, ecstatic charm
Burn like black stars below the Orient moon,

While the suave, dreamy languor of the dance,
Lulls the grim, drowsy cobra on her arm.

The sonnets of Saltus are, in many instances, the most optimistic of his serious work; and still, the melancholy that pervades so many of his poems clings to them as a whole, dominates them, and gives them that vague unrest which means nothing, if it does not mean discontent with, and distrust of man and nature.

It was said in the beginning of this glance through "Shadows and Ideals," that in some instances the work was a "chaos of contradictions." This shows that the author was not thoroughly convinced of the truth of certain philosophic points, though he uses and upholds them in most cases. Occasionally, however, he refutes his own statements, not only by inference, and choice of subject and treatment, but by argument and demonstration. The following extracts will show what is meant by this statement:

PROOF.

THE world shrieks "atheist" in my face, and cries:
"How canst thou the eternal God aggrieve?
Why doubt? He made the earth, the stars, the skies,
And thy vile dust! Yet thou wilt not believe."

For answer I seek the woman whom I prize;
One who can rule me by her slightest nod,
And as I gaze in her calm, treacherous eyes,
Convinced, I sigh, "There can not be a God!"

A MEETING.

"THERE IS NO God," I arrogantly cried;
God is a myth, a fable, a disgrace!
Why in His boundless spaces does He hide,
Where are His might eternal and His pride?
Where"—then I suddenly met him face to face!

If there is one thing that, more than another, proves the existence of a Creator, and demonstrates the soul's immortality, it is the fact that men write poems, novels, plays and learned essays, which they hope will win eternal fame—write them, even though many of the last, and some of all, are arguments to prove the falsity of that they aim to achieve.

III.

"The Witch of En-dor, and Other Poems," is the most ambitious of the poetical work of Francis Saltus. The book may be divided into two parts, the first containing a series of stories founded on Biblical subjects,—*"The Witch of En-dor," "Abraham," "Cain," "Potiphar's Wife," "Samson and Delilah," "Judas," "Moses on Sinai,"* and *"Lazarus,"* with sonnets and shorter pieces between; and the last, two dramatic poems on *"Bel-shar-uzzur,"*

and "Lot's Wife," with an unfinished work on Carthage.

It was said that the poems were founded on Biblical subjects, but it does not follow that they conform to the usual versions clinging to the names mentioned. This would not give the author that play and scope he wished. Here it is that the imagination of *Saltus luxuriates*. It was because he saw that in these subjects lay vast chances for new theories, that he chose them. There were old legends of incidents pertaining to them; he would change these, and give new and different interpretations of the characters. This method may be briefly summed up in telling his story of "The Witch of En-dor," the titular poem of the book. It begins—

"I, Shumma, radiant with all woman's graces
And bloom of summers had the rooted wish,
To be beloved of Saul."

"And on my couch, adorned in shesh and scarlet,
I dreamed of him in exquisite unrest;
While love had dove-like nestled in my breast,
And purified the soul of me, a harlot.

"For I had seen him in imperious manner
Marshal his armored followers, and go
To scourge the insolence of the nation's foe,
And o'er Philistine dead wave Israel's banner.

"Erect, a tower of strength, in vigor peerless,
Taller than all the people by his side,
I saw him through his populous cities ride,
In virile splendor, arrogant and fearless.

"And love invaded all my rosy beauty,
While trembling, and enraptured, and enslaved,
Mute at his royal feet I humbly craved
One look of love as largess and as booty.

"In amorous ways" Shumma tries to win Saul's regard, but fails, even though she was, as she says—

"Moreauteous, love enraptured,
Than his dusk wives, and slaves, and dancing girls."

and revered him for "his prowess, and the glory of all his deeds." So after dreams, in which she sees him go forth—

"To the drear foeful ravines of the North."

and—

"Swift hurrying steeds, and labyrinths of spears,"

she wins, by bribery, her wish that Saul should come to her in a damp, and noisesome, and filthy cave, thinking she is one of the banished witches. There she appears before him—

"Wrinkled, in fetid rags made foul by art."

but under these—

"Swathed in soft satin to my trembling knees."

and after filling "with miasmal herbs, a cauldron vast," she burned these, mingled with "nephetic drugs, and venoms dire."

"Then by swift, dexterous tricks and transpositions,
Before his credulous eyes I made pass by
Majestic shapes, like those of gods on high,
Grim, hollow ghosts and woeful apparitions!"

When Saul falls terrified before these visions, and the words they utter, she has him borne to a well-lit, luxurious chamber, and makes a feast for him, flinging off her disguise to appear to his returning senses in all her superb loveliness. Her beauty conquers his love, and then follows a time of passion, from which Saul goes forth at daybreak, after culling "the drowsy promise of her breath," to the day of Gilboa,

"To perish grandly in the battle's din,
While I in calm serenity lay dreaming."

This summary will show how the poet's imagination makes havoc with the familiar story. And this is the course followed in the remaining poems of the series. Abraham is made to desire Isaac's death because of hunger in the desert to which his weakness had sent Hagar and Ishmael, and to be kept from the murder which he tells the boy is God's wish, by the discovery of the ram. Cain, because God smites his dear ones with sickness that he can not alleviate, determines to rid the world of all living things, and thus destroy suffering. The ghost of Potiphar's wife is made to seek Joseph's tomb, there to supplicate for affection, and to be hailed thence by the voice of her obdurate enslaver. Samson wrecks his vengeance on Delilah in the destruction of the Philistine temple, this story keeping closer to the original than either of the others. Judas betrays Christ because of Divine command, and love for Mary Magdalene, who consenting first to his importunities, when he has fulfilled his divinely imposed mission, repudiates him because of her affection for the Savior, and leaves him miserable. "Moses on Sinai" is the story of a woman, who is deprived of her golden bracelets by Aaron's command, to help form the calf, and when she can not show the lost treasure to the lover who had given them, loses his affection. She then invokes the power of Moses, and a bloody holocaust follows her seeking the prophet on Sinai. "Lazarus" gives the story of the brother of Mary and Martha, after his resurrection, the point being that death ends all.

Of the shorter poems, "Extermination" tells of the crucifixion of the last man who

"Dared to believe in God."

"Misrepresentation" is a powerful piece, telling of the Savior's mortality and death, as other men die, for save in so much as all men are, He was not divine. "A Soul's Soliloquy" is the condemnation of its earthly abiding place by a spirit. "Accusation" tells of the meeting of Christ with a devil He

out, and gives the prophecy of this evil one, "Summum Deum" is a protest against the gods of mortality, which, if He is supreme, are His and wish of the Creator and ruler of man. A variety of description, of thought, of deduction has been wrought into these narratives, rarely be conceived. Saltus makes the most opportunities offered, and some of his scenes are startling in their audacity. Yet often depicting impiety is rendered harmless by the himself, as in "Lazarus," where he attempts to depict the soul ends with death's coming, by giving a soul in the enjoyment of its full

Again, after making Christ a man only, in whom he endows him with powers that belong to Divinity alone. What may be termed the central thought of Saltus, is, therefore, nullified human work, and this being the case, needs no nation. It remains, then, to call attention to the leading characteristics of these poems.

One of the imaginations shown, and the gorgeousness of language that colors all of his poems, a prominent feature is their voluptuous quality—their richness in sensual beauty, not bestial, but strongly animal, as shown in the following description of Mary Magdalene:

Her loosened tresses in their uncurbed splendor,
A stream of gold like ripe and wavy wheat,
Well o'er her bosom palpitant and tender
To kiss her sandaled feet."

The lack of the spirituelle element that you find in these poems: of fierce animal passion, love, food-thirstiness, there is no lack.

As to the work called dramatic, a new region of vistas of color resonant with sound, running through leading ideas centering about the names "Bel-shar-uzzur," "Lot's Wife" and "Carthage." The most striking feature of this group of poems, is the crudition evinced in their construction and organization; their leading power gathers in a few dramatic scenes, that make one regret that Saltus did not give more time on these, and give less to the long choruses that overshadow them. The poet marvels of versification, and bewildering variety of names and attributes, but in many instances is a beauty of language alone that gives reaction.

In a fragment on "Carthage," there are two stanzas and eleven songs and choruses. All are beautiful and picturesque, and full of local color, and in the two scenes that the most dramatic lies. The first tells of the death of Adherbal, a general condemned for the loss of a battle in which he passes a night in debauch,

And when the dawn, with its sweet pulse of light,
Throbbed through darkness to a perfect day,

He was led forth, and nailed unto a cross,
Now, in the horde that compassed him about
Was an old warrior, who had warred in Spain
When young Adherbal first sniffed blood on fields,
And in the panic of a battle's heart
He, crushed and trampled on by yelling hosts,
Lay stricken down and was about to die,
When lo! Adherbal, witnessing his plight,
Charged on the assailers, and with mighty blows
Saved the poor man and vanquished on that day.
And the old soldier's mind was full of this.
He saw again the swift, tumultuous scene
Pass in his eyes, and there his Savior hung,
Nailed to a cross to linger in the sun,
The prey of birds, and all his soul rebelled,
And when the throngs were busy at the sight,
He crouched and poised a javelin in his hand,
And with unerring speed above the heads
Of all the multitude it shrilly whirred
Deep to the tortured bosom of the chief,
Who cried aloud: "Bel bless thee, friend!" and died,
And all the cheated people turned in wrath,
And tore the soldier's body into shreds."

The second scene, depicting the crucifixion of one hundred lions in honor of the moon, is more tragic and intense, and shows how cruel those old days were, in a manner vivid with the fire of a spirit, pagan to the core.

"Bel-shar-uzzur," founded on the closing scene of Babylon's splendor, when the words of fire shone on the wall of the king's palace, is the most extended piece of poetical work left by Saltus, filling nearly one hundred printed pages. Here, again, the local coloring is strong and absorbing, and the scenes glitter with all the pomp and savagery of the years when man's soul held little spiritual love, and no pity.

The story of this poem is slight, but the filling-in shows a vast amount of study, reading of old histories, and thorough research in the field opened by the deciphering of the unearthed inscriptions of this long-dead empire.

First comes a description of the city and its people, scenes of voluptuousness and slaughter, the impalement of a Jew who had dared to desecrate some god's brazen image, mingled with the songs of courtesans and soldiers, and the choruses sung by priests and prisoners. Then a young girl, daughter of a warrior, and named Alca, who is just budding into womanhood, appears. She is beloved by Ammarac, a soldier, to whom her love is pledged, and who is

"Strong as a god and humble as a dove."

A law of the god Beltis, made it imperative that Alca should pass a night in the temple, and that the man who first threw a piece of money in her lap when the gates were opened in the morning, could claim the enjoyment of her beauty for an hour. Ammarac tells her to have no fear, as he will be ready, but Tammac, his rival, bribes the high priest

let him remain in the temple all night, and when the hour arrives, and the temple gates are flung wide, throws his money in her lap before Ammarac can reach her. Bel-shar-uzzur appears just as Tammac seizes Alca to bear her to the chamber where his wish can be consummated, and she appeals to the king for protection. At first he carries her off, and falls in love with her, and yet he, the king,

"Dared not to press her beauty to his lips."

for the priests demand that she shall fulfill her hour with Tammac, and Bel-shar-uzzur resigns her to him for that time. At its close, she is led back to the king, and as she reaches him, an archer

"Threw Tammac's severed head at Alca's feet."

Alca becomes the king's favorite, and Ammarac, in his sorrow and madness, flies to the Medes and Persians, who, under Cyrus, have come up to besiege the city. Then comes the king's feast, and

"Then suddenly, from nothing, came a Hand
And wrote strange words of fire upon the wall."

Daniel's interpretation follows, and is quickly succeeded by Ammarac's betrayal of the city.

Ammarac kills the king, and demands Alca's love, to be met with the bitter words,

"Approach me not!
Thou hast betrayed thy country and thy king,
And thou to me art fouler than a Jew!
My love, my passion, yea my soul itself,
Was centered in my monarch thou hast slain."

As she ceased speaking, Alca snatched the king's lance,

"And fell upon it as a warrior would,
While the red blood choked up her rosy mouth,
While the sweet eyes grew still, and she was dead."

Ammarac groped to the palace roof,

"And leapt into the darkness far below,
Staining an obelisk with guilty blood!
And Babylon was leveled to the dust."

"Lot's Wife," a poem filling nearly fifty printed pages, recounts for Sodom, what "Bel-shar-uzzur" does for Babylon. The sins, the voluptuousness, the beauty of this,

"The monumental miracle and grace
Of all the haughty cities of the plain,"

is told in language that fits the time, the surroundings, the seething life of a place, of which the poet sings,

"The night had come; the city was aflame
With lust, and music, and continual song."

But the wrath of a stronger God than any her people bowed down to, was awakened, and Sodom fell, for

"Down through the shields of mist His bolts were driven,"

and Lot and his children were all who lived to tell of that fair place, so lately full of mirth, and melody and sensuous madness.

The story, of course, is changed, that the author may find fields wherein to exercise the great gifts of his mind, but the tragic ending remains the same.

Language, imagination, voluptuousness, these glow and burn in every scene, in every song. The essence of all of these poems, is pagan. The show, the sound, the utter lavishness of life, the glitter of gold and gems, the sensual thought, belong to a people and a period whose religion is ruled by things carnal. That much of the matter is abhorrent to the prevailing ideas of the present day, does not make the pictures less true to the life they delineate.

The thought that rules after reading the two books of Saltus that form the subject of this article is, do these poems add to the literary wealth of the world? Great they certainly are, strong in language, powerful in imagination, facile in thought, wonderful in erudition, original in conception—but does literature and mankind benefit by them? Would not the genius that could write such things, have, if led in a different direction, left the earth a song that would ring on through all coming time, a glory and an inspiration? These are questions that it is right to ask, for the future gathers from the present, the lessons that tend to a better use of the powers that belong to man.

That Saltus was a poet, that he possessed the poetic thought, the poetic power, the poetic genius, is evident. He has left work that could only emanate from these things. This being so, there must some good come from his poems, but the intense cynicism, the avid grasping of themes that teem with horror, the pessimism that revels in dark thoughts of the past, the present and the future, are not the best gifts that genius can leave to the coming years.

The time has not yet come, when a full judgment on the life, the work, and the genius of Francis Saltus can be given. An acquaintance with his performance in all the varied branches that this shows, will be necessary, to make this just and complete. Even his poetic accomplishment can only be judged inadequately, for other volumes may change the tone of a criticism embracing the complete range of his poetic work. Summing up the result of this, however, by his work as now known, it must be conceded that his poetry, in its extent, in its glory of language, in its rendering of local life and color, in its imagination, in its melodic properties, and erudition, is wonderful. He was a poet, strong in all of the essentials that make leaders in literature, action and thought, and, despite the fact that he failed to read man and nature aright in all cases, a great poet.

T. S. C.



O. Perrin

C. O. PERRIN, President of the College of Commerce of Buffalo, N. Y., whose portrait appears on the preceding page, is not a poet, but has achieved distinction in his great field of labor as President of the largest and most successful Commercial College and Shorthand Institute in the United States. Although comparatively a young man, the magnitude of his undertakings and the means already attained is far beyond his years if we are to judge by the average *successful* man as our guide. A little more than three years ago Prof. Perrin laid the foundation for the College of Commerce, for which he saw there was much need. From the humble beginning his school has so rapidly increased in numbers that it has been necessary to add one story after another until the present time he occupies three floors of the elegant Jewett Block at 327 Washington Street, utilizing for school rooms eighteen thousand square feet of floor space, and during the month of February had an enrollment of nine hundred and four students. This is a remarkable showing, to say the least, and when we call the attention of our readers to this great school for the practical training and education of the young men and women who are to occupy positions of trust and responsibility, we do so with honest pride, believing our readers will be interested in knowing such a school is located in the Queen City of the Lakes.

Space will not admit of going into details pertaining to the management and causes resulting in such phenomenal and unprecedented success, but we will take the opportunity of doing so at another time. A few brief points, however, will give a clew to these facts in question. The Faculty is composed of gentlemen and ladies all of whom are specialists in their several departments of work; they have been wisely selected because of their special fitness, experience and moral worth, in teaching, guiding and directing these young men and women in the important work before them.

Students of all ages, from fifteen to fifty years, are admitted, and during the summer months special inducements are held out to teachers in the Commercial or Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting, English, Art, Drawing, and Music Departments.

The Correspondence Course in Shorthand, as conducted by Prof. Perrin, is novel and very interesting. He has three hundred students who are successfully mastering the art of the New Rapid system of Shorthand through the medium of the mails. Among this large class are Lawyers, Doctors, Editors, Teachers, School Principals, Students in public and private schools, Bookkeepers, and many others who are preparing for the practical relations of life. The offices and college rooms are spacious and elegantly furnished, the walls and ceilings throughout the entire building are frescoed a warm beautiful tint, and the desks are of modern construction and adapted for the special department for which they were designed. In his private office the President is surrounded with about ten stenographers, whose nimble fingers are recording answers to the large number of inquiries made daily concerning this school; also the correction of lessons of correspondents with suggestions for a more thorough mastery of this beautiful system of Shorthand. A visit to his school will repay any one who is interested in educational matters.

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WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

L. III.

No. 3.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

SARAH MORGAN BRYAN was born in Fayette county, near Lexington, Ky., August 11, 1811. She is a grand-daughter of Morgan Bryan, of Kentucky's pioneer settlers. Her mother when Mrs. Piatt was but eight years old. Her education was obtained chiefly at the Henry Female Seminary, Newcastle, Ky., of which she was a graduate. Mrs. Piatt early evinced a talent for poetic expression, and in her girlhood, many poems were published, winning the praises of prominent men of the day, notably among them George D. Prentice. Prentice was at that time editor of the *Louisiana Journal*, and his endorsement gave Mrs. Piatt a prominent place among the writers of the South. In 1831 Miss Bryan was married to John James Piatt. In 1834 "The Nests at Washington, and Other Poems," was published. No other collection of her poems was made until 1871, when "A Woman's Poems" was published. Meantime her pen was appearing in various magazines throughout the country. It has been said: "At her worst she is obscure; at her best she writes poetry delightful for its music, tender sentiment, its subtle thoughtfulness." To this latter sentiment we fully agree; but she cannot be said to be "obscure." Her writing is characterized by conciseness and clearness of expression, and it does not require a very analytical mind to arrive at the thought which appealed to the poetic nature of the author. Mrs. Piatt is at present residing at Queenstown, Md., her husband being the American Consul at that place. N. L. M.

IN PRIMROSE TIME.

EARLY SPRING IN IRELAND.
I.

Behold the lodge-woman in her great cloak coming,
With her white cap. What joy
To see the ash-man? On my word he's
Humming

A boy's song, like a boy!
He quite forgets his cart. His donkey grazes
Just where it likes the grass.
The red-coat soldier, with his medal, raises
His hat to all who pass;
And that blue-jacket sailor,—hear him whistle,
Forgetting Ireland's ills!
Oh, pleasant land—(who thinks of thorn or thistle?)
Upon your happy hills
The world is out! And, faith, if I mistake not,
The world is in its prime
(Beating for once, I think, with hearts that ache
not)
In Primrose time.

2.

Against the sea-wall leans the Irish beauty,
With face and hands in bloom,
Thinking of anything but household duty
In her thatched cabin's gloom;—
Watching the ships as leisurely as may be,
Her blue eyes dream for hours.
Hush! There's her mother—coming with the baby
In the fair quest of flowers.
And her grandmother!—hear her laugh and chatter,
Under her hair frost-white!
Believe me, life can be a merry matter,
And common folk polite,
And all the birds of heaven are of a feather,
And all their voices rhyme,—
They sing their many songs, like one, together,
In Primrose time.

3.

The magpies fly in pairs (an evil omen
It was to see but one);
The snakes—but here, though, since St. Patrick,
no man
Has seen them in the sun;
The white lamb thinks the black lamb is his
brother,
And half as good as he;
The rival car-men all love one another,
And jest, right cheerily;



The compliments among the milkmen savor
 Of pale gold blossoming;
 And everybody wears the lovely favor
 Of our sweet Lady Spring.
 And though the ribbons in a bright procession
 Go towards the Chapel's chime,—
 Good priest, there be but few sins for confession,
 In Primrose time!

4.

Now all the children in this isle of faery
 Whisper and laugh and peep.
 (Hush, pretty babblers! Little feet, be wary,
 You'll scare them in their sleep,—
 The wee, weird people of the dew, who wither
 Out of the sun, and lie
 Curled in the wet leaves, till the moon comes
 hither).—

The new-made butterfly
 Forgets he was a worm. The ghostly castle,
 On its lone rock and grey,
 Cares not a whit for either lord or vassal
 Gone on their dusty way,
 But listens to the bee, on errands sunny.—
 A thousand years of crime
 May all be melted in a drop of honey
 In Primrose time!

THERE WAS A ROSE.

"THERE was a rose," she said,
 "Like other roses, perhaps, to you.
 Nine years ago it was faint and red,
 Away in the cold dark dew,
 On the dwarf bush where it grew.

"Never any rose before
 Was like that rose, very well I know;
 Never another rose any more
 Will blow as that rose did blow,
 When the wet wind shook it so.

"What do I want?—Ah, what?
 Why, I want that rose, that wee one rose,
 Only that rose. And that rose is not
 Anywhere just now? . . . God knows
 Where all the old sweetness goes.

"I want that rose so much;
 I would take the world back there to the night
 Where I saw it blush in the grass, to touch
 It once in that Autumn light,
 And only once, if I might.

"But a million marching men
 From the North and the South would arise,

And the dead—would have to die again?
 And the women's widowed cries
 Would trouble anew the skies?

"No matter. I would not care;
 Were it not better that this should be?
 The sorrow of many the many bear,—
 Mine is too heavy for me.
 And I want that rose, you see!"

A DOUBT.

It is subtle, and weary, and wide;
 It measures the world at my side;
 It touches the stars and the sun;
 It creeps with the dew to my feet;
 It broods on the blossoms, and none,
 Because of its brooding, are sweet;
 It slides as a snake in the grass,
 Whenever, wherever I pass.

It is blown to the South with the bird;
 At the North, through the snow, it is heard;
 With the moon from the chasms of night
 It rises, forlorn and afraid;
 If I turn to the left or the right
 I cannot forget or evade;
 When it shakes at my sleep as a dream,
 If I shudder, it stifles my scream.

It smiles from the cradle; it lies
 On the dust of the grave, and it cries
 In the winds and the waters; it slips
 In the flush of the leaf to the ground;
 It troubles the kiss at my lips;
 It lends to my laughter a sound;
 It makes of the picture but paint;
 It unhaloes the brow of the saint.

The ermine and crown of the king,
 The sword of the soldier, the ring
 Of the bride, and the robe of the priest,
 The gods in their prisons of stone,
 The angels that sang in the East—
 Yea, the Cross of my Lord, it has known;
 And wings there are none that can fly
 From its shadow with me, till I die.

HEARING THE BATTLE.

JULY 21, 1861.

ONE day in the dreamy summer,
 On the Sabbath hills, from afar
 We heard the solemn echoes
 Of the first fierce words of war.

Ah, tell me, thou veiled Watcher
Of the storm and the calm to come,
How long by the sun or shadow
Till these noises again are dumb.

And soon in a hush and glimmer
We thought of the dark, strange fight,
Whose close in a ghastly quiet
Lay dim in the beautiful night.

Then we talked of coldness and pallor,
And of things with blinded eyes
That stared at the golden stillness
Of the moon in those lighted skies;

And of souls, at morning wrestling
In the dust with passion and moan,
So far away at evening
In the silence of worlds unknown.

But a delicate wind beside us
Was rustling the dusky hours,
As it gathered the dewy odors
Of the snowy jessamine-flowers.

And I gave you a spray of the blossoms,
And said: "I shall never know
How the hearts in the land are breaking,
My dearest, unless you go."

A WOMAN'S BIRTHDAY.

IN AUGUST.

It is the Summer's great last heat,
It is the Fall's first chill: they meet.
Dust in the grass, dust in the air,
Dust in the grave, and everywhere!
Ah, late rose, eaten to the heart:
Ah, bird, whose southward yearnings start:
The one may fall, the other fly.
Why may not I? Why may not I?

Oh, Life! that gave me for my dower
The hushing song, the worm-gnawed flower,
Let drop the rose from your shrunk breast
And blow the bird to some warm nest;
Flush out your dying colors fast:
The last dead leaf—will be the last.
No? Must I wear your piteous smile
A little while, a little while?

The withering world accepts her fate
Of mist and moaning, soon or late;
She had the dew, the scent, the spring
And upward rapture of the wing;

Their time is gone, and with it they.
And am I wooing Youth to stay
In these dry days, that still would be
Not fair to me, not fair to me?

If Time has stained with gold the hair,
Should he not gather grayness there?
Whatever gifts he chose to make,
If he has given, shall he not take?
His hollow hand has room for all
The beauty of the world to fall
Therein. I give my little part
With aching heart, with aching heart.

TWO HUNTERS.

ANECDOTE OF VICTOR EMMANUEL, KING OF ITALY.

THEY met in the heat of a Southern sun.
And how did they look? Oh, I fancy one
Was a picturesque peasant, such as you may
See in a lover's part, at the play.

This hunter was nothing at all, you see,
And the other was—everything! But he
Was none too handsome, let us suppose,
Although his face out-reddened the rose.

These two Italians met, as I said,
In a lonesome place where a hare lay dead.
"It is mine—I shot it," one stormily cried;
"It is mine—I shot it," the other replied.

So the beautiful youth went home that night
With his black eyes blacker yet from the fight.
"Now," the genial gentleman said, "it is mine—
And" (this to himself) "by the right divine."

At morning a carriage was sent to bring
The wondering peasant before the king.
"Do you know me, sir?" "I'd the honor to fight
With your Majesty, as I fear, last night."

"And I saw by the shot, when the hare was dressed,
That it was not mine—forgive me the rest:
There's enough for us both—and it was not mine;
Come in, I beg you, with me, and dine."

THE WITCH IN THE GLASS.

"My mother says I must not pass
Too near that glass;
She is afraid that I will see
A little witch that looks like me,

With a red, red mouth to whisper low
The very thing I should not know!"

"Alack for all your mother's care!
A bird of the air,
A wistful wind, or (I suppose
Sent by some hapless boy) a rose,
With breath too sweet, will whisper low
The very thing you should not know!"

THE DESCENT OF THE ANGEL.

"THIS is the house. Come, take the keys,
Romance and Travel here must end."
Out of the clouds, not quite at ease,
I saw the pretty bride descend;—
With satin sandals, fit alone
To glide in air, she touched the stone.

A thing to fade through wedding lace,
From silk and scents, with priest and ring,
Floated across that earthly place
Where life must be an earthly thing.
An earthly voice was in her ears,
Her eyes awoke to earthly tears.

A TRAGEDY OF THE NIGHT.

AT AN EDINBURGH STREET CROSSING.

SHE started suddenly from the moving mass.
The wind sprang up and caught her by the shawl,
And held her like a thing that dared not pass,—
Then shook her for an instant. That was all.

Once beautiful, and still almost a child!
She wore her wet hair round her with a grace.
I saw the great eyes staring black and wild
As the scared lamplights shuddered from her face.

Upon her track there followed such a cry:
"Will you come back, or no?" was all it said,—
"Will you come back, or no?" The Voice wailed
by;
On—to the Pit?—the girlish phantom fled.

GOOD-BYE.

A WOMAN'S SONG.

GOOD-BYE, if it please you, sir, good-bye.
This is a world where the wild swans fly.
This is a world where the thorn hangs on
When the rose, its twin, is gone, is gone.
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

Good-bye, if it please you, sir, good-bye.
You are here and away—I care not why.
This is a world where a man has his will,
A world where a woman had best be still.
Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye.

FRED'S MOTHER.

MASTER HARRY'S COMMENT.

"FRED says his mother cannot tell
One-half the things he asks her. Well!

"She doesn't even know how far
It is straight to that nearest star.

"She only knows the Golden Rule.
—I wonder where she went to school!"

QUESTIONS OF THE HOUR.

MARIAN, SIX YEARS OLD.

"DO ANGELS wear white dresses, say?
Always, or only in the summer? Do
Their birthdays have to come like mine, in May?
Do they have scarlet sashes then, or blue?

"When little Jessie died last night,
How could she walk to Heaven—it is so far?
How did she find the way without a light?
There wasn't even any moon or star.

"Will she have red or golden wings?
Then will she have to be a bird, and fly?
Do they take men like presidents and kings
In hearses with black plumes clean to the sky?

"How old is God? Has He gray hair?
Can He see yet? Where did he have to stay
Before—you know—He had made—Anywhere?
Whom does He pray to—when He has to pray

"How many drops are in the sea?
How many stars?—well, then, you ought to know
How many flowers are on an apple tree?
How does the wind look when it doesn't blow?

"Where does the rainbow end? And why
Did—Captain Kidd—bury the gold there? Why
Will this world burn? And will the firemen try
To put the fire out with the engines then?

"If you should ever die, may we
Have pumpkins growing in the garden, so
My fairy godmother can come for me,
When there's a prince's ball, and let me go?

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S. M. B. Piote

"Read Cinderella just once more—
What makes—men's other wives—so mean?" I
know

That I was tired, it may be cross, before
I shut the painted book for her to go.

Hours later, from a child's white bed
I hear the timid, last queer question start:
"Mamma, are you—my stepmother?" it said.
The innocent reproof crept to my heart.

ONE HAPPY WOMAN.

THE world is wide enough to hold
One happy woman, she was told.
The little maid looked up to guess:
"A bride, in just the loveliest dress;
A ship is waiting, too, in sight,
To sail for——" "No, you are not right.

"The woman you are guessing lies
To-night in some weird hut. Her eyes
Are void; her hollow hands are cold,
(They have not even a rose to hold).
A light is dying at her head;
And she is happy—being dead."

STOP THE CLOCK.

1.

Let this red flower here on the cliff stay red;
Let that glad bird sing always in the tree;
Let baby keep this pretty yellow head
And these two dimples,—do you say to me?

2.

Let these same clouds make this same sky all gold;
Let these same strawberries last? (You'll tell
me how?)

Let's take the world up in our arms and hold
It where it is, and make forever now?

3.

Let's sit here always in this wind and sun,
And hear the water dripping from the rock?
Come, then, and tell me now it can be done.
—What, ho, within there! Some one stop the clock!

DEATH.

I look through tears into the dust to find
What manner of rest man's only rest may be.
The darkness rises up and smites me blind.
The darkness—is there nothing else to see?
Oh, after flood, and fire, and famine, and
The hollow watches we are made to keep,

In our forced marches over sea and land—
I wish we had a sweeter place to sleep!
—*A Look Into the Grave.*

SAGACITY.

If no one should love you? Why,
You can love some other still:
Philip Sidney, Shakespeare, ay,
Good King Arthur, if you will;
Raphael—he was handsome too.
Love them, one and all. I do.
—*After the Quarrel.*

LOVE.

Why do I grieve with summer here?
I want the flower that died last year;
I want the old drops of the dew,
And my old love, sir,—and not you.
Younger than you, nor quite so wise,
Was he who had your hair and eyes,—
Who said, "I love you" first, you see,
This you repeat, and weary me.
—*Engaged Too Long.*

UNSATISFIED.

Ah, real thing of bloom and breath,
I cannot love you while you stay.
Put on the dim, still charm of death,
Fade to a phantom, float away,
And let me call you Yesterday.
—*To-Day.*

KNOWLEDGE.

"That which we know is sweeter yet.
Do we not love the near Earth more
Than the far Heaven? Does not Regret
Walk with us, always, from the door
That shuts behind us, though we leave
Not much to make us grieve?"
—*A Voyage to the Fortunate Isles.*

SORROW.

A woman's tale (of wrong and grief),
And, therefore, none too brief.
—*A Wall Between.*

FAITH.

"Yes, God is good, I'm told. You see,
I cannot read. But, then,
I can believe. He's good to me,
He is, and good to men.
They say he sends us sorrow, too.
The world would be too sweet
To leave, if this should not be true."
—("The world the moth can eat.")
—*An Irish Fairy Tale.*

S. WEIR MITCHELL.

S. WEIR MITCHELL is not dependent upon any one profession for fame. Both as a physician and a writer has recognition been accorded him from some of the best critics of our times.

Dr. Mitchell was born in Philadelphia, February 15, 1829. His father won renown both as a physician and author, and the son followed closely in his footsteps. The family is of English descent. Dr. Mitchell graduated from the Jefferson Medical School in 1850, and in 1851 he went abroad and passed the next two years in Europe, studying. His first writings appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* during the war, and since that time he has been a frequent contributor to our American press. Some of his novels have called forth commendation from most prominent writers. His contributions to the literature of the medical profession have been valuable, and have been published among the Smithsonian Memoirs of the American Publishing Society, and elsewhere. Conjointly with Drs. Keene and Morehouse he published, in 1864, a work on the "Effect of Gunshot Wounds and Other Injuries of the Nerves." He is a member of the National Academy of Sciences of the United States of America, and of numerous other scientific institutions.

Dr. Mitchell has been twice married. His first wife was Miss Elwyn, of Chester, Pa., whose father was a grandson of John Langdon, famous in Revolutionary times, and by whom he had two sons, both of whom are living. The present wife is a sister of John Cadwallader.

Dr. Mitchell in early life met with the same resistance and opposition that all advanced thinkers must meet, but he has been able to overcome all such, and is now enjoying the fruits of his perseverance and indomitable courage. N. L. C.

THE QUAKER GRAVEYARD.

FOUR straight brick walls, severely plain,
A quiet city square around;
A level space of nameless graves,—
The Quaker's burial-ground.

In gown of gray, or coat of drab,
They trod the common ways of life,
With passions held in sternest leash,
And hearts that knew not strife.

To yon grim meeting-house they fared,
With thoughts as sober as their speech,

To voiceless prayer, to songless praise,
To hear their elders preach.

Through quiet lengths of days they came,
With scarce a change to this repose;
Of all life's loveliness they took
The thorn without the rose.

But in the porch and o'er the graves,
Glad rings the southward robin's glee,
And sparrows fill the autumn air
With merry mutiny;

While on the graves of drab and gray
The red and gold of autumn lie,
And willful Nature decks the sod
In gentlest mockery.

HOW THE CUMBERLAND WENT DOWN.

GRAY swept the angry waves
O'er the gallant and the true,
Rolled high in mounded graves
O'er the stately frigate's crew—
Over cannon, over deck,
Over all that ghastly wreck,—
When the Cumberland went down.

Such a roar the waters rent
As though a giant died,
When the wailing billows went
Above those heroes tried;
And the sheeted foam leaped high,
Like white ghosts against the sky,—
As the Cumberland went down.

O shrieking waves that gushed
Above that royal band,
Your cold, cold burial rushed
O'er many a heart on land!
And from all the startled North
A cry of pain broke forth,—
As the Cumberland went down.

And forests old, that gave
A thousand years of power
To her lordship of the wave
And her beauty's regal dower,
Bent, as though before a blast,
When plunged her pennoned mast,—
And the Cumberland went down.

And grimy mines that sent
To her their virgin strength,
And iron vigor lent
To knit her lordly length,

Wildly stirred with throbs of life,
Echoes of that fatal strife,—
As the Cumberland went down.

Beneath the ocean vast,
Full many a captain bold,
By many a rotting mast,
And admiral of old,
Rolled restless in his grave
As he felt the sobbing wave,—
When the Cumberland went down.

The stern Vikings that lay
A thousand years at rest,
In many a deep blue bay
Beneath the Baltic's breast,
Leaped on the silver sands,
And shook their rusty brands,—
As the Cumberland went down.

A PSALM OF DEATH.

BY ONE WHO FELL ON THE WAY.

'Tis but one more to-morrow. Thou art gray
With many a death of many a yesterday.
O yearning heart that lacked the athlete's force
And, stumbling, fell upon the beaten course,
And looked, and saw with ever glazing eyes
Some lower soul that seemed to win the prize!
Lo, Death, the just, who comes to all alike,
Life's sorry scales of right anew shall strike.
Forth, through the night, on unknown shores to win
The peace of God unstirred by sense of sin!
There love without desire shall, like a mist
At evening precious to the drooping flower,
Possess thy soul in ownership, and kissed
By viewless lips, whose touch shall be a dower
Of genius and of winged serenity,
Thou shalt abide in realms of poesy.
There soul hath touch of soul, and there the great
Cast wide to welcome thee joy's golden gate.
Free born to thoughts that ever age on age
Caressed sweet singers in their sacred sleep,
Thy soul shall enter on its heritage
Of God's unuttered wisdom. Thou shalt sweep
With hand assured the ringing lyre of life,
Till the fierce anguish of its bitter strife,
Its pain, death, discord, sorrow, and despair,
Break into rhythmic music. Thou shalt share
The prophet-joy that kept forever glad
God's poet-souls when all a world was sad.
Enter and live! Thou hast not lived before;
We are but soul-cast shadows. Ah, no more
The heart shall hear the burdens of the brain;
Now shall the strong heart think, nor think in vain.

In the dear company of peace, and those
Who bore for man life's utmost agony,
Thy soul shall climb to cliffs of still repose,
And see before thee lie Time's mystery,
And that which is God's time, Eternity;
Whence sweeping over thee dim myriad things,
The awful centuries yet to be, in hosts
That stir the vast of heaven with formless wings,
Shall cast for thee their shrouds, and, like to ghosts,
Unriddle all the past, till awed and still
Thy soul the secret hath of good or ill.

SEPTEMBER.

SIR GOLDENROD stands by and grieves
Where Queen September goeth by:
Her viewless feet disturb the leaves,
And with her south the thrushes fly,
Or loiter 'mid the rustling sheaves,
And search and fail, and wonder why.
The burgher cat-tails stiffly bow
Beside the marsh. The asters cast
Their purple coronets, and below
The brown ferns shiver in the blast,
And all the fretted pool aglow
Repeats the cold, clear, yellow sky.
The dear, loved summer days are past,
And tranquil goes the Queen to die.

THE CARRY.

NIPIGON.

BLUE is the sky overhead,
Blue with the northland's pallor,
Never a cloud in sight,
Naught but the moon's gray sickle;
And ever around me gray,—
Ashes, and rock, and lichen.
Far as the sick eye searches
Ghastly trunks, that were trees once,
Up to their bony branches
Carry the gray of ruin.
Lo! where across the mountain
Swept the scythe of the wind-fall,
Moss of a century's making
Lies on this death-swath lonely,
Where in grim heaps the wood sachems,
Like to the strange dead of battle,
Stay, with their limbs ever rigid
Set in the doom-hour of anguish.
Far and away o'er this waste land
Wanders a trail through gray bowlders,
Brown to the distant horizon.

YOU AND I.

WHAT would you say
If you were I,
And I were near,
And no one by;
If you were I?

What would you do
If you were I,
And night were dark,
And none were nigh?
What would you do?

What would I say
If I were you,
And none were near,
And love were true?
What would I say?

What would I do?
Just only this.
And on my cheek
Soft lit a kiss.
This did she do!

I heard a cry,
And through the night
Saw far away
A gleam of white,
And there was I!

But not again
This she was I;
Yet still I loved,
And years went by.
Ah, not again!

DEVIL.

The Devil owns the minutes, God the years.
—*A Masque.*

DECEPTION.

By Venus: I have read that scroll too oft.
Eyes that say, Yes! and lips that murmur, No!
The pale cheeks mock surrender. All the cheats
That make to-morrow lie to yesterday.
—*Ibid.*

SIN.

Only the crack-brained sin for love of sin,
And crime is wretchedly alloyed with good.
—*Ibid.*

USURY.

Alack! their souls. Go seek yon market-place,
And learn what usury a soul will fetch.
The body of a man may sweat you gold,
Plough, sow, and reap, yet at the end be apt
As other carrion to fatten grapes.
—*Ibid.*

ANTICIPATION.

'Tis better to guess than to see,
'Tis better to dream than to be.
The best of life's loving
Is lost in the proving,
'Tis better to dream than to be.
The joy of love's sweetness
Is lost with completeness,
'Tis better to dream than to be.
—*The Cup of Youth.*

VACILATION.

Who trusts a multitude of counselors
Wins sad unrest!
—*Ibid.*

LIFE.

Life hath two hands for those who fitly live:
With one it gives, with one it takes away;
The willing palm still finds the touch of love,
And he alone has lost the art to live
Who cannot win new friends.
—*Ibid.*

SELF-ADMIRATION.

The man that hath no mirror save himself
Blurs the clear image conscience shows us all.
—*Ibid.*

EXPIATION.

The ghosts that haunt the peaceful hour of night
Are not more unaccountable of man
Than the dead thoughts of life, that, at a touch,
A taste, an odor, rise, he knows not whence,
To scare us with the unforgotten past.
—*Ibid.*

DISCONTENT.

Alas, the best is ever to be won!
There is no rose but might have been more red,
There is no fruit might not have been more sweet,
There is no sight so clear but sadly serves
To set the far horizon farther still.
—*Ibid.*

LOVE.

To greatly love is to be greatly wise.
God were less wise were He not also love.
Ah, there's a riddle only love can read.
—*Ibid.*

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arriving truly
John G. Puller

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

JAMES PIATT is one of the comparatively limited number of Western poets, who had sufficient encouragement from the public to inspire them to that persevering literary pursuits, which is always a necessity for the highest attainment. Mr. Piatt is not only the gifted genius, but he also has the faculty of digestion and assimilating food for beautiful results in many phases of the life and conditions.

Add to these a capacity for careful and diligent labor and a faith in the success of desert, and you have the secrets of our steady forward movement. The distinction which he has attained has been fairly won by merit. His literary reputation is no mushroom of a night, but has been built up

"Through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,"

needed to be an enduring crown of honor, the states of his birth and adoption, but in his own country.

He was born in a little hamlet called Milton, town of Rising Sun, in Ohio county, Indiana, March 1, 1835. He enjoyed brief opportunity for higher education at the High School at Ohio, and afterwards at Kenyon College. Like many of our practically learned men, he improved his opportunities in a newspaper, having been, while yet a boy, apprentice to the publisher of the *Ohio State Journal*. He is now happily married, while yet young, to Miss M. Bryan, who as a thinker and poet has a constituency of friends scarcely second to that which does honor to her husband. Such a union has naturally served as a mutual incentive to develop the best possibilities in the character of either.

Mr. Piatt's first ventures in book form was a volume of verse entitled "Poems by Two Authors," which was the joint production of himself and Howells. It appeared early in 1860, and was favorably received by the fairest and ablest critics in the east and west. The *Atlantic Monthly*, then in its infancy, saw in Mr. Piatt's poems in this volume promise for the future, a promise which has been more than fulfilled in his later volumes. The following volumes were "Western Windows," "The 11 Marks," and in still more recent publications evidences of the same careful toil which characterized his earlier work, while all is ennobled and made beautiful by the mastery of a great natural genius. A few years since he has edited a very notable compilation under

the title of "The Union of Literature and Art," but the illustrations being of a very high class and the entire mechanism and material of the large volume of the very best, the cost was too great for the work to attain to that large success to which its merits entitled it.

Mr. Piatt, in addition to his long years of active work on the newspapers, has also been much in the public service, and has ever proven himself a faithful and efficient public servant. He was for a number of years money order clerk in the Cincinnati post-office, and early in 1882 was appointed United States Consul at Cork, Ireland, a very honorable and important position, which he still holds. His consular reports to the United States Government have been characterized by clearness, directness, and large knowledge of those affairs which come within the horizon of a consul's duty and observation. He is, however, above all a poet. There are few prettier poems in the language than "The Morning Street," and some of his poems prompted by pathetic memories of the civil war are fit companions for Forcelythe Willson's "Old Sergeant."

B. S. P.

FARTHER.

FAR off a young State rises, full of might:
I paint its brave escutcheon. Near at hand
See the log cabin in the rough clearing stand;
A woman by its door, with steadfast sight,
Trustful, looks Westward, where, uplifted bright,
Some city's Apparition, weird and grand,
In dazzling quiet fronts the lonely land,
With vast and marvelous structures wrought of light,
Motionless on the burning cloud afar:—
The haunting vision of a time to be,
After the heroic age is ended here,
Built on the boundless, still horizon's bar
By the low sun, his gorgeous prophecy
Lighting the doorway of the pioneer!

WESTERN WINDOWS.

CRIMSONING the woodlands dumb and hoary,
Bleak with long November winds and rains,
Lo, at sunset, breathes a sudden glory,
Breaks a fire on all the western panes!

Eastward far I see the restless splendor
Shine through many a window lattice bright,
Nearer all the farm-houses gables render
Flame for flame and melt in brotherly light.

Many a mansion, many a cottage lowly,
 Lost in radiance, palpitate the same
 At the touch of Beauty strange and holy,
 All transfigured in the evening flame.

Luminous, within—a marvelous vision—
 Things familiar half-unreal show;
 In the effluence of Land Elysian,
 Every bosom feels a holier glow.

Faces lose, as at some wondrous portal,
 Earthly masks, and heavenly features wear;
 Many a mother, like a saint immortal,
 Folds her child, a halo'd angel fair.

THE MOWER IN OHIO.

JUNE, MDCCCLXIV.

THE bees in the clover are making honey, and I am
 making my hay:
 The air is fresh, I seem to draw a young man's
 breath to-day.

The bees and I are alone in the grass: the air is so
 very still
 I hear the dam, so loud, that shines beyond the
 sullen mill.

Yes, the air is so still that I hear almost the sounds
 I can not hear—
 That, when no other sound is plain, ring in my
 empty ear:

The chime of striking scythes, the fall of the heavy
 swaths they sweep—
 They ring about me, resting, when I waver half
 asleep;

So still I am not sure if a cloud, low down, unseen
 there be,
 Or if something brings a rumor home of the can-
 non so far from me:

Far away in Virginia where Joseph and Grant, I
 know,
 Will tell them what I meant when first I had my
 mowers go!

Joseph he is my eldest one, the only boy of my
 three
 Whose shadow can darken my door again, and
 lighten my heart for me.

Joseph he is my eldest—how his scythe was striking
 ahead!

William was better at shorter heats, but Jo in the
 long-run led.

William he was my youngest; John, between them,
 I somehow see,
 When my eyes are shut, with a little board at his
 head in Tennessee.

But William came home one morning early, from
 Gettysburg, last July
 (The mowing was over already, although the only
 mower was I:)

William, my captain, came home for good to his
 mother; and I'll be bound
 We were proud and cried to see the flag that wrapt
 his coffin around;

For a company from the town came up ten miles
 with music and gun:
 It seem'd his country claim'd him then—as well as
 his mother—her son.

But Joseph is yonder with Grant to-day, a thousand
 miles or near,
 And only the bees are abroad at work with me in
 the clover here.

Was it a murmur of thunder I heard that humm'd
 again in the air?
 Yet, may be, the cannon are sounding now their
 Onward to Richmond there.

But under the beech by the orchard, at noon, I sat
 an hour it would seem—
 It may be I slept a minute, too, or waver'd into a
 dream.

For I saw my boys, across the field, by the flashes
 as they went,
 Tramping a steady tramp as of old with the strength
 in their arms unspent;

Tramping a steady tramp, they moved like soldiers
 that march to the beat
 Of music that seems, a part of themselves, to rise
 and fall with their feet;

Tramping a steady tramp, they came with flashes
 of silver that shone,
 Every step from their scythes that rang as if they
 needed the stone—

(The field is wide and heavy with grass,—and, com-
 ing toward me they beam'd
 With a shine of light in their faces at once, and—
 surely I must have dream'd!

For I sat alone in the clover-field, the bees were
working ahead.

There were three in my vision—remember, old
man: and what if Joseph were dead!

But I hope that he and Grant (the flag above them
both, to boot,)

Will go into Richmond together, no matter which
is ahead or afoot!

Meantime alone at the mowing here—an old man
somewhat gray—

I must stay at home as long as I can, making my-
self the hay.

And so another round—the quail in the orchard
whistles blithe—

But first I'll drink at the spring below, and whet
again my scythe.

READING THE MILESTONE.

I STOPP'D to read the Milestone here,

A laggard school-boy, long ago;

I came not far—my home was near—

But ah, how far I long'd to go!

Behold a number and a name,

A finger, Westward, cut in stone:

The vision of a city came,

Across the dust and distance shown.

Around me lay the farms asleep

In hazes of autumnal air,

And sounds that quiet loves to keep

Were heard, and heard not, everywhere.

I read the Milestone, day by day:

I yearned to cross the barren bound,

To know the golden Far-away,

To walk the new Enchanted Ground!

THE MORNING STREET.

ALONE I walk the Morning Street,
Fill'd with the silence vague and sweet:

All seems as strange, as still, as dead

As if unnumber'd years had fled,

Letting the noisy Babel lie

Breathless and dumb against the sky;

The light wind walks with me alone

Where the hot day flame-like was blown,

Where the wheels roar'd, the dust was beat:

The dew is in the Morning Street.

Where are the restless throngs that pour

Along this mighty corridor

While the noon shines?—the hurrying crowd

Whose footsteps make the city loud—

The myriad faces—hearts that beat

No more in the deserted street?

Those footsteps in their dreaming maze

Cross thresholds of forgotten days;

Those faces brighten from the years

In rising suns long set in tears;

Those hearts—far in the Past they beat,

Unheard within the Morning Street.

A city of the world's gray prime,

Lost in some desert far from Time,

Where noiseless ages, gliding through,

Have only sifted sand and dew—

Yet a mysterious hand of man

Lying on all the haunted plan,

The passions of the human heart

Quickening the marble breast of Art—

Were not more strange to one who first

Upon its ghostly silence burst,

Than this vast quiet where the tide

Of Life, upheav'd on either side,

Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat

With human waves the Morning Street.

Ay, soon the glowing morning flood

Breaks through the charmèd solitude:

This silent stone, to music won,

Shall murmur to the rising sun;

The busy place, in dust and heat,

Shall rush with wheels and swarm with feet;

The Arachné-threads of Purpose stream

Unseen within the morning gleam;

The life shall move, the death be plain;

The bridal throng, the funeral train,

Together, face to face shall meet

And pass within the Morning Street.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SPRING LEAVES.

UNDERNEATH the beechen tree

All things fall in love with me!

Birds, that sing so sweetly, sung

Ne'er more sweet when I was young;

Some sweet breeze, I *will* not see,

Steals to kiss me lovingly;

All the leaves, so blithe and bright,

Dancing sing in Maying light

Over me: "At last, at last,

He has stolen from the Past."

Wherefore, leaves, so gladly mad?
I am rather sad than glad.

"He is the merry child that play'd
Underneath our beechen shade,
Years ago; whom all things bright
Gladden'd, glad with his delight!"

I am not the child that play'd
Underneath your beechen shade;
I am not the boy ye sung
Songs to, in lost fairy-tongue.
He read fairy dreams below,
Legends leaves and flowers must know;
He dream'd fairy dreams, and ye
Changed to fairies, in your glee
Dancing, singing from the tree;
And, awaken'd, fairy-land
Circled childhood's magic wand!
Joy swell'd his heart, joy kiss'd his brow;
I am following funerals now.
Fairy shores from Time depart;
Lost horizons flush my heart.
I am not the child that play'd
Underneath your beechen shade.

"'Tis the merry child that play'd
Underneath the beechen shade
Years ago; when all things bright
Loved, made glad with his delight!"

Ah! the bright leaves will not know
That an old man dreams below!
No; they will not hear nor see,
Clapping their hands at finding me,
Singing, dancing from their tree!
Ah! their happy voices steal
Time away: again I feel,
While they sing to me apart,
The lost child come in my heart:
In the enchantment of the Past,
The old man is the child at last!

THE SIGHT OF ANGELS.

THE angels come, the angels go,
Through open doors of purer air;
Their moving presence oftentimes we know,
It thrills us everywhere.

Sometimes we see them: lo, at night,
Our eyes were shut but open'd seem:
The darkness breathes a breath of wondrous light,
And then it was a dream!

MIRAGE.

I KNOW the Mirage—the vague, wandering ghost
That haunts the desert's still and barren sand
With the close vision of a lovely land,
Once blossoming, but now forever lost;
It rises to the eyes of men who bear
Hunger of heart and thirst of lip in vain—
Mocking their souls with rest. Behold, how plain!
Taking the breathless sand and boundless air,
It stands upon the horizon, far away:
Lost fountains flutter under beckoning palm
(Singing, all birds of longing thither start);
Dear voices rise from homes where children play;
The footsteps lighten, the blest air blows balm.
Then all is sand—within a dreamer's heart!

A MORNING IN SEPTEMBER.

ALL things are full of life this autumn morn;
The hills are gladdening under silver cloud;
A fresher spirit in Nature's breast is born;
The woods are blowing lustily and loud;
The crows fly, cawing, among the flying leaves;
On sunward-lifted branches struts the jay;
The fluttering brooklet, quick and bright, receives
Bright frosty silverings slow from sledges gray
Of rock in buoyant sunshine glittering;
Cold apples drop through orchards mellowing;
'Neath forest-eaves blithe squirrels dart along;
Farms answer farms as through bright morns
Spring.
And joy, with dancing pulses full and strong,
Joy everywhere is heard with laugh and song!

THE FLOWER OF A DREAM.

I DREAMED; I saw a lily in my dream
Of feverish wakefulness at twilight hour:
Issuing from moonlight grew that sainted flower
Above my pillow; and, the tender gleam
Of its white radiance, like a fragrant stream,
Alighting on me, marvel'd I: "What dower
Of purity is thine, which 'gainst the power
Of aught impure a steadfast charm doth seem?"
. . . Transfigured dreadlessly, the lily grew
An angel's stature, passing so away.
Then I awoke from fever which had been,
But in that dewy presence could not stay,
And over me you lent with holier dew:
Out of your heart had grown the flower within.

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Kate E. Good

KATE TUCKER GOODE.

Miss KATE TUCKER GOODE (known in the literary world as "Bert Ingliss"), daughter of Colonel Thomas F. Goode, of the Buffalo Springs, Virginia, and grand-daughter of the late Edward R. Chambers, was born in Mecklenburg county, Virginia, November 22, 1863.

Her first composition that attracted the attention of the public to Miss Goode as a writer of poetry, a piece written in 1883, "In Memory of John H. Payne." The author has very happily assumed the title of Mr. Payne's beautiful poem, "Sweet Home," into her memorial lines. The piece first appeared in the *Richmond Dispatch*, and afterwards copied by the *Richmond State*, complimented by that paper. About eighteen months later "A Woman's Complaint" appeared in the *Chicago Advance*. This poem, illustrating so fully the value the wife places upon loving and loving looks from her husband, attracted a great deal of attention, and was finally incorporated by Mr. Slason Thompson in his volume of *Humblers Poets*. In 1889 Miss Goode won a first prize for the best Quatrain, offered by the editor of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

Miss Goode's strength as a versifier lies in her power to dress homely every-day themes in lovely and make even "A Very Old Mirror in a Living Room" reflect back the scenes upon which she has gazed. Without undertaking to discuss the art of rendering attractive the topics of all kinds and making those who view her subject through the medium of her verses, feel that how-cum-scribed may be its sphere, still there is much in it.

J. A. D.

A WOMAN'S COMPLAINT.

That deep within your heart of hearts
I hold me shrouded apart from common things,
At my step, my voice, can bring to you
A gladness that no other presence brings.

Oh, dear love, through all the weary days
I never speak one word of tenderness,
I stroke my hair, nor softly clasp my hand
In your own in loving, mute caress.

Think, perhaps, I should be all content
To know so well the loving place I hold
Your life, and so you do not dream
How much I long to hear the story told.

You can not know, when we two sit alone,
And tranquil thoughts within your mind are stirred,
My heart is crying like a tired child
For one fond look, one gentle, loving word.

It may be when your eyes look into mine
You only say, "How dear she is to me!"
Oh, could I read it in your softened glance,
How radiant this plain old world would be!

Perhaps, sometimes, you breathe a secret prayer
That choicest blessings unto me be given;
But if you said aloud, "God bless thee, dear!"
I should not ask a greater boon from Heaven.

I weary sometimes of the rugged way;
But should you say, "Through thee my life is
Sweet,"

The dreariest desert that our path could cross
Would suddenly grow green beneath my feet.

'Tis not the boundless waters ocean holds
That give refreshment to the thirsty flowers,
But just the drops that, rising to the skies,
From thence descend in softly falling showers.

What matter that granaries are filled
With all the richest harvest's golden stores,
If we who own them can not enter in,
But famished stand before the close-barred doors?

And so 'tis sad that those who should be rich
In that true love which crowns our earthly lot,
Go praying with white lips from day to day
For love's sweet tokens, and receive them not.

IN MEMORY OF JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

He did not touch the sacred lyre to flatter king
In pride,
Nor herald with triumphant strains the conqueror's
Onward stride;
He did not wake the swelling tones in praise of
Tyrant's power,
Nor join the rout in joyful shout in might's victor-
ious hour.

He did not gaily strike the chords for beauty in its
Bloom,
Nor sound the mournful requiem o'er fallen hero's
Tomb;

He did not summon with his song the happy bridal
Train,
Nor breathe on air the wild despair of love bestowed
In vain.

placid isle,
Where only bluest skies look down and greenest
valleys smile;
Where faint and dying comes the sound of the
storm-king's angry roar,
And the waves of life in surging strike, break softly
on the shore.

He sang of home, where world-worn hearts forget
that earth hath woes;
He sang of home, where weary souls may rest in
sweet repose;
Where tender hands and gentle words make ever
glad the day,
And come no fear or starting tear love can not
soothe away.

He only breathed it soft and low, as grateful
prayers ascend,
Yet millions listening caught the sound and hushed
and still attend;
And they the loving ones of earth in tears their
voices raise;
"He felt as we feel, he knelt as we kneel, sweet
home, to sing thy praise!"

Who grasp the prize know not its worth, but those
who vainly long;
The raptures that we may not know flow freest in
our song;
And he who best the incense poured for "sweet
home's" altar-stone,
On the pitiless strand of a far-away land met death
and died alone.

Where shall we lay his sacred dust? With the
departed great,
Where princes, kings and patriots are sepultured
in state?
No, not for him a gorgeous sleep 'neath spacious
marble dome;
Lay him to rest on the peaceful breast of his
dear-loved "Home, sweet home."

I WANT YOU SO.

DEEP in the cool and quiet grass,
Never a human step to pass,
Bending cedars a watch to keep,
All things wrapt in a silent deep;
When through the twilight shines afar
The pale face of the evening star,
I whisper to the grasses low:
"I want you so! I want you so!"

I have . . .
I wear no sadness . . .
But when the twilight shadows fall,
And peaceful quiet reigns o'er all,
What wrong to breathe, since none can know,
"I want you so! I want you so!"

I have not turned away my eyes
From green of earth, or blue of skies,
And I still hear, as once I heard,
The splash of stream and song of bird.
The way seems smooth before my feet,
Yet in the dusk these tears will flow,
"I want you so! I want you so!"

I've wished no other's laugh less free,
No other's heart less glad for me,
And I have turned with sudden fear
Lest man should mark the unshed tear,
Or note the quivering that came
When careless voices spoke your name.
But where no footstep passes by,
Dear, is it wrong to make this cry:
"Thank God, dear love, you can not know,
I want you so! I want you so!"

THE PATH THROUGH THE CLOVER.

WE strayed together where the path
Goes winding through the clover,
And 'cross the soft, sweet orchard-grass
Where apple-boughs hang over.
We watched the waving of the hay,
All ready for the mowing,
We saw the blueness of the sky,
And felt the fresh winds blowing,
And to our light, free hearts the day
Was glad as glad could be;
And nothing lacked of fair or bright
For Margaret nor me.

But at the brook our ways diverged,
Mine up the hillside leading,
And hers across the gentle slopes
Where peaceful flocks were feeding
In slight uncertainty we stood,
We thought not of dividing,
While each the other's doubting st
Rebuked with playful chiding.
In mood half vexed, half laughin
Could never quite agree
If I should cross the fields with
Or she its hills with me.

At last we took our separate ways,
 Our hearts with anger burning;
 Each longed to call the other back,
 But scorned to think of turning.
 Ah, me, had we but read aright
 The omen clear before us,
 We had less lightly held the faith
 No future can restore us;
 Nor sighed to think how better far
 For both of us 'twould be
 If I had crossed the fields with her,
 Or she its hills with me.

WHAT HE SAW AT THE BALL.

YOU say you must hear all about the affair,
 And first, which of fashion's gay leaders were there?
 I can't see! The assemblage was brilliant, no doubt,
 And the lions, I heard some one say, were all out;
 I was nonchalantly I passed the throng through,
 Meeting faces and forms, I looked up and missed you;
 And the belles of the evening—'tis strange I forgot,
 What beauties were there, but I knew you were not.

Weren't the dresses magnificent? So it was said,
 And confusions of pink, blue, yellow, and red,
 My own best, for aught I know, bedizened the hall;
 In glancing among them I chanced to recall
 The white, foamy fabric I'd seen upon you,
 The soft knots of ribbons, or something in blue;
 How odd I forget the costumes of last night,
 I remember so well how you looked in pure white.

And the music? Delicious! So dreamily sweet,
 It would have wooed into motion a fairy's light feet;
 From one chord's vibrations suggested the tune
 You sang on the river that evening in June.
 How first low and longing, it made my heart thrill,
 How then, joyous and gladsome, it came at your will;
 How it rose o'er the waltzes, and still through my
 Head
 Its passionate sweetness resounded instead.

There were flowers and follies—whatever should be
 In such an affair—there was bright repartee;
 There was laughter and popping of corks, I believe,
 And clinking of glass, still I could but perceive
 I was wanting in something—somehow incom-
 plete—

I lit my cigar and strolled into the street.
 Ah, I did leave too early. Yet, strange as it seems,
 I saw no face I'd seen there that shone through my
 Dreams.

ANNIE E. HUBBART BARKER.

ANNIE ELVIRA HUBBART was born in Leon, Cattaraugus county, N. Y., June 26, 1842. Through her father, Levi B. Hubbard, a pioneer farmer, her lineage may be traced through sturdy English branches to German stock; on her mother's side, through the names of Hall, Arnold and Ball, to a French ancestress proscribed by the Revolution, who in England contracted a mesalliance in the eyes of her family, though she married a good and honorable man, and with him shared the hardships and heroisms of colonial life in Connecticut. In childhood, love of books was a passion with Miss Hubbard. At the age of four she ran away from home to school, a distance of a mile, indignant that a sister nineteen months her senior was allowed to go to school while she was kept at home. Thereupon gaining the coveted permission to go, she mastered the alphabet by the old process in less than a week. In early girlhood her health failed so that she could no longer bear the fatigue of attending the district school. She kept abreast of her mates by studying and reading at home, often on her invalid's couch, having always the warm coöperation of her mother, a woman of marked intellectual gifts and spiritual grace. At the age of fifteen she received her first certificate as teacher at the hands of Senator N. M. Allen, then School Commissioner, and by a remarkable exercise of will in one so fragile, taught her first school in the log school-house of her earliest memories. Her last term of teaching in her native state was in Chamberlain Collegiate Institute, Randolph, N. Y., where she had previously been a student under the management of Prof. S. G. Love. She subsequently taught a year in Newbern, N. C., as representative of the Buffalo Freedmen's Aid Society.

Miss Hubbard's first published poem appeared in the *Waverly Magazine*. It was written when she was scarcely sixteen. "When the Mists have Rolled Away" was written in Oconomowoc, Wis., in 1872, while the author was seriously ill at the home of Dr. Lafayette Lake. "Annie Herbert," the presumed correct form of her surname, was used first as a *nom de plume*, and she was compelled thereafter to answer to it or waste time in explanations. After a varied experience in teaching, Miss Hubbard made a special study of the art of expression in the schools of Buffalo, New York and Boston, and won success as a recitationist. After Miss Hubbard's marriage to James Barker, a merchant of Montana, she lived for more than eight years among the grand scenes and silences of the Rocky Mountains. Like Walt Whitman, Mrs.

Barker deemed these years of separation from crowds and nearness to Nature in her sublimest moods among the best of her life. Here she received a prize for "My Round Tower in the West" from the *Helena Herald*, by unanimous consent of the judges, and wrote gratuitously for Montana papers, sometimes over the signature of "Serena." Three years since she went to California for the hopeful restoration to health of her invalid husband. After a year of careful journeyings from one health resort to another, Mrs. Barker was left a widow at San Rafael, Cal., which place has since been her home.

Mrs. Barker is slowly recruiting her depleted energies, and has many unpublished poems which she hopes to use. Her best work has not yet seen the light of the press-room. J. G. C.

WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLLED AWAY.

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine warm and tender
Lights the ripples of the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray,
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning
When the mists have rolled away.

If we err in human blindness
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
In our striving to be just,
Snowy wings of peace will cover
All the pain we hide to-day,
When the weary watch is over
And the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS—

When the silver mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We would trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly
If the mists were cleared away.

CHORUS—

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows His own,
Face to face with those that love us
We shall know as we are known:
Love, beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day,
Heart to heart we bide the shadows
Till the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
When the Day of Light is dawning
And the mists have cleared away.

WHEN THEY GO SILENTLY.

WHEN they go silently
Out from embraces,
While a white mystery
Covers their faces,
Shall our beloved know
How the long shadows grow,
Crossing our path below
Through empty places?

Rest shall be sweet for them
Under green mosses,
Crowns shall be light for them
After dull crosses;
Though we loved tenderly,
Earth bound so slenderly,
Theirs all the gain will be,
Ours all the losses.

* * * * *

Near, though we see them not,
Faces are glowing,
Sweet, though we hear them not,
Voices are flowing;
Giving mine eyes to see
God will remember me,
When through His mystery
Silently going.

NEW TIME ROLLING ON.

THERE are signs within the sky,
There are voices from afar,
And a bugle echoes by
Borne from Truth's eternal war;
Hate grows old and hearts grow dearer,
As the day draws near and nearer
In his car;

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2



Yours very truly
Zadel Barnes Guilafoin

There will be a cry of wonder
When the veil is rent asunder,
And a shout among the reapers
In the New Time rolling on.

Shot and steel and iron rain
In a mighty rushing rhyme,
Are but liberty's refrain
To the steady tramp of time;
And the green world, never waiting
For the loving or the hating,
Swings sublime,
Until souls that look for morning
From the rack, the scourge, the scorning,
Find God's light upon their faces
In the New Time rolling on.

Lo, the heavy night is gone,
And the stone is rolled away.
From the sepulcher at dawn,—
To a risen Lord we pray,
That the glory of Mount Tabor
May transform the sons of labor
With its ray,
And the tender heart and lowly
That made Palestine so holy,
Aye shall beat within the bosom
Of the New Time rolling on.

PAINTING A POET.

NOW thou, my recluse, the one ideal face
at the poet must love is a vision of grace,
the tint of a sunset, the curve of a lily,
the eye of a violet hid in the valley;
fancies his queen rose of roses unveiled
the blush of a cheek, and straightway is im-
paled
the thorns of a vixen—the thought makes me
shiver
like a hand floating up from a dark flowing
river:
his dreaming he climbs some Delectable hill,
and the world is before him to choose where he
will;
there are forms for all orders the dealer may
take,
there are glances that dawn like a sunny day-
break,
his eyes deep as stars in a still mountain lake.
there are gifts for all winnings, the grave and the
gay,
there are faces that glow like the rose of Cathay,
and tenement faces with souls moved away!

ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.

MRS. GUSTAFSON, in her girlhood, was a successful contributor of prose and poetry to journals of the first class, like the *Springfield Republican* (for which she wrote, besides poems and short stories, critical musical and literary notes), the *Home Journal* and the *Independent*. She did, also, a great deal of unsigned writing, editorially and otherwise. But it was in 1871 that she first became widely known through "The Voice of Christmas Past,"—a tribute to Dickens, the first written after his death,—published in *Harper's Magazine*. It was in every way characteristic of the young author—of a poetic strain so compelling that her prose seemed to sing; of intense dramatic power—grouping all the characters of Dickens' novels into a world where each took its place and part as in some great orchestra led by a master's hand; and of a most wonderful and intelligent sympathy. This piece and "Where is the Child?" published two years later in the same magazine, were a complete showing of the shadows of modern social life and of the waste in that life of its most precious and vital forces. The note here struck was the key to Mrs. Gustafson's best work in her subsequent pieces published in *Harper's*, such as "The Bard of Abbotsford," a centenary tribute to Scott, "The Children's Night," and "Little Martin Craghan," a poem copied nearly as widely as Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese."

In 1878 a volume of Mrs. Gustafson's poems was published, taking its title from "Meg: a Pastoral," the leading poem. It was a book of poems calling forth especially the love and admiration of poets. Whittier warmly praised the whole volume, and said of "Meg," the opening poem: "It is as sweet and melodious as the songs of the thrushes and song-sparrows in spring. But the elegy on Bryant! I can only compare it with Milton's 'Lycidas;' it is worthy of any living poet at least." Bryant, who had seen the poem "Flower of May," before its publication in book form, said it was "the most exquisite dress that flower had ever worn in the English language." The late Edwin P. Whipple wrote to the author that he had read the whole volume at a sitting, and especially praised "On the Sands" and "The Prisoner," as ranking with the best English verse. He, like others, alluded to the broad, healthful inspiration of the volume, so unlike the morbid, complaining and self-absorbed tone of most American poetry. The poet Longfellow congratulated the author, saying that the book placed her beyond doubt in the foremost ranks of the younger poets. About the same

time also appeared her novel "Can the Old Love?" a strikingly original book, both in subject and treatment, of a fine analytical quality, and marked by great dramatic and poetic power.

"Maria del Occidente," in *Harper's Magazine* for January, 1879, was a tribute to a then almost forgotten American author, Maria Gowan Brooks, whose poem, "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," had made a profound impression upon Mrs. Gustafson's mind in childhood. She edited this poem, "Zophiel," and caused it to be published in 1879. It was a labor of love, involving for its thorough completion a long and varied correspondence with Mrs. Brooks' American relatives, and with her English friends the Southey's and Coleridge's.

Those who have read Mrs. Gustafson's short stories find in them the same delicate quality of imagination and the same freshness of spirit that characterize her poetry. "Laquelle" has a quiet charm; it is a bright, sprite-like creation of the uncertain twilight, subtle, attractive, surprising. "Karin," a Swedish sketch, is so full of action and deep feeling that Longfellow advised the author to dramatize it.

Mrs. Gustafson's residence in London, 1880-1889, brought her into delightful personal relations with the most remarkable men and women, not only of England, but of other countries—London being the great rendezvous of the world's choice spirits during some part of every year. Charles Reade, and the eccentric but brilliant R. H. Horne, were her special friends, as were also the late Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, and his poet friend, H. E. Clarke. Her breadth of mind and the liberality of her spirit are illustrated by the range of her varied personal associations, including eminent representatives in every field of social life, from the primate of England to the greatest exponent of Nihilism.

What Mrs. Gustafson and her husband, Axel Gustafson, saw in London of the horrors of intemperance, stirred in their hearts the impulse to a crusade against drink. The result was "The Foundation of Death: a Study of the Drink Question," written by them both, and pronounced by the ablest thinkers in all countries to be the most complete and effective and the best considered work ever published on that subject. Its sales in England and in South Africa, India, the far East and Australia, have been unprecedented for a work of this character. She is now in the very prime of intellectual vigor, and her more practical life of recent years has enriched and ripened the genius shown in her earlier work. Mrs. Gustafson was born in Middletown, Conn., March 9, 1841, but resides mostly in London.

L. H. D.

ZLOBANE.

AS SWAYETH in the summer wind
The close and stalwart grain,
So moved the serried Zulu shields
That day on wild Zlobane.

The white shield of the husband,
Who hath twice need of life,
The black shield of the young chief,
Who hath not yet a wife.

Unrecking harm, the British lay,
Secure as if they slept,
While close on front and either flank
The live, black crescent crept;

Then burst their wild and frightful cry
Upon the British ears,
With whirl of bullets, glare of shields,
And flash of Zulu spears.

They gathered as a cloud, swift rolled,
'Twixt sun and summer scene,
They thickened down as the locusts
That leave no living green.

Uprose the British; in the shock
Reeled but an instant; then,
Shoulder to shoulder, faced the foe,
And met their doom like men.

But one was there whose heart was torn
In a more awful strife;
He had the soldier's steady nerve,
And calm disdain of life,—

Yet now, half turning from the fray,
Knee smiting against knee,
He scanned the hills, if yet were left
An open way to flee.

Not for himself. His little son,
Scarce thirteen summers born,
With hair that shone upon his brows
Like tassels of the corn,

And lips yet curled in that sweet pout
Shaped by the mother's breast,
Stood by his side, and silently
To his brave father pressed.

The horse stood nigh; the father kissed
And tossed the boy astride.
"Farewell!" he cried, "and for thy life,
That way, my darling, ride!"

Scarce touched the saddle ere the boy
Leaped lightly to the ground,
And smote the horse upon its flank,
That with a quivering bound,

It sprang and galloped for the hills,
With one sonorous neigh;
The fire flashed where its spurning feet
Clanged o'er the stony way.

So, shod with fear, fled like the wind,
From where in ancient fray
Rome grappled Tusculum, the slain
Mamilius' charger gray.

"Father, I'll die with you!" The sire,
As this he saw and heard,
Turned and stood breathless in the joy
And pang that knows no word.

Once each, as do long knitted friends,
Upon the other smiled,
And then—he had but time to give
A weapon to the child.

Ere, leaping o'er the British dead,
The supple Zulus drew
The cruel assegais, and first
The younger hero slew.

Still grew the father's heart, his eye
Bright with unflickering flame:
Five Zulus bit the dust in death
By his unblenching aim.

Then, covered with uncounted wounds,
He sank beside his child,
And they who found them say, in death
Each on the other smiled.

Thus England, for thy lust of power!
The blood of striving men,—
Once more outpoured—cries unto God
From Zlobane's height and glen!

MAUD'S ANSWER.

"YOUR beautiful Maud is fancy-free,
And she will toy with a loving heart,"
So spake my sister, warning me—
"Just as she plucks a rose apart."

I kissed my sister; for she is kind,
And loves me; but, as we reached the gate,
I turned, and told her I had a mind,
Nevertheless, to try my fate.

"O brother! she's cruel as fair, take care!"
"Sister, I may be foolish and blind"—
"And the rich man's son is wooing there;"
"But—woman knoweth not woman's mind."

Cruel and fair! take care, take care!
Inward echoes like birds kept singing.
Across, through the shimmering summer air,
I could see Maud's hammock swinging.

"I will tell her the truth, and take her word;
I will not vex her with lover's sighing,"
I said to myself as I stood by Maud
Like a flower in her hammock lying.

She looked at me gravely with lovely eyes,
Then their falling lashes swept her cheek
Where a flickering bloom began to rise;
But she did not smile, and she did not speak.

"I am poor, and I love thee!" the tone was bold
For my heart beat strong with the truth unsaid;
But after, in face of my secret told,
I had not courage to lift my head.

She stayed the hammock with one white hand;
I saw her little feet touch the ground;
I felt her come and close to me stand,
And the earth and the sky wheeled round and round.

From her lap the roses fell at my feet;
I could feel the waft of her fragrant breath;
The sense of her nearness was strange and sweet
As the fullness of Life and the trance of Death.

Then, whether with hope or whether with dread,
My strength came back with a leaping thrill;
Though my lips were close to her drooping head,
I would not move till I knew her will.

"The household art is the only dower
I can bring, save myself, to him I wed;
Canst thou find the roof and earn the flour?
Then I can make home, and sweet, white bread.

"Thou art poor, art thou? Yet thou lovest me!"
Her pale face flushed with a burning red:
"Well, Maud is poor, and she loveth thee;
So now we are rich, are we not?" she said,

And faltered, all trembling with love confessed;
And I, with knowing I was so dear,
Trembled, but gathered my rose to my breast;
And Love was answered, and Life was clear.

KATIE, THE BELLE OF GLENCO'.

HAVE you ever seen Katie,
The belle of Glenco' ?
She has witching black eyes,
That puzzle one so!
With round glowing cheeks,
And long glossy hair,
And lips that pout, "Kiss me,
Young man, if you dare!"

The youth of Glenco' were deeply in love
With this dark-eyed, ensnaring coquette;
But she smiled and she frowned,
Tapped her foot on the ground,
And then with a toss of her beautiful head
At all the fine things her lover had said,
She blushing murmured, "Not yet."
O beautiful Katie,
I pray you beware!
"Not yet!" "Not yet!"
Ah! Katie, take care!
You never have met
Young Robin Adair.

In the mellow dusk of the even
She stood by her blind mother's chair
With her little hands meekly folded,
And her round arms dimpled and bare;
And she spoke with a timid accent,
A shy and maidenly air,—
"I think I should like, dear mother,
To marry young Robin Adair."

In the pale moonlight, by the well,
She stood with Robin Adair,
And blossoms of purple and gold
Were looped in her braided hair.
"I have been wayward and wild,"
She said with a womanly air.
"But I repent of my pride;
And I love you, Robin Adair."

IN THE GARDEN.

THERE are white lilies in the garden,
White-blooming, sweets breathing, close to the
gate;
Their glimmer, I thought, was her raiment,
Last night when I came by so late.
As a spring bubbles up in a wood athirst,
My heart began beating as it would burst;
And breathless I called in the darkness
To my darling, "Oh, wait for me! wait!"

But she was not there: in her window
Was the changing of shadow and light;
And my thoughts knelt down with veiled faces
By her bed, and wished her good-night.

That was but yesterday, and it seems—
It seems such an infinite time ago!
For to-night, when she stood at the gate,—
The red garden-roses were all in blow,
And the tall lilies were full of dew,
And the deepening dusk embowered us two,
Kindly enclosed us from every eye;
We were not shamed by the seeing sky,—
I bent down in the soft air that blew,
Full of the flutter of folding wings of birds
And murmuring splash of streams, from the south,
And kissed the sweet woman I love on her sweet
mouth.

And before the kiss, if I uttered words,
I cannot remember; they had no place
In that first full moment of love's embrace.
Does the wave recall that it foamed before
In its flood-tide throb on the waiting shore?
But, under the trees, I remember this,—
My hand, pushing back the leaves, touched a cheek
That bloomed at my touch; and after that kiss
She turned sweetly trembling; she did not speak,
But raised her clear eyes, that I might see
My heaven in their loving trust in me.

We did not feel the sacred moments pass;
A wide cloud rose and curtained all the sky,
And dimmed the daisies in the long, cool grass;
We heard, but could not see, the swallow fly,
And soon were hidden from each other's eye,
So dark it grew; but I could feel the beat
Of her true heart with mine in rhythm sweet,
And so, not seeing, knew my love was nigh.

MORNING.

'TIS early morning, and receding night
Leaves dimly burning in the southern sky
The airy crescent of the summer moon,
The misty lustre of one lingering star.
Thin clouds, the tintless heralds of the dawn,
Come trooping noiseless, wafted from the west:
Pale flames of amber, in uncertain gleams,
Reveal these shadowy Ariels as they glide
To tip the golden turrets of the east.
From the green leaves that rustle near the sill
Now rise the first sweet arias of the birds;
And gentlest murmurs of the breeze complete
The early harmony. The violets lie
Dew-pearled in purple clusters in the grass;

In splendor glows the fragrant rose of June;
 And in the odorous silence of the wood
 The stream is luminous with lilies, sweet
 As a young maiden's bosom, chaste and fair.
 No sound of human life as yet; but Earth
 In thousand flutters of coy waking, seems
 Aware from mountain-top to far recess
 Of her lord's coming; and to his grand brow
 And beaming eye she yields well pleased her
 charms
 Of dew and song, and breath of balmy blooms,
 The first, fresh, tender grace of early morn.

DOLLS.

On shelves and in crevices of the wall,—
 In every conceivable pose and plight,
 Wherever a doll could be placed at all,
 Wherever the flashes of firelight fall,
 Now sunk in shadow, now forth in light,
 Are dolls—beyond the power of counting,
 Dolls to be sought for by dizzy mounting,
 And dolls so huddled all over the floor,
 It is tip-toe passing from stool to door;
 Dolls that are sane and dolls that are crazy,
 Industrious dolls and dolls that are lazy,
 Dolls that are troubled and dolls that are glad,
 That is, they would be, if life they had,—
 Dolls that are crippled and dolls that are sound,
 Angular dolls and dolls that are round,
 Dolls that are merry and dolls that are sad,
 Dolls that are good and, alas, that are bad,
 Dolls that are old and dolls that are young,
 Taciturn dolls and dolls with a tongue!
 Dolls that are big and dolls that are small,
 Dolls that are short and dolls that are tall,
 Dolls that are dressed and dolls that are nude,
 The belle and the beau, the prig and the prude,
 Dolls in the height of the latest fashion,
 Dolls with never a bow or sash on,
 Dolls that are paupers and dolls that are rich,—
 And marvels of ruffle and starch and stitch,—
 Dolls that are foolish and dolls that are wise,
 Dolls in difficulties up to their eyes,
 Dolls that are plain and dolls that are pretty,
 Dolls—like the people of Grownup city!
 For Dolldom's creator of dolls, is one,
 Who ponders on all things under the sun,—
 On the true and the false, the good and the ill,
 The wayward conceits of the Human will,
 The noble faiths and the shams and the whims
 Of the city of Grownup's hers and hims;
 And ever, the face of the doll he makes
 The stamp of his meditation takes.

—A Ditty of Dolldom.

SONG OF URLAN.

Queen of the mystic Ring!—
 In grasses drawn,
 Long ere the dawn,—
 Swift, on thy starlit wing,
 Come from thy bowers shady;
 Fay of that Light and Flame!
 Whence all the Fairies came;
 Between the Star and Sea
 By thy three voweled name,—
 U-na-de!
 U-na-de!
 U-na-de!
 Thrice do I summon Thee,
 Queen Ladye!

Ithuriel's swerveless spear,
 Is not more sure
 Of base and pure,
 Than are thy glances clear,
 And thy wand's touch, Queen Ladye;
 Thou knowest the heal or hurt,
 By which all things inert
 May breathe, and live and know,
 Life's span of weal and woe,—
 U-na-de!
 U-na-de!
 U-na-de!
 For me thy power exert,—
 Queen Ladye!

Queen of the mystic Ring!—
 In grasses drawn
 Long ere the morn,—
 Speed on thy soundless wing,
 Forth from thy bowers shady;
 Fay of that Light and Flame,
 Whence all the Fairies came;
 Between the Star and Sea,
 By thy three voweled name,
 U-na-de!
 U-na-de!
 U-na-de!
 Thrice Urlan summons thee,
 Queen Ladye!

—*Ibid.*

SCORN.

I speak not in scorn; for scorning is small;
 Would be lost in the place where loving was all.
 And you see, not in pride, 'tis falsest shame
 Deems trust is folly, and love a blame.

—*Meg: a Pastoral.*

THERON BROWN.

FEW poets have done so much really inspired, excellent and popular work for periodicals, without its being collected into a permanent volume, as Rev. Theron Brown. A poet should not publish a volume, as a rule, until the public call for it, and there is a public call for a collection of Mr. Brown's poems, especially of his old war ballads, his home poems and hymns. There is a large and growing respect for the inspiring and conscientious work of his pen, and the public need the volume.

Mr. Brown was born at Willimantic, Conn., April 19, 1832. He was educated at the Connecticut Literary Institute at Suffield, at Yale College and Newton Theological Seminary. He entered upon the ministry with flattering prospects, but his voice failed, owing to a chronic bronchial affection, and in 1870 he became an assistant editor of the *Youth's Companion*, a position which he still holds.

Mr. Brown has written some excellent books for boys, which have enjoyed a wide popularity. "The Red Shanty Boys," "Nick Hardy," "The Blount Family" and "Walter Neal's Example," are well-known titles. He has contributed prose and verse to the leading papers, and done valuable historical work. But he will be longest known by his poems which have entered into many valuable collections from their own worth. "The Battle Above the Clouds" was one of the most popular ballads of the war time. His hymns, written chiefly for the musical Ruggles Street Church, Boston, are held in high esteem, and will one day find a large mission, in the world.

Mr. Brown is a kindly mannered man, with a heart full of sympathy for all that is good and helpful in life. He belongs to one of the old and most honored Puritan families, and maintains the sterling principles of his ancestry.

H. B.

THE WILD STRAWBERRY.

KISSES for your red cheek, rare-ripe of midsummer,
Daisy's pulpy cousin down among the dew;
Butterfly (no wonder), bird and brown-winged hummer,
Honeying through the clover, all make love to you.

Then how coy and cosy, plum at once and posy,
Up from meadow green you peep and blush at me!
Blame your cunning sweet that woos and tempts so rosy,
If I stop and stoop, and cannot let you be.

Fair from faded childhood still the picture lingers
Of the school-road knoll it took so long to pass
Where we, barefoot truants, stained on lips and fingers,
Loitered for you, red rogue berry in the grass.

Ah, twice fair come back the holiday that freed us
To the fields with honest baskets for our spoil,
Hunting lot and lane with bobolink to lead us—
How the harvest sparkled, dotting all the soil!

Newly waked Pomona spread a feast unstinted
And we plucked and ate by the woodside and the stream,
Till the long June day, itself grown crimson-tinted,
Called us to the farmhouse for strawberries and cream.

Kisses on your red cheek, matchless meadow-dainty,
Summer's earliest tidbit, wilding of the hill!
Still as sweet as ever tempts your ruby plenty,
Lips of little field-nymph reddened with you still.

Might I claim your season! berry brightest, newest
Of the fruitful year, so heartlike hue and form;
Life begun and ripened while the skies are bluest,
Prime and harvest under moon without a storm!

Musing thus I mark you, with the dew-drop mated,
Hiding on the brook bank, sunning on the plain.
Envy you? O never, fav'rite fair but fated;
I that praise must eat you, or my praise is vain.

THE OLD WIFE.

By the bed the old man, waiting, sat in vigil sad
and tender,
Where his aged wife lay dying, and the twilight
shadows brown
Slowly from the wall and window chased the sun-
set's golden splendor
Going down.

"Is it night?" she whispered, waking, for her
spirit seemed to hover,
Lost between the next world's sunrise and the
bedtime cares of this.
And the old man, weak and tearful, trembling
bending over
Answered "Yes."

"Are the children in?" she asked him. Could he
tell her? All the treasures

Of their household lay in silence many years be-
neath the snow;
But her heart was with them living back among her
toils and pleasures
Long ago.

And again she called at dew-fall, in the sweet old
summer weather,
"Where is little Charlie, father? Frank and
Robert—have them come!"
"They are safe," the old man faltered; "all the
children are together,
Safe at home."

Then he murmured gentle soothings, but his grief
grew strong and stronger,
Till it choked and stilled him as he held and
kissed her wrinkled hand,
For her soul far out of hearing, could his fondest
words no longer
Understand.

Still the pale lips stammered questions, lullabies
and broken verses,
Nursery prattle—all the language of a mother's
loving heeds,
While the midnight round the mourner, left to sor-
row's bitter mercies,
Wrapped its weeds.

There was stillness on the pillow, and the old man
listened lonely,
Till they led him from the chamber, with the bur-
den on his breast,—
For his wife of seventy years, his manhood's early
love and only,
Lay at rest.

"Fare-you-well," he sobbed, "my Sarah; you will
meet the babes before me;
'Tis a little while, for neither can the parting long
abide,
And you'll come and call me soon, I know—and
heaven will restore me
To your side."

* * * * *

It was even so. The spring-time in the steps of
winter treading,
Scarcely shed its orchard blossoms ere the old
man closed his eyes,
And they buried him by Sarah—and they had their
"diamond wedding"
In the skies.

BUNKER HILL, 1775.

HOT hands from the toil of the trenches
Are clenching the guns at the wall;
Not a face in the thousand that blanches,
Not a bosom that death can appal;
Half armed, with their mattocks beside them,
Those farmers, burnt brown in the sun,
Would fight any foe that defied them,
Tho' the odds were twenty to one.

Three o'clock! 'Tis a sight for the ages
When the regulars, steady and stout,
Meet the hurl of the death-fire that rages
From the top of that little redoubt,
And struck, as with thunder from heaven,
By the valiant who fight to be free,
The King's three thousand are driven
Three times from the hill to the sea.

Bloody hours—and the red ruin cumbers
The field where the flame-vollies flew,
Ere the march of the might of trained numbers
Bears back the undisciplined few.
But their trial is triumph's beginning;
The vanquished are victors tenfold,
And the loss of that day is the winning
Of blessings thro' time to be told.

New heroes with faces of iron
From the test of that struggle will go;
The mastiff that grappled the lion
Will grapple no meaner foe;
And the voice of the weak in that battle,
With warning still cries to the strong,
"A man is no fellow-man's chattel,
A right never slave to a wrong."

AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

LIKE breadths of Eden, bathed in smiles,
Lay all the landscape's glowing miles
Where pictured, as some perfect dream,
Showed farm and village, vale and stream,
And billowy forests far away,
Flamed in the lights of dying day.

The limpid river, diamond bright,
And dimpled with its own delight,
Down through the purple stillness crept
To kiss the lilies ere they slept,
And broadening bent in shining coves
Round grassy capes and meadow groves

Whose trees, with tinted mantles old,
Stood ankle-deep in liquid gold.

Fair Nature looked with beauty new
Through eyelids wet with falling dew,
And charms that shunned the solar blaze,
Revealed in twilight's amber haze,
Made vision rare as if in one
All summer's rainbows heaven had spun.

Behind the west the sun withdrew;
His farewell splendor flushed the blue
Where in his pathway, just aboon
All ghostly groped the blind old moon,
Scarce venturing at her side to show
Her infant crescent's slender bow,
And lower, on the welkin's rim,
Now dazzling bright, now softly dim,
Shone drifts of glory that might be
The waves of some ethereal sea.

Far gleams of crystal radiance broke
On rolling plumes of pearly smoke,
And tides of mellowing gold and red
Like breeze-blown ripples flashed and fled,
Or melted as they mounted higher
In deeps of opalescent fire.

The blooming sky such lustre wore
It seemed young Evening at her door,
With backward gaze on earth serene,
Enchanted by the brilliant scene,
Had caught her image mirrored there
And blushed to find herself so fair,
Till in her cheeks celestial dyes
Smiled all the flowers of Paradise.

THE FALL CRICKET.

SMALL warbler of the autumn night,
What love inspires thy liquid tune,
That murmurs on in blind delight
While silent earth and moon commune?

Dost mourn the rose of summer dead,
Thou plaintive insect nightingale?
Or lull the infant frosts abed
Till time to turn the corn fields pale?

In thy soft song a wooing note
Some listening favorite knows alone,
Or memory's dirge o'er friends remote
And vanished pleasures once thine own.

Soon as the dewy hours draw near,
From every wall where ivy clings,
From every bush and brake I hear
The music of thy harping wings.

The leaf-hid katy-dids complain,
The rowen-voices chirp and drone;
Their discord cannot mar thy strain
Nor break its purling monotone.

Thou hast a language, minstrel fine,
For finer ears—for hearts, perchance,
Tuned to autumnal sounds, like mine,
By passion's pain, and sorrow's trance.

Thy chant restores my years. They glass
Themselves in beauty, faded long;
Their red leaves fall, their shadows pass
Afloat upon thy rill of song;

And a lost voice—a vanished hand—
His own, who used to join thy joy!
Thy spell invokes the Silent Land,
And gives me back my buried boy.

I hear along thy numbers ring
The merry welcomes once he gave,
And know thy fairy fellows sing
Among the balsams round his grave.

Sing on, sing on! And sweet as be
The pipes of spring and summer, all
Can never stir my soul like thee,
Thou wingèd dulcimer of fall.

THE LAST RELIC.

WITH fingers all knotted and bony,
She clutched it in eager alarm,
Like a miser who dies for his money,
Struck down by a plunderer's arm.
But *her* greed, when its secret was sought for,
Was a passion with tears to be told.
And the treasure *she* clung to and fought for
Was a treasure more precious than gold.

Through the slums of the city, unfragrant,
She had wandered, old, weary and lame,
Till the sentrymen seized her—a vagrant,—
And the clerk of the night took her name.
But their voices, with kindly endeavor
Made gentle, spoke not of her sin,
For a captive, more pitiful never
The gate of a prison shut in.

THE
PUBLI
ASTOR
L. L. L.



Bertie May - Irons

nd, from the quest of the jailor,
h her poor ragged apron concealed,
in fear, and her lips growing paler,
ief to his mercy appealed.
it's nothing—no, nothing to mind of—
re have it—O spare it, I pray!
y—a kind of—a kind of—
psake—*don't take it away!*"

es—for the tear-drops had started,—
id with one thin, withered arm,
he jailor, stern-faced, but kind-hearted,
red her, and soothed her alarm.
st search, for his duty compelled it;
and from the apron he drew,—
on from the fingers that held it,
vered a torn little shoe.

may keep it," he faltered—"no danger"—
the pauper sobbed back through her tears:
has cheered me when hope was a stranger,
y five-and-thirty long years.
: last, since I mourned him, heart-broken,
o me, of my baby, my lamb,—
t for that dear little token
been twice the wretch that I am."

ell, where they led her, and left her,
the weary old vagrant to rest,
:r dream of the day that bereft her,
the relic of love on her breast.
: Friend, who her infant had taken
: smiling, more near than she knew,
: sign to the mother forsaken
:he touch of that torn little shoe.

EVOLUTION.

human hour is a thing immortal,
d days but perish to rise again.
the grave of every life we saddened
nes back the clamor of olden wrongs,
our deeds that other souls have gladdened
g from the past like angel songs.

—*The Rajah's Clock.*

DIVINITY.

human life was ever lived
ut somewhere still its image stands,
: sun-touched plate that first received
s print is in the Artist's hands.
every face that fades away,
omewhere, in custody divine,
: mould that shaped the featured clay
reserves the picture line for line.

—*The Deathless Pattern.*

BERTHA MAY IVORY.

AMONG the bright host of our younger poets, the name of Bertha May Ivory shines with more than ordinary brilliancy. Miss Ivory was born in St. Louis, Mo., where her father, John C. Ivory, was a citizen of considerable influence and standing, and to no small extent instrumental in developing the commercial progress of that city. Her ancestry on the father's side is English and Scotch, and on the mother's a harmonious blending of Spanish and Irish—the latter being positively accountable for the poetic vein in Miss Ivory.

She was educated at St. Vincent's Seminary, St. Louis, a branch of the famous academy of Emmetsburg, Md., from where she graduated with very high honors. Upon the death of Mr. Ivory the family became reduced somewhat in circumstances, after which Miss Ivory decided upon adopting literature as a profession. As her tastes always leaned in this direction, she found the application a pleasure rather than a task. Her early efforts consisted of short stories, essays and poems, which found ready acceptance in Frank Leslie's publications, the *New York Home Journal*, *St. Louis Republican*, *Chicago Current*, *New Orleans Picayune*, and many other journals of national reputation.

Like many other literary women of the period, she entered the wider field of journalism and accepted a position on the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* to do local and society work. The excellence and variety of her work on this paper found ready recognition and brought her into considerable prominence, after which she joined the staff of the *Post-Dispatch* as a writer of special articles, a position she still successfully holds. But Miss Ivory's journalistic career in the past four years has by no means prevented her from making occasional trips to Parnassus, and the result of these stolen excursions is a series of graceful poems, notable for beauty of conception, fervor of expression and absolutely free from the archaisms that characterize so much of our present day verse. Often, indeed, the Muse leads her into the glitter of the ball-room, and she is the author of some very clever pieces of *vers de société* that might be infinitely creditable to more experienced pens.

Personally Miss Ivory is tall and of distinguished appearance, with brown hair and dark-lashed violet eyes, and by her brilliant attainments and charming personality she has gained a wide circle of friends in her native city. A volume of her poems is now in press, and will be issued in the near future.

E. G.

ROMOLA—SELF EXILED.

SHE rose and sadly left Love's 'chanted land,
 But one deep, searching gaze a-backward turned,
 Then onward with her pallid face of woe,
 And eyes in which the fire of anguish burned.
 But ever and anon she paused and stood,
 Compelled to seek with eyes the fading land;
 And ever and anon grief's burning crept
 Into the face new-born resolve made grand.

She saw the once great place where only now
 A mocking ghost rose up within the throne;
 She saw the air with fleeing spirits filled,
 The phantoms following laughing Love alone;
 She saw a lovely ship on Truth's clear lake
 Sail down the waves and vanish into mist;
 She saw a figure, Trust, in violet robes,
 Stand there alone, sole keeper of a tryst.

She saw two goblets of a shadowy gold
 Stand emptied of their draughts of flashing wine;
 She saw the birds, all drooping and unvoiced,
 The dewdrops once, now crystallized to brine;
 She saw the flowers change into ashes gray,
 And two sweet harps, devoid of glittering strings;
 She saw the fountains, once so plashing bright,
 Rush dreary by o'er dark and rocky springs.

And whiter grew her face, more shuddering seemed
 Her form, whilst pathos of a heart's despair
 Gathered to cloud her pathway like to night,
 And stifling make the new-found cheerless air.
 She onward sped, till with a last resolve,
 Stood calm, and, gazing with hot tearless eyes,
 Swept back her glance, as lovely Eve once did,
 When fleeing from her radiant Paradise.

Lo! with a clash the gates of Love's land closed,
 And falling on her knees, she bitter moaned:
 "Mocked, mocked by Love, whose Queen so late
 I reigned;
 Now, exiled, I, all crownless and dethroned;
 And he, my former King, lies low in dust,
 A fallen god, who charged with golden glow,
 Who but deceived my eyes, won my deep heart
 With arts, which treacherous Fancy loves to throw.

"Mocked, mocked," she cried, "my joy and youth
 all gone,
 Exiled I wander from Love's sunny land;
 But, lo," uplifting proud her dusky eyes,
 "Is there no goal less beautiful, more grand,
 Is there no goal whose silver stars point out
 True inspirations from each self apart,

Whose hopes and aims lead on to holier things
 Than housing only each a selfish heart?

"Farewell, dear land, the mist is deepening o'er
 Your space. I go, farewell, all self exiled,
 But not to seek the river dark Despair,—
 Rather to find a haven undefiled."
 Uprose she then in queenly majesty,
 And on her crownless head she clasped her hands,
 Poor, trembling hands; but passed she stately on,
 Heavy, but brave, to seek those other lands.
 And travelers treading the same dreary road
 A woman saw in silent, holy guise,
 In whose calm face peace symbolized itself,
 But wore a twilight in the dusky eyes.

A BROKEN FAN.

I.

I BROKE my fan, the fragile thing
 Quick snapped just now within my hand;
 Excuse me, will you say again;
 I did not hear or understand.
 The fan? No matter, you but asked,
 When Charlie, our old friend, I met;
 Yes, he is just the same, dear boy,
 And, no, he is not married yet;

But is to be and soon. Ah, yes!
 A beauty? Many think her fair—
 But, if you'd just as soon not dance,
 Suppose we step out in the air.
 The weather is so warm, you know,
 The lights have such a garish glare;
 Without the window see moonlight
 Is silvering trees, and everywhere.

How beautiful! It's charming here;
 So cool the air. Sit down, I pray.
 But see, from out the ball-room comes
 Bright Clarisse Fayre, and just this way;
 I'll introduce you. Now, if you
 Will both excuse me I will go
 And say good-night to all my friends;
 My head aches dreadfully, you know.

Ah! nothing but the heat, and, too,
 This hotel life in summer light
 Is twice as trying as the long
 Campaign in winter; but, good-night!

II.

And so I'm in my room at last.
 Ah, moonlight, where I kneel be kind
 And flood with peace the stormy pain
 That burns my very soul and mind.

I broke my fan. He little knew
I *crushed* it as he spoke that name
I thought I'd learned to bear ere this,
And ashes were but left of flame.

I thought the whirl made dumb my wound—
The whirl of Fashion's world I tread—
I thought no more I'd resurrect
The love I hoped lay cold and dead.
His name, so sudden, and he asked
Of her and him so calmly, too;
I hope he did not note my face
And see the anguish creeping through.

What care I, though? Oh, throbbing heart,
Be still, as kneeling here I pray;
Oh, tired soul, be brave, as you
Have been since that cloud-darkened day.
The fan lies here, the ivory sticks
Pale, gleaming, crushed before me now;
He just as lightly broke a heart
And crushed it in a faithless vow.

A fan and heart: they weigh as light
Within the world's vast scales, it seems;
And broken heart and broken fan
Lie here within the moonlight gleams.

THE GATES UNCLASPED.

The gates unclasped, the gold aisle opened to her.
She entered trembling, with her white robe drawn
Across her shoulders, for the winds of fear
Swept o'er the pallor of the maiden dawn.
With faltering steps, she slowly passed her on,
And as she went a hand outsped to rest
A glowing cluster of warm roses red,
Above the drapery crossed upon her breast.

Her vestal robes, wine-roses on her breast,
She onward sped, when lo, upon her way
A sudden light burst, brilliant, till with hands
Unclasped before her eyes the dazzling ray
Revealed; yet blazed it stronger still.
Her veiled eyes, plain caught the high, white light,
When lo, a darkness swept, she glanced aloft;
Till in the aisle she stayed, but it was—night.

When she stood, in shadowy robes of white,
Like all marble—still; the roses red had paled;
They could not live in gloom, and so in dust they fell
From the proud heights, so late their fragrance
Unscathed.

A SURRENDER.

I LIFT my plumed cap and yield up my sword,
My scepter is turning to dust;
The mail-coat of armor I always have worn,
Is broken and covered with rust.

Low-trailing my banner, the lone star is gone,
My paraphernalia lies there;
A battle was fought, and the utter defeat
Was wrought by—a rose in her hair.

A LOVE-LEAF.

SWEET, let me take that little hand so fair,
And whilst I slip the ring upon its place—
The pledge to seal our troth—lift thou to mine
Thy pure, proud, faultless face.

Behold, the gemmèd hand so sweetly laid
Within mine own, I raise it to my lips,
And swear life's sun eternal shall go down
Ere *my* love knows eclipse.

BEAUTY.

A breath of violets, a mist of lace,
A star-light smile on the fair cold face,
A dainty comb in the soft, dark hair,
A gleam of gems on the white arms bare,
A flash of diamonds upon the breast,
Two costly drops in the small ears pressed,
A cluster of flowers within one hand,
A fan of plumes at her bright command.
—*At the Opera.*

RETROSPECTION.

And I thought in the splendor of opera glare
Of one sweet night in the silent air.
There were no feathers or frosty laces
But two different smiles on two different faces.
Que voulez vous? What a world is this,
And griefs pain most in the midst of bliss.

—*Ibid.*

REGRET.

I'd like to have kept it one night at least,
With her breath on its petals still,
But the waltz beats high and I must not think,
Or the music will wear a chill.
Glow of poppies and diamonds gleam,
Pleasure speed on thy way.
But oh, what the angels in heaven record
For the slaves of a fashion's day.

—*A Chord in the Music.*

RICHARD K. MUNKITTRICK.

“ALL the family on my father's side are Irish and it seems to me I belong there myself,” writes Mr. Munkittrick, whose neat verses, each a cameo in words, have gained him recognition as one of the rising poets of the time. His father is a native of Ardee, Ireland, and his mother is American, but he himself was born in Manchester, England, March 5, 1853. He has been engaged in literary work about ten years, and during the past five years he has been editorially connected with the well-known New York publication, *Puck*. His poems have appeared in the leading magazines, and have attracted notice by an artistic neatness that is never attained except by true talent.

D. C.

MUSIC IN NATURE.

FAR, far away, in fields of waving gold,
I hear the tassels' rustling symphonies,
While myriad insect orchestras unfold
Their rasping medleys in the apple-trees.

In seas of creamy clover, white and pink,
Hum tippling bees, all drowsy with perfume;
And, in the orchard, one wild bobolink
Breaks the repose of twilight's dreamy gloom.

The wind wakes solos in the somber pine,
Upon the hillside desolate and lone;
And, in the wood, through labyrinths of vine,
Is heard the brooklet's lisping monotone,—

Which mossy caverns, echoing, repeat;
While o'er my soul in tender changes, flows—
Murmurous, melodious, and strangely sweet—
The subtle music no musician knows.

SLEEP.

GENTLY and softly the mother bent
Over the baby in sleep's embrace,
Watching the rosy smiles indent
And dimple the little dreamer's face;
And the longed-for kiss she would not take
Lest peradventure the baby wake.

Gently the mother watched and wept
Over the coffin where lay her child.

Only one thought in her bosom crept
As she bent to the lips in her anguish wild,
Again and again the lost kiss to take—
Oh! if the baby would only wake!

BLIND.

ALL things seem to him as they used to seem
When he was young and happy and could see;
The same birds sing upon the same green tree,
The same still path winds by the meadow stream,
The same rich lilies smile in peace supreme
Beside the gate, and rock the same brown bee;
The same blithe children clamber on his knee—
No cloud can mar the sunshine of his dream.
Her furrowed brow to him is fair and bright;
Her trembling hands are white as virgin snows;
Warm gold her hair that into gray has grown,
Who says he's blind, who, as his days take flight,
Notes not Time's changes, but serenely knows
Youth's peerless beauty after youth has flown?

A JUNE LILY.

I SAW upon the bosom of a stream
A full-blown lily tremble in the sun.
The tide swept by, but took not on its course
The lily which still fluttered like a dove
In all its beauty in the self-same place.

Ah, if the Power that kept the lily there
Despite the tide that kissed its lips apart
Would make the course of time flow lightly on
Bearing our idols not upon its way,
But passing softly by with soothing sounds
Letting them linger at life's brightest spot,
Like the lone lily on the crystal stream
All white, all young, all pure, all beautiful.

A LUMP OF COAL.

I AM an ugly lump of coal
As black as blackest night,
And yet I have a prisoned soul—
The soul of May-time white.

For as the May dispels the gloom
And makes the roses blow,
I set the cosy dining-room
With flaming flowers aglow.

My spirit when I hotly crack
 Right up the chimney springs,
 And then I am a bird, yet black,
 With flaming scarlet wings.

GHOSTS.

Out in the misty moonlight
 The first snowflakes I see
 As they frolic among the leafless
 Limbs of the apple tree.

Faintly they seem to whisper,
 As round the boughs they wing:
 "We are the ghosts of the blossoms
 That died in the early spring."

A GRAY DAY.

From the limbs of the leafless hawthorn tree
 The pale wood-doves have flown,
 And the flowers that lured the vagrant bee
 In the desolate winds are blown.

The beautiful creamy lily has fled
 From the lonely woodland rill,
 And gone are the leaflets russet and red
 From the trees that skirt the hill.

While the dreary silence a mournful crow
 Disturbs in the murky brake,
 In the twilight shadows that purple grow
 Dances the first snowflake.

AN ETCHING.

The meadows flame with golden-rod,
 White cloudlets fill the skies,
 The thistle down along the sod
 In every zephyr flies.
 The orchard trees serenely blow
 With apples, red and ripe,
 And in the wistful afterglow
 The quail begins to pipe.

Along the way the squirrel pranks,
 The sumachs brightly blaze,
 And on the fading flower-banks
 There is a veil of haze.
 And singing blithe and happy airs
 Through woodlands rustling brown,
 September lightly walks and wears
 Her shining golden crown.

EVOLUTION.

Oh, March is a riotous baby
 In a perpetual pet,
 A regular whining tyrant
 All full of worry and fret.
 But wait until March melts into
 A song-haunted lilac spray,
 And the baby's the perfect beauty
 We know as the Princess May.

HAUNTED.

This iris-tinted shell
 Is breathing ceaselessly,
 With mimic surge and swell,
 The music of the sea.

And so, deep in my heart,
 That made an empty choice,
 Rings clear, while years depart,
 The music of her voice.

A CUP OF NATURE.

The autumn's a gorgeous golden cup
 With a warm, empurpled rim;
 The sunset lavishly fills it up
 With rosy wine to the brim.

And while the wind so wearily grieves
 Through the grasses parched and dead,
 It spills the wine on the trembling leaves
 And turns them yellow and red.

HER SECRET.

She let her eyes demurely fall,
 Her cheeks grew warm and red;
 I knew her secret, all in all,
 By what she left unsaid.

CONSTANCY.

Yon lily star shines in the purple sea,
 Though sea and star be countless leagues apart;
 Dearest, could you so distant be from me,
 Still would your image flower in my heart.

DEXTER CARLETON WASHBURN.

DEXTER CARLETON WASHBURN was born in Rockport, Maine, October 9, 1861. His father, Rev. William Henry Washburn, was the son of Rev. Job Washburn, who was one of the best known Baptist clergymen of his time. In the poet's childhood, his father was a missionary of the Episcopal Church in Northern Maine, but in 1877 the family moved to Lewiston, Maine, where the Rev. Mr. Washburn was for a long time rector of Trinity Episcopal Church. Mr. Washburn was educated at Nichols' Latin School at Lewiston and graduated from Bates College with high honors in the class of 1885. While in college he was fortunate in having quite a number of his poems published in magazines and papers of high standing. He was one of the editors of the college magazine, *The Bates Student*, and his verses at this period were worthy of more than passing comment, and were far superior, and merited more from the literary standpoint than the usual sophomoric rhymes. One of his first published poems was one which appeared in the Lewiston *Daily Journal*, a very dainty little affair entitled, "Pond Lilies."

After leaving college he was for a year connected with the International Art Publishing Co., now the Lakeside Press, at Auburn, Maine. During this time he published his first book, a holiday leaflet, embellished with photogravures, entitled "Songs from the Seasons." Later he went to New York and did reportorial work on the daily *Press*, *World* and several other dailies. A second edition of his poems, with revisions and many additions, was issued from the Republican Press, St. Johnsbury, Vt., in 1888, and was put on the market with fair success. The title of the second edition was "Songs from the Seasons, and Other Poems." In 1889 he gave up journalism, and went into business in Boston, where he now resides. C. T. W.

MY LITTLE SAINT.

HER picture stands here in my study,
On a shelf, by an overgrown book,
Where the curtain, drawn back from the window,
Makes just the right kind of a nook

For a Saint who appears somewhat worldly,
With her kids, and her velvet, and furs,
And a Gainsborough hat, and whose tresses
Are as stylishly "frizzled" as hers.

Of course it is only a picture,—
And fancy at that: but who cares.
And the legend below, "Come and kiss me,"
Isn't what a Saint usually bears.

But still I have made her the patron
Of all that I write, say, or do:—
I call her "Saint Dimple Cheek,"—really
I think that sounds classic, don't you?

And here, through the long winter evenings,
As I sit with my paper and books,
Leaning back in my low wooden rocker,
My little saint smilingly looks.

And here, every evening, my candle,
(And the papershade, too, sometimes,) burns,
On my little saint's dim, curtained altar,
Till her hair to a bright halo turns.

But still I'll confess that the worship
I pay, is not wholly unmixed;
In fact, that quite often upon her
'Tis my eyes, not my thoughts, that are fixed.

And, that, as the faithful believer
Who kneels by an image to pray,
Prays not to the image, but worships
The spirit it figures, always:—

So I, at my little saint's altar,
See not there the face in her niche,
But smilingly think of another
Just such a demure little witch,—

Who once said the picture was "pretty,"
And then, of course, had to demur,
When I acquiesced promptly, and hinted
I thought it was very like her.

Well, well, I must be at my reading,
Not sitting here wasting my time:
She would laugh,—and—well, just to amuse her,
I think I must send her my rhyme!

A CLOUDY MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

AURORA leaves her early couch
And mounts the sky in haste, to vouch
For Sol's returning light.
Her crimson banners herald forth
To denizens of heaven and earth
The banishment of Night.

The early wight whose weary eyes
Behold her signals in the skies,
And flaunting streamers gay,
Would fain essay to prophesy
(And give experience the lie)
"A pleasant day to-day."

But ere the day is well begun
A cold, gray mist shuts out the sun,—
The clouds are dark and blue.
The farmer stands and looks around,—
On mist and cloud and sky and ground
In doubt what best to do.

Dead leaves shake on the naked trees,
And on the cheerless, chilly breeze
Stray flakes go floating past.
The air seems close,—the hours lag by,—
A leaden pall shuts out the sky:—
By noon 'tis snowing fast.

THE LAMPLIGHTER.

UP here in my little room
Where the evening gloom
Is thickening the shadows fast,
I sit by the side
Of my window wide,
As the snow goes whirling past.

Each shadowy fold
That the curtains hold
Is lost in the deepening shades;
And familiar things
Take fanciful wings
As the waning twilight fades.

Outside and below,
The drifting snow
Goes whirling and eddying round;
And the wintry blast
Is whistling past
With a weird and ghostly sound.

But up the street,
With shuffling feet,
Comes the lamplighter's muffled form;
The ruddy light
Of his torch-lamp bright
Gleams red through the driving storm.

But a moment is lost
As he stops by the post,

Then he trudges along up the hill;
But the flickering glare
That his torch left there
Through the storm is brightening still.

And well for me,
I think, would it be,
As I toil up life's stormy hill,
If I could but light
Some beacon bright
In the storm, that should brighten still.

JEN.

A JAUNTY white hat, of outrageous size;
And a pair of those mischievous jet-black eyes
That were made to bewilder the sons of men;
And the sauciest mouth in the world:—that's Jen.

A slim, little form, full of girlish grace,
And the most provokingly pretty face
That ever made one turn round again
To look at it twice on the street:—that's Jen.

From the soft white muslin around her throat
To the snow-white edge of her petticoat,
You just catch a glimpse of now and then,
An irresistible *dash*,—that's Jen.

A graceful ankle, and tiny foot,
Encased in a dainty Dongola boot;
And an indescribable style,—but then,
You can't *tell* how a pretty girl looks:—that's Jen.

LOVE.

The dry grass still grows in the weather-stained
cracks,
And the golden-rod bends by the ledge;
And the foam eddies past, just the same, on the
stream,
And the bushes are skirting its edge.
The old seat is still here, with its moss-cushioned
back,
But somehow it isn't the same:
And the noise of the brook has a different sound,
And seems to be whispering your name.
—*Down by the Brook.*

RESIGNATION.

'Tis only the swell of the Ocean
That tells of its heaving breast.
—*Evening on the Harbor.*

CHRISTOPHER P. FLANDERS.

REV. CHRISTOPHER PAGE FLANDERS, A. M., was born in Landoff, Grafton county, New Hampshire, November 25, 1834. Both grandfathers served in the Revolutionary war. One of them fought in the battle of Bunker Hill, the other at Bennington. His father was for some time a soldier. Christopher was the youngest of twelve children. Delicate and frail in his early youth, he had a positive aversion for rough sports. He was fond of reading, Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving being his special delight. He actually gave the coat from his back in exchange for a copy of Byron's poems! This was regarded by some of his friends as an evidence of impracticability and folly, but he still thinks he made a good bargain, as the book was a much better "fit" than the coat; the book remains on the shelf and in his head, while the coat has long since ceased to be of service.

The first sixteen years of his life were spent in Northern New Hampshire, amid the scenery of the White Mountains. It was not until his twenty-first year that he began to prepare for college. In 1858 he entered the Sophomore Class of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., graduating in the class of '61. In college he ranked high as a linguist. He was especially fond of the Greek and Latin poets. After graduating he taught at Springfield and Bellow's Falls, Vt., Passaic, N. J., and in the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton.

In 1864 Mr. Flanders married Miss Mary Miranda Barrows, LL. L., of Weston, Vt. Miss Barrows was a member of the first class that graduated from the Vermont Female College ('62), then located at Springfield, since removed,—consolidated with the similar school at Newbury,—to Montpelier. They have had two children, a son, Charles Barrows, who died quite young, and May, now budded into womanhood.

In 1867 he joined the Vermont Conference and entered upon the duties of a Methodist minister. In this he has succeeded. An able preacher, a faithful pastor, a sweet-spirited, even-tempered Christian gentleman everywhere. As a sermonizer he is regarded as among the first of his brethren; never preaches a poor sermon; not eloquent in delivery, but finished and elegant in style. His sermons could be published, with credit to himself, as first read. He has a happy faculty of harmonizing extremes, uniting and utilizing forces, and so building up a society. This is his life work. To it he gives himself completely and does it faithfully. He is now pastor of the Union Church in North Truro, Mass.

J. S. B.

THE VOYAGERS.

ON the sea of life a sturdy band,
We have launched our boat and put from the shore
The oars we have grasped with a vigorous hand,
And swiftly we're gliding its waters o'er;
And as we ride on the foaming tide
Our chorus floats o'er the waters wide.
"Row, brothers, row, cheerily row,
Waves will beat and winds will blow,
But fearless and trusting, on we'll go."

O, ours is a vessel strong and good,
With a steady course she cleaves the main;
She floats unharmed 'mid tempests rude,
And the wild waves lash her sides in vain.
Then what care we for a raging sea,
In storms we ride in security.
"Row, brothers, row, cheerily row,
Storms will beat and winds will blow,
But fearless and trusting, on we'll go."

If while o'er the foaming sea we ride
A shipwrecked brother we descry,
Hopeless and sinking beneath the tide,
With the speed of thought to his aid we fly.
O, sweet will it be when we've passed o'er the sea
To hear "ye've well done, ye did it to me."
"Row, brothers, row, cheerily row,
Storms will beat and winds will blow,
But fearless and trusting, on we'll go."

Onward, still onward our vessel flies,
Nor distant is that radiant shore
Where storms never beat and clouds never rise,
And sorrows and trials are known no more.
There loved ones stand on the shining strand,
To welcome us home to the beautiful land.
"Row, brothers, row, cheerily row,
Storms will beat and winds will blow,
But fearless and trusting, on we'll go."

POETRY.

A SPIRIT, so old legends say,
Descending from the realms of bliss,
Came to a sleeping child one day,
And on his brow impressed a kiss.

The child grew up reserved and shy,
But gifted with endowments rare;
He nature read with searching eye,
And gathered knowledge everywhere.

100
101

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Anna Louise Oberly

He saw rare grace in frosted trees,
Rare beauty in the flowers of spring,
And to his ear the hum of bees
Was like some sweet bird's caroling.

He used to climb the craggy steep,
And linger by the surf-beat shore
While storms were raging on the deep,
And listen to the ocean's roar.

He loved to wander in the woods,
Far from the noise and rush of men,
And rest amid the solitudes
Of some wild mere or mountain glen.

While musing in some lonely place
Like these, his spirit patroness
Would come, with sweet and tender grace,
And gladden him with her caress.

In such lone spots they oft would meet;
She was his counselor and guide,
And from these conferences sweet
He came transfigured, glorified.

And then his voice, when'er he spoke,
Was like the Voice that ruled the sea
When once in wrath a tempest broke
Upon the face of Galilee.

It roused, it cheered, it charmed, it thrilled,
It terrified! Its ringing tones
Despairing slaves with courage filled,
And hurled proud despots from their thrones.

It dried the tears in Sorrow's eyes,
It brought to sin-bound souls release,
And lo! in passion's stormy skies
It hung the smiling bow of peace.

And good men came from far and near,
And wreathed his blushing brow with bays,
While everywhere upon his ear,
There fell the grateful sound of praise.

When questioned he would make reply,
"A spirit gave this voice to me.
She lives in realms above the sky,
The spirit's name is Poetry."

DREAMS.

Dreams oft are fancies; still it seems
Events have been foretold in dreams.

—A Dream.

SARA LOUISA OBERHOLTZER.

THE name of this genial writer is widely known. She was born in Uwchlan, near Lionville, Chester county, Pa., May 20, 1841. Her parents, Hon. Paxson and Ann Thomas (Lewis) Vickers, persons of intelligence, were of Quaker descent. The ancestors of the Vickers family came over from England with William Penn, and those of the Lewis family from Wales at a later date. The home of her early years was one of the stations of "The Underground Railroad," her grandfather and the family being decided Abolitionists. The history of their succoring and sending northward hundreds and hundreds of refugees would fill a volume.

Mrs. Oberholtzer's primary education was received at Mr. A. Fettes' Edgefield Institute and Thomas' Boarding School; and the higher at the Millersville State Normal School, during the principalship of Hon. J. P. Wickersham, I.L. D., long the official head of public instruction for the state. Her educational training was designed to embrace a medical course, but sickness and other interruptions led to different results.

January 1, 1862, Miss Vickers married a worthy gentleman, Mr. John Oberholtzer, of her native place, where they remained until 1883, when they removed to Norristown, near Philadelphia. The summer months are usually spent at Longport, N. J. Besides directing her domestic affairs, she finds constant pleasure in the employment of her pen, and makes herself prominently useful in giving direction to various schemes for intellectual, scientific and social improvement around her.

The gift of rhyming was early noticeable. And now, amidst household cares, the words still flow readily into verse. It is thus that her books have mostly grown into shape. Her volumes of poetry are the following: "Violet Lee, and Other Poems," 1873; "Come for Arbutus, and Other Wild Bloom," 1882; and "Daisies of Verse," 1886. To these is added a volume in prose, "Hope's Heart Bells," a story which has met much favor from press and readers.

By request, Mrs. Oberholtzer has written and read poems on several prominent occasions. A number of her poems have been set to music by different composers. Those best known are: "Under the Flowers," an ode for Decoration Day; and the "Bayard Taylor Burial Ode," sung as a part of the funeral services of the honored poet, at Longwood, March 15, 1879.

Mrs. Oberholtzer has written extensively for periodicals, magazines, etc., on history, biography, travel, ornithology, zoology, and other subjects.

She is listed in catalogues of naturalists, and possesses fine natural history collections. In the department of Australian bird skins and eggs, hers is one of the best private collections in this part of the United States. The family—parents and two sons—spent the summer of 1888 in Europe. Many places, frequented and unfrequented, were visited. This new addition to observation and experience may be expected to yield something to public pleasure and instruction. M. S.

THE SPRING-TIME.

OH, the Spring-time is the rose-time!
True, the Autumn has its light;
But the Spring-time is the love-time,
Let us bask in it to-night.

While the evening shadows gather
Round their draperies of mist,
And great silver tears are welling
In the eyes so late sun-kissed.

The tall pine in royal fringes
Sings the drowsy breeze to sleep;
While anear the weeping-willow,
Cradling bloom it may not keep,

Carpets all the earth with blossoms,
Honeyed tassel for the bee,
With its little arms still caressing
Them to rest upon the lea.

High and gaunt, two aged locusts,
Sentinels of the orchard wide,
Tower above our whole possessions;
On the top like snow-drifts ride

Clouds of odor, tinged and creamy;
Air that touches them is sweet,
And the flaky snow of locusts
Softly drifts about our feet.

Quilted with the emerald shredding,
And as soft as velvet all,
Is the lawn that was so callous,
Covered with a broidered shawl.

In the bridal robes of Spring-time,
Sweet within my memory now,
Is my darling, and the lilies
That I threaded for her brow.

Lower were the pine and willow,
And the orchard not in bear;

Staid and stalwart were the locusts,
Crowded thick with bloom, and fair.

Humbler flowers that decked our border
Sweeter were than these to-day;
And the lilies for my darling
Blossom in my heart for aye.

So I know the Spring is love-time;
Though the Autumn has its light,
Still, the Spring-time is the glad time,
And I dwell in it to-night.

INDECISION.

A MAID I knew had lovers two,
And both were quite respected;
But to decide to be the bride
Of one, left one neglected.
And so she hung her doubts among
Until she grew dejected.

"There's John," she said, "has got a head
That ne'er will be directed.
But he is wise, has lovely eyes,
And is so well connected.
I love him too, of course I do!
And he shall be selected.

"How James would start! He has a heart
So easily affected.
He's fond and fair, has curling hair,
And manners quite perfected.
He's rich as well. I cannot tell
Why he should be rejected."

So James or John, it balanced on,
Each judgment grew corrected,
Until the maid began to fade,
Her thoughts still uncollected;
And both the men proposed again,
To girls while she reflected.

THE DEAD CAMELLIA.

ONCE it was white as the driven snow,
These faded leaves had an emerald glow,
Lovely a flower as ever did blow
Was this white Camellia.

I shrank as it touched my finger-tips
And haunted me with its creamy lips,
For out of a life delusion slips
With this white Camellia.

My lover saw in my saddened eyes
No answering joy, no sweet surprise;
But—a wealth of sympathy underlies
My love for Camellia.

Heavy and brown with the dust of years,
Wrapt in the ashes of unshed tears,
Kept for a memory my heart reveres,
This dead white Camellia.

COME FOR ARBUTUS.

COME for arbutus, my dear, my dear;
The pink waxen blossoms are waking, I hear;
We'll gather an armful of fragrant wild cheer.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear;
Come through the gray meadow, and pass the black
weir,
The brown-margined forest and part the leaves sere.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear;
We'll gather the first virgin bloom of the year,
The blush of spring kisses with coral lips near.
Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear,
Come for arbutus, my dear.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SPRING WIND.

COMBING out the gold-brown tresses
Of the mosses,
I met the Air, that each year blesses
Some hope renewed, and kindly presses
Down the crosses.

And of the Air I questioned, smiling
At our meeting,
"What are you, gentle Wind, beguiling,
With voice and bloom so reconciling
And entreating?"

With her long comb the Wind proceeded
To card the mosses;
Sort out the tangles, that impeded,
With liberal hand, I as unheeded
As the losses.

"You waste the good and bad together,"
I persisted;

"Rake bud and bramble from the heather;
The brush of Summer best knows whether
Strands are twisted."

The Wind her face, in ire and wonder,
Now uplifted;
She snapped her pretty comb asunder
And screamed, "Alack how men will blunder!
You're not gifted!"

A BURIAL ODE.

FOR BAYARD TAYLOR.

*(Sung as part of his funeral services at Longwood Cemetery,
March 15, 1879.)*

EMPTY the casket, the caged bird outflown;
Back again, back again, earth take thy own.
Thou who didst give it thy fairest of clay,
Clasp thy arms tenderly, fold it away.
Fold it away; for the loved one has fled.
Fold it away; for our hero is dead.

Carried most lovingly over the sea,
Bring we our offerings, Longwood, to thee;
Wanderings over, and full garlands won,
Reverently bring we the dust of thy son.
Fold it away; for the great soul has fled.
Fold it away; for our hero is dead.

Leave as our treasures his file and his songs;
Take in thy keeping what to thee belongs;
Take the wayfarer's inn, God has taken the guest,
Ours are the memories,—thine are the rest.
Fold it away; for the singer has fled.
Fold it away; for our hero is dead.

Back again, back again, earth upon earth.
Cradle his slumbers who cradled his birth;
Take the form tenderly close to thy breast,
Gather it lovingly home to its rest.
Fold it away; for the tenant has fled.
Fold it away; for our hero is dead.

REPININGS.

It is folly to grieve and mourn
That after harvest-fields are shorn
That fairest grain is upward borne
And ruthlessly life's loves are torn.
He knows when lambs are shorn: why mourn?
There's still a million flowers to bloom!
A million birds to wake with tune!

—*Threading Fate.*

SARAH J. D. STEVENS.

MRS. SARAH J. D. STEVENS, daughter of Benjamin and Eliza Dyer, was born in Belfast, Maine, July 11, 1839. Her parents soon after removed to Troy, Maine, where she has since lived. Her ancestors on both sides were characterized by intellectual vigor as well as by unusual moral earnestness and strict integrity. Her paternal grandmother was a sister to the mother of Elijah P. and Owen Lovejoy, famous for their services to the anti-slavery cause; also to the mother of Nathan and of Joseph Farwell, names well known in the legislative councils both of Maine and of the nation. Her maternal grandfather, Judge Hezekiah Chase, enjoyed more than a local reputation as a just man and a wise magistrate. When quite young she went to live with her aunt, Mrs. Esther Chase Whitney. Mrs. Whitney combined the deep religious mysticism of Madame Guyon with a poetic genius whose products are among the treasured possessions of her friends; and her quiet influence may be seen in the subsequent compositions of her niece. Mrs. Whitney's home was in a beautiful grove with the songs of wild birds and the melody of the swift, untamed brook that bordered it—a place well suited to the temperament of an imaginative girl. Mrs. Stevens' obligations to nature are, however, almost her sole ones. Her education, so far as books are concerned, was gained in the district schools of her own town with an occasional term in a neighboring village. She was an apt scholar and a favorite with both teachers and pupils. She early put in practice what she learned, and became known as an accomplished teacher. She was married while quite young to Mr. Augustus Stevens, of Troy, and has spent nearly her whole life amid the cares, toils and quiet enjoyments of a farm house. Her poems have been composed while her hands were busy with the duties of a housewife. Her first verses were written purely for her own solace and diversion. Her gift when once known was freely used for the comfort and guidance of her friends. Her sympathies are deep and tender, and some of her best lines owe their origin to the warmth of a love that finds full freedom of expression only when evoked by bereavement and sorrow. Her poems reveal her trust in God not less than her warmth of affection for kindred and friends. In this they reflect both her own nature and the influences, already mentioned, of her childhood home. Mrs. Stevens has three children, a daughter and two sons. It is in great measure due to her wise ambition and motherly devotion that they are all well educated. G. C. C.

A FIRELIGHT DREAM.

'NEATH night's sable pinions safe folded in sleep
The household reposed, while I lingered to reap
A theme for my pen, from the embers' soft glow,
Or a song from the night wind and storm driven sno

To the rattling pane the busy old clock
Chimed a merry refrain, and its steady "tick tock"
Kept time with the dance of the elfin sprite,
That I dreaming saw in the dim firelight.

As a sunbeam bright, through the storm it flew
To a vale where once the violets grew,
And the snowy mound that its soft wings pressed
Dissolved in dew, and the earth's cold breast

Grew warm and bright with the brightening glow
As the sunbeam whispered, bending low,
"Oh violet sweet, I come to you;
Did you think my heart unkind, untrue?"

"When far away and cold I seemed
My light still o'er your pillow beamed.
Now the loving spring has loosed the chain,
And I come to claim mine own again.

"Awake! for I long to see your eyes
Reflect the blue of the soft spring skies."
And the violet answered, low and sweet,
From a heart with hope and joy replete,

"Oh sunbeam bright, my heart is thine.
Thou wast given to me by a hand Divine."
And the budding trees caught the happy strain,
While the brooklet sang and danced again.

And the joyous smile of the bright sunbeam
Reflected, shone on its crystal sheen.
All nature gifts of love did bring,
And crowned the golden sunbeam king.

PREMONITION.

WHEN the sun in warmth and splendor,
Bathes with beauty, soft and tender,
Field and forest, sea and sky;
Clouds with gold and azure blending
Tokens are of storm impending;
Whispering winds in warning sigh.

Thus to hearts with gladness throbbing,
Comes a far-off wailing, sobbing,
Undefined, and nameless pain;
Silent songs of premonition,
"Sorrow, here, is joy's fruition,
Blight and death for hope we gain."

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very sincerely
Marion Moton

Hidden 'neath a veil of roses
 Death his icy hand discloses;
 But a voice, so soft and low,
 Tells of life and joy immortal
 Just beyond death's gloomy portal,
 And this night of pain and woe.

As in joy we dream of sadness,
 So shall grief give place to gladness;
 And we sweetest bliss obtain
 When we think that in the dawning
 Of eternity's fair morning,
 Wrong shall be made right again.

TO A STAR.

OH, sweet silent star, on the pinions of even,
 To the sorrowing earth thy pity hath given
 A token of love; for thy silvery beams
 Shine not for the glad wrapped in bright, happy
 dreams,
 But the suffering one thro' the long, lonely night,
 And the pale, weary watcher, will welcome thy light.
 And when in our anguish we waken to weep
 For the loved and the lost, thou thy vigil dost keep.

How sad is the music and hushed is the mirth,
 And the brightness all gone from the once smiling
 earth;
 But we know their new home must be wondrously fair
 For our sunlight and joy have followed them there,
 Oh, why from that home where our sainted ones are
 Canst thou bring us no tidings, bright, beautiful star?
 Or hast thou a language, but not of this earth,
 Known only in Heaven—the home of thy birth?

Methinks couldst thou bear to our dear ones above,
 From our sorrowing hearts, this message of love,
 That Eden's sweet zephyrs would pitying sigh,
 And breathe to us softly some loving reply.
 When the slumbering world shall awake to behold
 The angel of dawn on pinions of gold,
 Thou wilt modestly, silently fade from our view,
 Tho' unheeded, forgotten, still loving and true.

For when dew-drops with kisses shall brighten the
 flowers,
 Again thou wilt gladden our wearisome hours.
 Thy sweet, beacon light, that once guided the way
 To the manger—where Jesus in innocence lay,
 Is guiding us, still, to the giver of light,
 And the home where ne'er falleth the shadowy night.
 Oh, may life's parting ray go not out with the even,
 But fade with thy beams in the brightness of Heaven.

MARION MANVILLE.

MARION MANVILLE is a native of that richly favored state which numbers among its verse writers such names as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Eben E. Rexford, Carlotta Perry, Sarah D. Hobart, Mary A. P. Stanbury, and Helen A. Manville, mother of Marion Manville, whose name has for years been a household word in homes of culture and literary taste, and whose achievements had already won for her an enviable reputation as a poet while Marion was yet a child.

The subject of this sketch was born in La Crosse, Wis., July 13, 1859. At an age when the average girl is still caressing her doll, she was writing good verse. Some of these earlier efforts, together with her later work was collected and published in book form under the name of "Over the Divide," in 1888. While the book created no *furor* it speedily went into the second edition, and has received kindly words from high authorities, while many of the dramatic poems contained in it are being read by elocutionists of national reputation. Miss Manville is herself an amateur dramatic reader, having studied several months in New York City, where she was a pupil of the Lyceum School. She is also an artist of ability, working in crayons, pen-and-ink and oils, and has several heads which are the result of her efforts in modeling, for which she has the natural aptitude of a keenly observant and artistic nature.

Marion Manville is gifted with a rare and striking beauty of person. She is tall and slender almost to girlishness, fair of face and pleasing in features, which combine delicacy of outline and beauty of color with unmistakable strength. Her eyes are large and dark, with a fearless gaze, and her shapely head is crowned with a wealth of luxuriant brown hair in which the sunlight loves to rest, and which even the shadows of night do not darken. All impressions rendered by the photographer's art seem to give her an expression of weariness and sadness, making her thereby look a much older and graver being than she is. Possessed of great personal magnetism and that rare thing in woman, spontaneous wit, she is a great favorite in society, and often gives herself up heartily to social gaities which she thoroughly enjoys. Herself an only child, she possesses a keen and appreciative understanding of children and great and abiding love for little people, which enables her to write very successfully for them. *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, *Our Little Ones* and *the Nursery*, *Babyhood*, and others of children's publications have accepted MSS. in prose and verse from her pen. Being absolutely

without literary vanity she is inclined to underrate all of her accomplishments thus far, and, believing prose fiction to be her forte, has faith that years and work may perhaps sustain her ideals. Nevertheless she speaks to all men and women, thinking and feeling for each, reaching to and uplifting the individual heart in its pain, its longings, and its aspirations. If she has not felt all these things herself she has the true poetical insight which gives her an intuitive knowledge of what others feel, and do, and suffer. While necessity has never obliged her to use her talent to its utmost, and her strongest and best work is probably yet to come with greater maturity and time, she has done that already which has strength enough to live. M. H. L.

LITTLE JACK TWO-STICKS.

'Twas a terrible day, and we spent it fighting the third division of Hill's command
In the Wilderness; then, just as night was falling,
we finished the combat hand to hand.
Our ranks were thinned, and the men had fasted
hour after hour of the hard-fought day,
With canteens empty, and knapsacks lying on the
ground in camp when we marched away.

Corporal Hunt had stood beside me all through the fight as our men went down,—
That tall, blue grain in its long swathes lying, the
earth where it *had* been brown.
The cleft twigs dropped from the trees above us, cut
by the bullets which whistled there,
And with labored breathing we clambered forward,
muttering sometimes a curse or prayer.

Little Jack Two-Sticks, the company's drummer,—
you see we had nicknames among the boys,—
Was drumming away at my left, and helping to
deaden the shriek of those leaden toys.
Jack was a lad, and a little fellow about the size of
my youngest girl
I had left at home; eyes the same color, and hair
that was always trying to curl.

"Look at that boy!" the corporal shouted. "Look
at that little chap drumming away!"
And we sort of smiled in each other's faces. "He
takes it as cool as if it were play!"
And the powder-grimed face of the corporal soft-
ened, then suddenly hardened, and down he fell.
"What! Hunt, are you hit?" But he made no
answer, and I heard in the front the rebel yell.

And our colonel shouted, "Charge bayonets, men!"
I rushed through the thicket to take my part,
Leaving the corporal lying quiet with a minie-ball
lodged in his gallant heart.

We fought and we won with the little handful left
of our brave old Company G.
Our colonel dropped, half rose, and shouted, "Fol-
low them, boys! Not a man stays with me."
But after the cannon had stopped their rattle, and
after the bullets had ceased their play,
And we searched for our comrades, I heard the
drumming of little Jack Two-Sticks far away.

Queer that Jack wasn't up with the company, as the
sharp tattoo of his drum we heard,
But it suddenly changed to a muffled long-roll, and
five of us started without a word
And followed the sound through the Wilderness
shadows. There, with his back to a fallen tree,
And six of his comrades dead around him, he was
beating the long-roll for Company G.

"Why, Jack, old chap, are you hurt?" we questioned;
his jacket was torn and the front was red.
I thought of my girl as I watched him faintly beat-
ing the long-roll there to the dead.
"How did it go—who beat?" he whispered. "We
saved the day at the last—we won!"
"Write to mother about it"—his hands fell lifeless,
and little Jack Two-Sticks' drumming was done.

The night came down with its blessed quiet, and I
said a prayer for my little girl,
And the little chap in the darkness sleeping, with
hair too stiffened with blood to curl.
But of all the sights that the Wilderness shadows
were trying to hide as the smoke-clouds fled,
The saddest of all was that little fellow beating the
long-roll there for the dead.

AUGUST.

THE meadow lilies' scarlet cheeks
Flame in the grasses like a blush
Upon the fields, whose heaving breast
The summer winds too roughly brush.

With gold enough to buy the world,
The yellow daisies line the way
The summer takes, across her lands
Whose little tenants never pay.

The warrior thistle guards the graves
Of younger blossoms who have died;

The clover, like two tented ranks,
In red and white, camp side by side.

The sensuous air, full, languid, warm,
Intoxicates us with a breath;
Each marvelous pulse is thrilled to life
Which bears no hint of coming death.

A never-ceasing, hidden voice,
Which vibrates through the throbbing air,
Is but a million voices raised
From little singers everywhere.

Advance, advance, thou radiant thing!
Thou month of ripened sheaves of grain;
Our memories press thee, like a rose,
Sweet 'twixt thy leaves of autumn lain.

RECOMPENSE.

THERE is no day but has its share of light,
And somewhere in the dark there shines a star at
night.

There is no cloud, however black and grim,
That does not touch the sunlight with its outmost
rim.

There is no sorrow borne without its gain,
No perfect joy that was not ushered in with pain.
There is no woe that can outlast the years,
No smile so sweet in life as that which follows tears.

We learn to do without our own because
There is some recompense in all of Nature's laws;
No sun can rise until the sun has set;
No life be lived that has not somewhere known
regret.

This thought, my friend, take with thee for the
days;—
God were not God if man could fathom all His ways.
And as thy day goes down its western slope,
Know, next to Faith, His greatest gift to thee is
Hope.

AN IMMORTELLE.

AN immortelle of a tender thought,—
A thought, but never a word,—
I will send to you from my soul to-night:
Are the lily's blossomings heard?
Is any pulse of the white day stirred
By the birth of a rose, or the death of a bird?

A thought,—the speech of the soul that lives;
A word,—the speech of the lips that die,
Deep calleth deep, soul calleth soul,
Through the voiceless language of wave or sigh.
Does the rose-breath speak as it passeth by?
As bees to the flower love's thoughts should fly.

QUESTIONING.

IF there is a doubt in your heart to-day
That stretches its shadow across to me,
If you cannot look in my eyes and say,
"My trust is perfect, and full, and free."
For the sake of a day that would work us woe,
I pray you pity and tell me so.

When you look in my eyes and kiss my face,
And hold me close to your throbbing heart,
Is there ever in it a hint or place
That tells you we could in the future part?
Does a doubt, as faint as an undrawn breath,
Suggest a parting that was not Death?

Dear love, search so deep in your heart, I pray,
That its dimmest corner shall come to light,
Then look me straight in the eyes and say
The truth as the truth seems just and right;
If your love can change,—ah, love does, I know!—
I pray you pity and tell me so.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

Now to my breast, thou slimy asp!
Here warmer lips than thine have kissed,
When passion pressed them close, and sighed
For some lost treasure love had missed.
Ah! kings have given worlds to lie
Where thou—insensate, clammy, cold—
Yet drink'st thy fill; thou'rt but a worm,
And thou but seemest o'er-bold.

Incarnate passion thus to die?—
Love's very self in wanton mood?
What wizard had foretold this fate—
This fair flesh lowered to vile worm's food?
Dead, Caesar, and dead, Antony;
And cold Octavius rules instead;
Dead, beauty's power and beauty's reign,
And beauty's self shall soon be dead.

Now swift, my snake, make cold my veins.
I have betrayed and brought to dust

Rome's greatest; thou shalt make me true
 On this death-day—since needs I must,
 I, Egypt's queen, do bid myself
 And my fair body long good-byes.
 Earth was my all; come such an earth
 Or none—when Cleopatra dies.

MY CHILDREN.

I SIT at my work in the afternoon,
 When the day is drowsy with dust and heat,
 And out of my window I watch the line
 Of shimmering sun on the well-worn street.
 I mend the jackets and little gowns,
 Worn with playing and rent with tears,
 And every stitch which my needle takes
 Is set with a mother's voiceless prayers.

But after the shadows are growing long,
 And the glare fades out of the dusty street,
 With happy laughter the children come,
 With ringing voices and flying feet.
 And my heart leaps up with a sudden bound;
 My children are coming home from school.
 I rise and watch with an eager hope
 The long white road growing dusk and cool.

Guy, and Hobie, and little Louise,—
 I shall see them come through the sandy lane;
 And Claire is away at a higher school,—
 Ah, what is it comes with a sudden pain?
 I hear my darlings, I see them both,—
Both, I say, when it should be three,—
 Hobie, my son, and little Louise;—
 Ah, "suffer *thy* children to come unto Me."

Day after day I cheat my ears
 When the children clamor with laugh and shout;
 Day after day I cheat my eyes,
 Waiting and watching when school is out;
 For Claire is gone to a higher school,—
 But Guy, my darling, my precious Guy,
 With his laughing eyes and his loving heart,
 Guy has gone to a school *more high*.

Oh, for the breadth of a little grave!
 Oh, that it never was dug so deep!
 And yet, when it sunk through a thousand worlds,
 I never could picture him there asleep.
 When the snow is deep and the frost lies thick,
 And the road is gleaming more coldly white,
 I think, "My children will all come home,—
All, when the school is out to-night."

* * * * *

SARAH STOKES WALTON.

SARAH STOKES WALTON was born in Philadelphia, Pa., February 12, 1844, and is the third oldest child of Charles Crawford Dunn, Sr., and Helen Struthers, his wife, and is one of thirteen children. From her sixth to tenth year she attended a private school kept by Miss Sarah James, who was well known to all the best Philadelphia families, having taught children of three generations.

In the spring of 1854 Mrs. Walton's father purchased a farm on the Jersey side of the romantic Delaware River, and there built their beautiful home "Magnolia Hall." To the dreamy child this was a taste of paradise, and the happiest years of her life were passed there. She was a pupil in the Farnum Preparatory School, Beverly, New Jersey, until 1858, then at the early age of fourteen her school days ended, the fast increasing family requiring the care of the elder ones.

In 1864 the first sorrow of her life occurred, viz, parting with her beautiful home. Her father's presence being required in Washington, D. C., he sold his home and moved his family back to Philadelphia. On October 24, 1866, she was married to Louis N. Walton, a Philadelphian by birth, but at that time a resident of Lexington, Ky., and has at present time two children, a daughter just budding into womanhood, and a son of sixteen years. After three years' residence in Lexington, Ky., she returned to Philadelphia, and gradually drifted back to New Jersey, near the scenes of her happy childhood. There in her pretty home, "Woodbine Villa," surrounded by her family and pets, she lives a quiet, uneventful life.

Mrs. Walton is five feet six inches in height, with dark hair and eyes. She is an earnest church worker, having been a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal Church since her fourteenth year, and is also a member of The King's Daughters. Her ancestors on her father's side were Huguenot refugees, who settled in Chestertown, Maryland, in 1625; Scotch on her mother's side, she being a grand-daughter of the late John Struthers, of Edinburgh, Scotland, who presented to his adopted country the beautiful marble sarcophagus, in which rest the mortal remains of our first president, George Washington.

Mrs. Walton composes at night only, writes only "when the spirit moves her," takes pencil and tablet to bed with her when in a writing mood. She has also been quite successful as an amateur artist, having taken a number of prizes for amateur work.

H. S.

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Sarah Stokes Wallon*

EMPTY ARMS.

ONE balmy May I dreamed, upon my breast,
A tiny bud would nestle down to rest;
My empty arms I raise unto my God,
My sinless babe is sleeping 'neath the sod.

The dainty garments fashioned by a mother's lov-
ing care,
Are useless things, and meet me everywhere;
Bright hopes lie buried deep within my heart
For on this earth, alas! she hath no part.

The Father's gentle voice methinks I softly hear
Saying thy tender lamb is saved from many a tear.
My flock all know their loving Shepherd's voice,
They question not, nor murmur at His choice.

Then why, my heart, this longing and unrest?
"Not a sparrow falleth," except at His behest.
"Thy will be done," I meekly try to say,
Comfort, sustain, and guide me in Thy way.

JUNE AND DECEMBER.

FIRST sweetly comes the rich warm breath of June,
A subtle perfume's wafted on the breeze.
The summer birds are fitting through the trees,
Their ever varying voices all in tune,
And Nature's face now seems a double boon.
But man complains, thinks not of what he sees;
At last his face is hid from birds and bees
Beneath the sod, and night has followed noon.

When snows of winter cover o'er the flowers,
And every woodland voice is hushed and still,
The heart of man is full of pain and woe.
He longs for songs of happy summer hours,
And Hope then whispers, "'Tis the Father's
will,"

You once again shall all His blessings know.

MY BOY.

A PORTRAIT hangs upon my parlor walls,
A little face is smiling down on me,
Two roguish eyes of brown I always see.
Upon the yellow curls the sunlight falls.
My darling boy, without whose hourly calls
My life a wretched lonely one would be,
A February day he came to me.
Once more the snow a feathery shower falls,

Again I hear a new-born infant's cry,
My precious boy is laid within my arms,
His little face is closely pressed to mine;
So full of happiness I am, I sigh,
Praying he may be saved from Life's alarms,
My valentine, my precious little vine.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"It might have been!" four little words,
But, oh! how much expressed,
Of broken hopes, of ruined lives,
When the heart would be at rest.

"It might have been!" poor restless heart,
Tossed on life's troubled sea;
Among its shoals, its cruel rocks,
Where a quiet harbor should be.

"It might have been!" do not look back!
"We make or mar our lives;"
Walk calmly on thy chosen track,
Thy duties do not despise.

THEY ARE THE LIVING, WE ARE THE DEAD.

WE are the dead, O Living Rock,
Dead in our lives of sin;
Closing our hearts to Thy gentle knock,
Forgetting to let Thee in.

They are the living, the silent ones,
Who sleep on in blessed rest;
Millions of souls in Paradise,
The love of the Father attest.

Call them not dead, the loved and lost,
Who are waiting to welcome us home;
When from battling with sin, and tempest-tost,
Weary and fainting we roam.

Think of the words that good man said,
When our dead are laid away,
"They are the living, we are the dead."
For the dead, not the living, pray.

AUTUMN.

The harvest has been gathered,
The wheat, the rye, the corn;
The trees with all their burdens
Have of their fruits been shorn.

—Autumn.

WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER.

WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, August 28, 1808. He was the son of Bernard Gallagher, a native of Ireland, who fought in the rebellion of 1803; and at the close he emigrated to America, and settled at Philadelphia, where he began life on a paper called the *Shamrock*. Abigail Davis-Gallagher, William's mother, was born in Bridgeport, New Jersey. Her father was a Welshman, an industrious farmer, and a soldier in the Revolutionary army. He fought under General Washington, and fell at Valley Forge. The Irish refugee and the Welsh patriot's daughter were so much attracted to each other that they joined their lives in wedlock. Four sons, Edward, Francis, William and John, were the issue of this marriage.

The father died in 1814 when William was not quite eight years old. Mrs. Gallagher two years later removed with her family of little children to Hamilton county, Ohio, and settled on a small farm near Mount Healthy, now Mount Pleasant, not far from where the Cary family lived. Mrs. Gallagher and Mrs. Cary were near relatives.

The first school that William Gallagher attended was taught by Samuel Woodworth, and the school-house was a log cabin in the neighborhood of Mount Healthy. During his attendance there he became familiar with such instructive books as the "American Reader" and the "Columbian Orator." Young Gallagher was a great admirer of nature, and in company with several of his school-fellows he would frequently roam through the wildwood, over the hills about Mount Healthy, and along the beautiful banks of Mill creek.

It was decided by the mother, brother and uncle to send William to the Lancasterian Seminary. While a student in the school he would make daily visits to the office of the *Remembrancer*, a small paper owned and edited by the Rev. David Root. It was in this establishment that Gallagher first learned the art of printing and proof-reading. Young "Billy" Gallagher was made assistant manager of the *Western Tiller* in 1826. In 1828 he was engaged by S. J. Brown, of the Cincinnati *Emporium*, but that paper soon suspended publication. His next venture was with the *Commercial Register*, a daily newspaper published in Cincinnati, and it existed six months only. Mr. Gallagher and his brother Francis controlled the *Western Minerva* that lived but a year.

In 1824 young Gallagher wrote for the *Literary Gazette*, and in it appeared his first poetical composition, "Lines on Spring," signed "Julia." In 1826

he contributed to the Cincinnati *Saturday Evening Chronicle* under the signature of "Rhoderick."

In the summer of 1828 Gallagher went to Mount Sterling to visit his brother John, and while there he was engaged to write editorials for the Mount Sterling *Whig*. He had just entered on his duties when he learned that his brother Francis was lying very low with fever at Natchez, Mississippi. He forthwith started out to visit his sick brother, stopping at several places on the route, among them the beautiful country seats of General James Jackson, where he was hospitably entertained for a short time, and "Ashland," the home of the Kentucky statesman, Henry Clay, where he was cordially received by that gentleman.

He took a steamboat at Louisville and was soon on his way to Natchez. He wrote, while there, a series of entertaining letters, giving a graphic description of Kentucky scenery, and the Blue Grass regions. These letters were published in the Cincinnati *Saturday Evening Chronicle* which brought him literary fame.

In 1830 Mr. Gallagher bought a printing office in Xenia, Ohio, and started the *Backwoodsman*. In that year a campaign barbecue, or banquet as they are now styled, was given in honor of Henry Clay at Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Gallagher was one of the invited guests, and was given a seat by the side of the great Kentucky statesman and orator, who desired an interview with the talented young editor and poet from Xenia.

The *Backwoodsman* failed in 1832, and Mr. Gallagher took charge of the Cincinnati *Mirror*, afterwards the *Western Gazette of Literature*. As a lecturer Mr. Gallagher stood in the foremost rank. His lecture "Eulogium on the Life and Character of William Wirt," which is said to be his first, was delivered before the "Lyceum" with great effect.

The first volume of poems by Mr. Gallagher were published in 1835, entitled "Erato No. I," and "Erato No. II," and in 1837 "Erato No. III."

Mr. Gallagher was editor of the *Western Literary Journal and Monthly Review* in 1836, the *Western Monthly Magazine and Literary Journal* published at Louisville, Ky., in 1837. In 1838 he controlled the *Ohio State Journal*, and in the same year Mr. Gallagher published the *Hesperian* with wonderful success. This once widely popular magazine was transferred to Cincinnati in 1839, and near the close of that year was discontinued, when Mr. Gallagher accepted a position as assistant editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, which was tendered him by Charles Hammond, its editor, and one of the brightest men of his time.

Mr. Gallagher was a member of the "Franklin Society," the "Inquisition," the "Tags" or "T

A. G. S.," named in honor of the gentlemen who organized the club, F. W. Thomas, S. Y. Atlee, W. D. Gallagher and T. H. Shreve. The "Forty-Two's," another literary club composed of gentlemen between forty-two and forty-three years of age, and of which Mr. Gallagher was a member, held its meetings in the law office of Salmon P. Chase.

Mr. Gallagher was secretary of the Whig committee for the First Congressional District of Ohio, and held that office for a number of years, and in 1842 he was nominated candidate for the state legislature, but declined the nomination on account of other duties.

Mr. Gallagher has been very generous in encouraging young writers, and has brought many into prominence. He was several times president of the "Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio," and on the 8th of April, 1850, delivered his celebrated discourse on the "Progress in the Northwest."

In 1850 "Tom" Corwin, Secretary of the Treasury, appointed Mr. Gallagher his private secretary, and in the same year a million of dollars in gold was placed in his charge and conveyed to New Orleans, and deposited in the United States Treasury. This amount was used in paying off the Mexican claims. It was a hazardous undertaking, but was safely accomplished.

Mr. Gallagher married Miss Emma Adamson, of Boston, Massachusetts. She was a kinsman of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Mr. Gallagher is about five feet ten inches in height, of a robust frame. His complexion is fair and ruddy, and he wears short, thin side whiskers. His eyes are a clear blue, and very keen. He has a natural dignified air and noble bearing, and is a handsome old gentleman. He is a close observer, a deep thinker, and well informed. He walks a great deal and seldom rides. A few years ago, while crossing one of the principal streets of Louisville, he was run over by the reckless driver of a vehicle and severely injured about the spine and neck, which laid him up for several months. He lives with his son, Edward T. Gallagher, at Louisville, Ky., and has a cozy apartment, with its wide windows facing the beautiful lawns and magnificent dwellings around. His library consists of a few books by various authors, (gifts from friends), papers, bundles of manuscripts, and letters. On the wall hangs the picture of his old friend, Salmon P. Chase, and a few oil paintings. Yet strange as it may seem, out of the number of books written by him, and published by the book firms, he has but one copy to claim as his own, "Miami Woods and Other Poems." Surrounded by his children and grandchildren, he is evidently a happy man.

Although fortune has not smiled serenely on the pioneer poet of the "Miami Woods," he is perfectly contented, takes daily walks, visits his friends and spends hours in their company. In Indian summer he wanders to the woods, sometimes alone, where he seeks recreation and enjoyment for a few hours, away from the city bustle and din.

Mr. Gallagher is a member of the "Filson Club," of which Colonel Reuben T. Durrett and Hon. John Mason Brown are the leading lights. With his vigorous constitution, notwithstanding the injury he has sustained, Mr. Gallagher is able to keep pace with many young men of this day.

A. W. H.

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

I.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
Stout-hearted dames were they;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border fray.
Our rough land had no braver
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

2.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
On old Kentucky's soil,
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest, and life's toil!
They shrank not from the foe-man,
They quail'd not in the fight,
But cheer'd their husbands through the day,
And sooth'd them through the night.

3.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
Their bosoms pillowed MEN;
And proud were they by such to stand
In hammock, fort, or glen;
To load the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it should he fall.

4.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
Such were their daily deeds:
Their monument—where does it stand?
Their epitaph—who reads?
No braver dames had Sparta -
No nobler matrons Rome—
Yet who or lauds or honors them,
Ev'n in their own green home?

5.

The mothers of our Forest-land!
 They sleep in unknown graves;
 And had they borne and nursed a band
 Of ingrates, or of slaves,
 They had not been more neglected!
 But their graves shall yet be found,
 And their monuments dot here and there
 "The Dark and Bloody Ground!"

6.

The plaudits that rose from the many,
 And the chatter that fell from the few,
 Were silenced ere long by a trumpet,
 Which peel'd out the "Red, White and Blue;"
 And then, oft with tremulous cadence,
 And tones that made holy the air,
 From the hall came this song of a sorrow
 Among the Green Hills of Adair—
 The violin measuring fitly
 The depth of the feeling express'd,
 And the method and voice of the singer
 Soon winning the heart of each guest.

THE LABORER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
 And likeness of thy God!—who more?
 A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
 Of daily life, a heart as warm
 And pure as breast e'er bore.

What then?—Thou art as true a MAN
 As moves the human mass among;
 As much a part of the Great Plan
 That with Creation's dawn began,
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy?—the high
 In station, or in wealth the chief?
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,
 With proud step and averted eye?
 Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
 A feather, which thou mightest cast
 Aside, as idly as the blast
 The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurbed passions—low desires—
 Absence of noble self-respect—
 Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
 To that high nature which aspires
 Forever, till thus checked:

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
 They chain thee to thy lowly lot—
 Thy labor and thy life accurst,
 Oh, stand erect! and from them burst,
 And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
 The great!—what better they than thou?
 As theirs, is not thy will as free?
 Has God with equal favors thee
 Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not: 'tis but dust!
 Nor place, uncertain as the wind!
 But that thou hast which, with thy crust
 And water, may despise the lust
 Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
 True faith, and holy trust in God,
 Thou art the peer of any man.
 Look up, then—that thy little span
 Of life may be well-trod!

LINES.

WHEN last the maple bud was swelling,
 When last the crocus bloomed below,
 Thy heart to mine its love was telling,
 Thy soul with mine kept ebb and flow:
 Again the maple bud is swelling,
 Again the crocus blooms below;
 In heaven thy heart its love is telling,
 But still our souls keep ebb and flow.

When last the April bloom was flinging
 Sweet odors on the air of Spring,
 In forest-aisles thy voice was ringing,
 Where thou with bird and brook did
 Again the April bloom is flinging
 Sweet odors on the air of Spring;
 But now in heaven thy voice is ringing
 Where thou dost with the angels s

SEPTEMBER.

A sweet voluptuous languor fills the
 The sun is shorn of his bright beams,
 Redly and dimly down upon the earth
 The moon glows like a buckle, as she
 In quiet from the misty depths, which
 No marked horizon separates from t'
 That spreads above: the starry host
 All but the larger lights, which dim'

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Donald M. Gryn

The heavens alone. The breezes of the night
 Catch the last lingering sweets of the autumn-time
 And with them bring the murmurs of the brooks
 To lull the senses to repose. The warm
 And wanton airs that through the slumberous day
 Steal gently up from southern climes, caress
 The willing cheek, and fold the languid frame
 In long embraces, and on couches spread
 In sunny spots of silence, thickly strewn
 With sweetest smelling leaves, lie down with it
 In panting ecstasies of soft delights.

—*Miami Woods.*

TIME.

Time writes upon the earth, in many ways,
 Wise admonition, that man's eagle eye,
 Bent on the stars in cold ambition's heaven,
 Stoops not to read.

—*Ibid.*

SIN.

Ah, well-a-way.
 Sin was begot in Hell, and sorrow born
 In Eden, but the two are ever twinn'd.

—*Ibid.*

SYMPATHY.

A sorrow common makes a common bond
 Where else there would be none.

—*Ibid.*

INSENSIBILITY.

Years change us not so much,
 Nor commerce with the world; but groveling
 thoughts,
 Vaunting ambitions, unexpressed desires,
 Whose oft-indulgence blunts the edge of youth:
These early dim the eye to nature's charms,
 And early dull the ear to heavenliest sounds.

—*Ibid.*

WOMAN.

Woman's strength is her virtue—her will—her desire
 For a love that is purer—a life that is higher—
 A truth that is surer—a faith that is stronger—
 A hope that is brighter—a charity longer,
 And broader, and deeper, and oh! much benigner:
 With an impulse that ever incites her to twine her
 White arms and sweet purposes round what is pure,
 And serene, and unselfish, and sinless and sure.
 What the rose to the garden, the leaf to the tree,
 And the grass to the plains, to man's mansion is she.
 Like the sun to the earth—like the stars to the skies,
 She's the warmth of his love, and the light of his
 eyes.

But she's more than all this; she's companion,
 friend, wife—

Without whom man might live,
 But would living be Life?

—*Woman.*

DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH M'GREGOR.

DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH M'GREGOR was born in Beaver, Pa., August 15, 1857. His father, Robert Gregor M'Gregor, was editor and proprietor of the *Beaver Star*. His mother, Rebecca Fitz-Randolph, was a noted contributor of poetry to the journals of her time. His mother having died when he was a child of but four summers, his grandmother took him in charge and educated him for the ministry. But unfortunately for the youth, though perhaps fortunately for the church, his mind took a different bent. When sixteen he gloried in the distinction of being the youngest public school teacher in the county, and later on he entered the Newcastle, Pa., College, which he soon left to go "a roving" to Philadelphia, intending to take a position on a whaler, bound for the Southern seas. The United States Commission, however, upon seeing his youthful appearance, sent him back to school. Soon after he entered the University of Wooster, O., where he distinguished himself by taking part against the custom of hazing, and was publicly complimented by the president, the Rev. Dr. A. A. E. Taylor, for "noble manly daring." But his restless spirit impelled him again to visit Philadelphia, where he enlisted in the marine corps stationed on League Island. Here the red tape of the officers was a source of mingled amusement and annoyance to his sensitive but humorous nature. Yet his even temper and kindly disposition brought him to bear what men of different temperament could not endure. He had come to partake of Uncle Sam's generous hospitality, its chances of showing him the world and its various peoples, and he was not going to be deterred therefrom because of a few "gaudy peacocks," as he termed the officers.

But League Island proved to be any but a congenial place for the young poet. The various humorous and satirical ballads sung by his chums in the mess room to the accompaniment of a banjo, within the hearing of the officers, caused those gentlemen to cast many fierce and suspicious glances at one constantly scribbling, whom they first thought a lad afflicted with a mania for revising his will.

He was sent to Norfolk, Va., and became one of the guard of the United States Steamer *Galena*. Two years were spent in different parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, during which time he served as correspondent for several Western papers. He was with Hobart Pasha in the Nile country, and on the Island of Chios during its destruction by the terrible earthquakes of 1881. He also witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria by

the English. After serving five years, he got an excellent discharge as a non-commissioned officer. He captured two of the most dangerous characters in the navy, in a swamp near the Brooklyn navy yard, of which the New York papers gave an account at the time, while his commandant recommended him for promotion.

Mr. M'Gregor is the author of a spectacular comic opera. Judging by his extraordinary industry and perseverance, a novel descriptive of the United States navy and marine corps will appear at no distant date creditable to his genius, and with a vein of humor for which Americans are renowned.

T. M.

A SERENADE.

A SWEET, red rose in the forest grew,
And its nightingale vigil kept;
But the wind did woo
That rose untrue,
And loved while the songster slept.

* * * * *

The nightingale came when the wind had pass'd
And loved with a love more strong.
No question asked,
No sad sigh cast,
But sang the same sweet song.

ENVOI.

Then while the hours are fleeting by,
I come unto thy throne,
'Neath yon clear sky,
Sweet, thee and I,
No power but love will own.

ALGERIA.

ALGERIA, Algeria,
Of beautiful Algiers,
A song to thee of blighted hopes,
Of wild and awful fears;
A sigh that though you are most fair,
From out your eyes so clear,
There ne'er will beam the woman's soul,
That makes a woman dear.

Algeria, Algeria,
Of beautiful Algiers,
The sweetest wife might envy thee,
Yet for thee shed sad tears;
The fairest image ever form'd
Is in some part untrue,

Perfection hath no place in stone,
And none in life but you.

Algeria, Algeria,
Of beautiful Algiers,
Eternity will fail to dim
The picture that appears:
Thy own sweet face and perfect form,
Untouched by passing years,
Warmed with a passion like the sun,
That shines on fair Algiers.

A REVERIE.

SOMETHING weighs on my mind to-night,
I know not what could be,
'Tis like a cloud in the sky all bright,
Like a passing change at sea.

I cannot tell if the cloud is bound
With the silver rim of day,
Or if the sea in the night profound
Has cast some bark away.

I cannot say: "My heart be gay,
See, yonder dawns the light,"
When never comes the longed-for day
And always is it night.

I know not why these thoughts to-night,
I know not what could be,
'Tis like a cloud in the sky all bright,
Like a passing change at sea.

A GEM.

"WHAT is a gem?" I asked a man of age,
Whose life was almost spent in fashioning
beauty's toys;
"It is a stone, a goodly stone," he said,
"To man it is expense; 'tis one of woman's
joys."

"What is a gem?" I asked a gentle wife,
As her dear first-born clung unto her breast;
"What is a gem?" Why, this is one," she said,
And softly hushed the timid child to rest.

And then I went into my lonely room,
And turned my many scribblings o'er and o'er,
And mused—will one of these be called a gem,
When I, their author, am with them no more?

MRS. AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

A PROMINENT critic has assigned to Mrs. Augusta Webster a place second only to Robert Browning as a dramatic poet among living writers. It may be said also that, on general considerations, she fills a position with the foremost in the ranks occupied by poetic writers of her own sex. She is one of the few women poets of the present day whose writings have achieved something more than ephemeral notice and passing consideration. She has attained, in short, a high and an enviable reputation—a result that is due to diligent application to literary work, combined with a gift for powerful utterance of poetic thought and for imbuing her writings with that nice finish and natural grace that distinguish the whole range of her compositions. Like most successful authors she lost no opportunity in the golden days of youth for laying the foundation stones of her future career. Of the classics, Greek had a rare charm and possessed a special interest for her. Its study influenced her tastes; it shaped, in a measure, her polished and graceful style; and it directed to a great extent the character of her early writings. Some of the finest translations from the Greek tragedies that the English language possesses are from her pen, and she has done not a little to sustain general interest in the classic literature of ancient Greece.

The daughter of Vice-Admiral George Davies, a distinguished naval man, who occupied successively many important coastguard commands, Mrs. Webster spent most of her childhood by the seaside. She married Mr. Thomas Webster, Fellow and Law Lecturer of Trinity College, Cambridge, whither she had gone with her father on his appointment as chief constable of this county.

Mrs. Webster published her first volume of verse, under the title of "Blanche Lisle, and other Poems," in the year 1860. To this was subscribed the *nom de plume*, "Cecil Home," which we find attached also to another juvenile poem, "Lilian Grey," and to "Lesley's Guardians," a novel. Since her marriage Mrs. Webster has written in her own name, and but few years have been allowed to pass without some fresh production from her prolific and facile pen. First came "Prometheus Bound," which was followed after an interval producing "Dramatic Studies" and "A Woman Sold, and other Poems," by another elegant translation in English verse, "The Medea." This brings us to the year 1868, since when Mrs. Webster's works have been "Portraits" (1870); "The Auspicious Day," a drama (1872); "Yu-pe-Ya's Lute," a Chinese tale in English verse (1874); "A Housewife's

Opinions," a series of essays in prose (1879); "Disguises," a drama (1879); "A Book of Rhyme" (1881); "In a Day," a drama (1882); "Daffodil and the Croixaxicans," a prose fantastic tale (1884); and, lastly, "The Sentence," a drama published as recently as 1888. Apart from her literary labors, Mrs. Webster has led also an active public life—a fact to which testimony is borne by her earnest and appreciated work on the London School Board.

F. A. H. E.

POULAIN, THE PRISONER.

I.

BEYOND his silent vault green springs went by,
The river flashed along its open way,
Blythe swallows flitted in their billowy play,
And the sweet lark went quivering up to the sky.
With him was stillness and his heart's dumb cry
And darkness of the tomb through hopeless day,
Save that along the wall one single ray
Shifted, through jealous loop-holes, westerly.

One single ray; and where its light could fall
His rusty nail carved saints and angels there,
And warriors, and slim girls with braided hair,
And blossomy boughs, and birds athwart the air.
Rude work, but yet a world. And light for all
Was one slant ray upon a prison wall.

II.

One ray, and in its track he lived and wrought,
And in free wideness of the world, I know,
One said, "Fair sunshine, yet it serves not so,
It needs a tenderer when I shape my thought;"
And "'Tis too brown and molten in the drought,"
And "'Tis too wan a greyness in this snow,"
And would have toiled, but wearied and was woe;
While days stole past, and had bequeathed him naught.

Maybe in Gisors, round the fortress mead—
Gisors were now, when fair-time brings its press,
They seek the prisoner's tower to gaze and guess
And love the work he made in loneliness—
One cursed the gloom, and died without a deed,
The while he carved where his one ray could lead.

III.

"Oh loneliness! oh darkness!" so we wail,
Crying to life to give we know not what,
The hope not come, the ecstasy forgot,
The things we should have had and, needing, fail,
Nor know what thing it was for which we ail.
And, like tired travelers to an unknown spot,
Pass listless, noting only "Yet 'tis not,"
And count the ended day an empty tale.

Ah me! to linger on in dim repose
 And feel the numbness over hand and thought,
 And feel the silence in the heart that grows.
 Ah me! to have forgot the hope we sought.
 One ray of light, and a soul lived and wrought,
 And on the prison walls a message rose.

THE WHISPER.

SOMEONE has said a whispered word to me;
 The whisper whispers on within my ear.
 Oh little word, hush, hush, and let me be;
 Hush, little word, too vexing sweet to hear.
 And, if it will not hush, what must I do?
 The word was "Love;" perchance the word was
 true:
 And, if it will not hush, must I repine?
 I am his love; perchance then he is mine.

THE HEART THAT LACKS ROOM.

I LOVE him, and I love him, and I love:
 Oh heart, my love goes welling o'er the brim.
 He makes my light more than the sun above,
 And what am I save what I am to him?
 All will, all hope I have, to him belong;
 Oh heart, thou art too small for love so strong:
 Oh heart, grow large, grow deeper for his sake;
 Oh love him better, heart, or thou wilt break!

THE GIFT.

O HAPPY glow, O sun-bathed tree,
 O golden-lighted river,
 A love-gift has been given me,
 And which of you is giver?

I came upon you something sad,
 Musing a mournful measure,
 Now all my heart in me is glad
 With a quick sense of pleasure.

I came upon you with a heart
 Half-sick of life's vexed story,
 And now it grows of you a part,
 Steeped in your golden glory.

A smile into my heart has crept
 And laughs through all my being,
 New joy into my life has leapt,
 A joy of only seeing!

O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree,
 O golden-lighted river,
 A love-gift has been given me,
 And which of you is giver?

THE MESSAGE OF VICTORY.

"News to the king, good news for all!"
The corn is trodden, the river runs red.
 "News to the battle," the heralds call,
 "We have won the field; we have taken the town
 We have beaten the rebels and crushed them down
And the dying lie with the dead.

"Who was my bravest?" quoth the king.
The corn is trodden, the river runs red.
 "Whom shall I honor for this great thing?"
 "Three-score were best, where none was worse
 But Walter Wendulph was aye the first."
And the dying lie with the dead.

"What of my husband?" quoth the bride.
The corn is trodden, the river is red.
 "Comes he to-morrow? how long will he bide
 "Put off thy bride-gear, busk thee in black;
 Walter Wendulph will never come back."
And the dying lie with the dead.

TO ONE OF MANY.

WHAT! wilt thou throw thy stone of malice now
 Thou dare to scoff at him with scorn or blame?
 He is a thousand times more great than thou:
 Thou, with thy narrower mind and lower aim,
 Wilt thou chide him and not be checked by shame?

He hath done evil—God forbid my sight
 Should falter where I gaze with loving eye,
 That I should fail to know the wrong from right
 He hath done evil—let not any tie
 Of birth or love draw moral sense awry.

And though my trust in him is yet full strong
 I may not hold him guiltless, in the dream
 That wrong forgiven is no longer wrong,
 And, looking on his error fondly deem
 That he in that he erreth doth but seem.

I do not soothe me with a vain belief;
 He hath done evil, therefore is my thought
 Of him made sadness with no common grief.
 But thou, what good or truth has in thee wrought
 That thou shouldst hold thee more than him
 aught?

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D. B. Collins

He will redeem his nature, he is great
 In inward purpose past the power to scan,
 And he will bear his meed of evil fate
 And lift him from his fall a nobler man,
 Hating his error as a great one can.

And what art thou to look on him and say
 "Ah! he has fallen whom they praised, but know
 My foot is sure"? Upon thy level way
 Are there the perils of the hills of snow?
 Yea, he has fallen, but wherefore art thou low?

Speak no light word of him, for he is more
 Than thou canst know—and even more to me,
 Though he has lessened the first faith I bore,
 Than thou in thy best deeds couldst ever be;
 Yea, though he fall again, not low like thee.

SONG.

TELL the truth, sweet; no.
 Truth is cross and sad and cold;
 Lies are pitiful and kind,
 Honey-soft as Love's own tongue:
 Let me, love, lie so.
 Lies are like a summer wind,
 Wooing flower-buds to unfold.
 Lies will last while men are young.
 Tell the truth, love; no.

Let me, sweet, lie so.
 Lies are Hope's light ministers,
 Footless birds upon the wing:
 Truth's a name for plodding care
 Truth's the east-wind on the Spring—
 'Tis the wind, not Springtime, errs.
 Lies will last while maids are fair.
 Let me lie, love, so.

CHANGE.

Give me some change. Must life be only sweet,
 All honey-pap as babes would have their food?
 And, if my heart must always be adrowse
 In a hush of stagnant sunshine, give me then
 Something outside me stirring; let the storm
 Break up the sluggish beauty, let it fall
 Beaten below the feet of passionate winds,
 And then to-morrow waken jubilant
 In a new birth; let me see subtle joy
 Of anguish and of hopes, of change and growth.

—*Circe.*

DENNIS B. COLLINS.

DENNIS B. COLLINS was born in Ireland, November 7, 1861. His youth was passed in a region where every manifestation of life and nature was a leaf in a book of poetry. A part of his early education was received at the Jesuits' school in Limerick city. Later we find him working in a newspaper office in Cork, studying nights, reading voraciously, learning rhythm from the silver tones of Shandon Bells, and making solitary excursions to the fairy spots along the Lee. The want of funds to prosecute his studies induced him, while yet in his boyhood, to come to America where ambition has a better field and labor a greater reward. He came to Boston where he worked and studied to educate and elevate himself, until finally, in 1882, he decided to take a year's rest in St. Lawrence College, Montreal. In 1883 he entered St. Charles College, Baltimore, Md., to complete his knowledge of Latin, and in 1884 was admitted to the Theological Seminary at Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained priest in December, 1888. The time that he passed at college was anything but favorable to his poetic tendencies. The moment the student crosses the threshold of Catholic seminaries he finds himself in a region of dry fact and far removed from the realm of imagination where sparkle the mystic springs of the muses. The occasional poems, therefore, which he wrote in such adverse circumstances, are not to be taken as a criterion of his talent any more than are the improved productions of his youth. His love and taste for literary pursuits were fostered during his years in Boston under the influence of that literary democracy of which Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. Joyce, Carpenter and Higginson were the best exponents. He loves the river, the sea, the forest and the hillside. He loves fun and good-fellowship, and every man who has a democratic soul, who is honest and independent; and his contempt for all others is very decided. He is at present assistant priest at St. Patrick's Church, West Troy, N. Y.

J. FITZ S.

MY DREAM.

I WOKE at dawn from nothingness
 Into a dream,
 Which found me in an empty boat
 Upon a stream;
 The earth was robed in glorious light
 Of early day;
 The waters round were bright and pure,
 And I was gay.

I played, as Nature's children do,
 Upon her breast;
 And when I tired I crossed mine oars,
 To dream and rest.
 But oh! 'tis noon; yon reefs are nigh,
 And I must go,—
 The restless waves of human life
 Forever flow.

On either side, ah! can it be,
 A granite wall?
 How can I moor along those cliffs
 So steep and tall?
 Perchance there is some little bay
 I do not know,
 Some island in this lovely stream
 Yet down below.

The sunbeams lit the silver waves
 Thro' my dear dream,
 As on I plied my double stroke
 Adown the stream.
 And still I sought a place to rest,
 Like Noah's dove,
 And still I neared the sunny isle
 Which they call Love.

Entranced, my soul in rapture saw
 The fairy spot,
 And deemed its own forevermore
 An angel's lot.
 Alas! around my paradise
 The shallows lay;
 And though my heart was anchored there,
 I could not stay.

Away! But I am weary now:
 What shall I do?
 Can there remain an Eden yet
 Where I may woo!
 Is there no calm recess for me
 Along life's stream,
 Or is my hoping only hope—
 An empty dream?

Absorbing thought and current swift
 An hour beguiled,
 Though sunlit rocks across the waves
 Derision smiled.
 And now afar, beneath the skies,
 I see repose
 A low land where my heart can breathe
 And soothe its woes.

With quickened stroke and vigor new
 I sped along,
 While hopefully I buried grief
 In some old song.

Ah! who should yield his soul for aye
 To sad despair,
 When hope can guide him to a land
 So bright and fair!

And now I near the longed-for beach—
 Oh, yes, 'tis sweet!
 But, God! what dreadful carnage there
 Mine eyes do meet!
 Ah! cursèd stream and false the hope
 That led me o'er,
 To find such wreck of human hearts
 On Friendship's shore.

The noon is past, and evening nigh;
 I am alone!
 And hope is gone, and I at last
 Have wiser grown.
 Down with the stream I'm gliding still,
 I know not where;
 I care not when my dream shall end,
 If God be there.

Upon the shores of human life
 I seek no rest;
 Who steers his bark from either side
 Does always best;
 Let heaven where the waters cease
 His wisdom bless,
 Or let his dreaming lead him back
 To nothingness.

A TEAR.

FOR JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY, AUGUST 10, 1890.

My inspiration died to-day;
 O John! I cannot sing:
 The heart you tuned refused to play,
 The music left its wing.

Let others sing your soul to sleep
 To whom you were less dear;
 Their praise in vain on Fame they heap:
 My Poem is—a tear.

YOUTH.

O dear! 'twere sweet again to bask
 In Friendship's morning-beam,
 And sail with you in Fancy's boat
 On Pleasure's ceaseless stream;
 But phantasy can ne'er alas!
 Our long-lost youth restore,—
 That stream is dry; the creaking crafts
 Lie bleaching on the shore.

—Remember Us.

CALEB D. BRADLEE, D. D.

CALEB DAVIS BRADLEE, youngest son of Samuel Bradlee and Elizabeth Davis Williams, was born in Boston, Mass., February 24, 1831. After securing a good preliminary education at Chauncey Hall School, he entered Harvard University, from which institution he was graduated in 1852, securing in course the degree of A. M. Choosing the ministry for his profession, he applied himself successfully to theological studies, and in December, 1854, became pastor of the Allen Street Church, Cambridge, Mass., in which position he remained until the latter part of 1857. Subsequently he was chosen pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Boston, and afterwards, Pastor of Christian Unity, in the same city. In March, 1876, he became pastor of the Church at Harrison Square, Boston, where, at the present time, he continues to minister. Many of the sermons preached by him, from 1863 to 1884, were published, from time to time, in pamphlet form. He is the author, also, of several biographical sketches, some of which were published in the *New England Historical and Geneological Register*. A sketch by him of the "Life, Writing and Character of Rev. Thomas Starr King," appeared in 1870. His contributions to various magazines and newspapers are numerous, and among them may be found hymns, odes and memorial verses sufficient to make up a considerable volume. In 1888 he published a volume entitled "Sermons for All Sects," which secured a warm welcome from the press, and was extensively circulated. In the same year the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by Galesville University.

Dr. Bradlee is not only a man of eminent piety, deeply interested in all religious and benevolent works, but also an industrious student of history and general literature. For some time he was corresponding secretary of the New England Historical Geneological Society. He is an honorary member of nearly all the historical societies of the country, and of several of the learned and scientific societies of Europe.

F. W. R.

GOD KNOWS BEST.

My God knows best! through all my days
This is my comfort and my rest,
My trust, my peace, my solemn praise,
That God knows all, and God knows best.

My God knows best! That is my chart;
This thought to me is always blest;

It hallows and it soothes my heart,
For all is well, and God knows best.

My God knows best! then tears may fall,
In His great heart I'll find my nest;
For He, My God, is over all,
And He is love, and He knows best.

A POEM.

THE harp has lost a precious string,
No more sweet music can it bring,
But wild the strains, and sad the heart,
And who can peace and grace impart?

The shaft is scarred, its beauty lost,
And we that gaze are tempest-tost,
We weep indeed, and seem alone,
And all the light of life is gone!

And yet the string is safe above,
All filled with music, toned by love,
And shaft unhurt, in heaven is crowned,
Pillar of God, by seraph's owned!

Nothing is lost! an angel's given
To all that mourn; a gift of Heaven!
And tears to pearls shall some day change,
When through God's holy fields we range.

Then let us bow the heart and say—
Thy help, O God, we want this day;
To Thee we give the treasure grand;
Before Thee humbly will we stand!

"WHO SHALL BE GREATEST?"

"Who shall be greatest?" so asked they of old,
And honors they craved, that fast fade away!
"Who shall be greatest?" Ah, soon were they told,
For Christ took a child, and answered that way!

"Who shall be greatest?" The thought comes to
all
Who prizes would seize in this world of woe;
Not knowing the clouds that sure will befall
Souls that on bubbles their strength would bestow.

"Who shall be greatest?" The proud ones who
cry
That power and fame on their lives shall be cast;
And souls that seem small, that only rely
On wealth they call sure and free from a blast?

Not those who for self put all others down,
That they in their pride may take the large share,
Have all the prizes, and wear the gold crown
And care not for pain their victims must bear.

For such are the ones we cannot call great;
The good ones alone can conquer the earth!
On them bright angels with banners do wait,
And music from heaven will greet their new birth.

IN MEMORIAM.

HON. HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

How vain are human words to tell,
How human words have left a spell
On grateful hearts all round the earth;
Words welcomed from their very birth.

And can the soul that now is still
No more the world with music fill?
And will the voice so strong and sweet,
No more the world's best wishes meet?

We know *that soul* will never end,
And, day by day, a charm will send
On all the souls that God has given;
A voice of power direct from Heaven!

A SICK PERSON'S PRAYER.

LORD cure me by thy healing hand,
Thy gracious aid bring near,
And all my pains, wilt Thou command
At once to disappear!

Spare Thou my life for many years,
All weakness take away,
Anoint my hopes, dismiss my fears,
Thy holy power display!

And when I shall again get well,
And feel my strength return,
All foolish doubts wilt Thou dispel,
Let faith within me burn!

Refresh my heart, and bless my will,
And make me wholly Thine,
And daily on my soul distil
Thy holy dew, divine!

And thus through sickness make me strong
In body, soul, and mind;
For unto Thee does grace belong,
And Thou art always kind!

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE lofty mountains lift their heads sublime,
And send their music with a holy chime
Unto the Heavens that arch them from above,
And bless them ever with a gracious love!
The valleys, too, reclining at their base,
And gazing at them with a touching grace,
With beauty smile, as if in keen delight
They felt the glory of the lovely sight!
The rocks, stern, grave, and rugged in their p
Seem willing, too, to bring their sacred dower
Of peace and strength, of splendid might and t
Of old age, crowned with everlasting youth!
The waters, too, cascades and ponds, and bro
Preach startling sermons by their pleasant loo
And strangers gathered from many a home,
Who've felt the mystic spell that bade them co
Bow gravely low at sights so grand to see,
And lift their humble thanks, O God, to Thee

NIGHT.

THE night has come, the light has fled,
The stars above us shine,
And while we sleep, and sense is dead,
Save us, O God divine.

Why need we fear, sustained by thee
Who art forever true,
And wilt thou, as we bend the knee,
Thy love and grace renew?

Forgive the sins this day we've done,
Thy sacred help concede,
And wilt thou, O most holy one,
Be with us in our need?

And when the night of death is sent,
And work is done below,
And all our earthly power is spent,
Eternal blessings show.

A POEM.

I HEAR a step upon the stair;
I feel a trembling in the air;
And near me is a vacant chair,
And broken is my heart!

A voice is gone forevermore;
A voice I loved, I hear no more;
'Tis heard alone on God's own shore
O God, thy grace impart!

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LAURA A. S. NOURSE.

LAURA A. SUNDERLIN NOURSE was born April 9, 1836, at Independence, Allegany county, N. Y. Her father, Dr. Anthony Barney, was one of the early settlers of that county, a man of literary taste and culture, practicing his profession successfully in the same locality to ripened years. Laura was the seventh child of a family of thirteen children. Her early education was mostly obtained in the public school of her native village, where she first evinced a talent for writing poems. The productions of her girlhood were published in the *Christian Ambassador*, of Auburn, N. Y. She was a girl of sensitive nature, warm hearted but of an independent disposition. At nineteen years of age she married Samuel Sunderlin, of Potter county, Pa. Three children, a son and two daughters, were the fruits of this marriage. She still continued writing for several papers, encouraged by success and love for that line of literary pursuit. Meeting with financial reverses she with her husband removed to Iowa and settled in the beautiful valley of the Mississippi at Grand Mound, Clinton county, where they resided for twelve years. And there she and her husband, Dr. Samuel Sunderlin, became much engaged in the science of life and immortality. From there they moved to Maquoketa, Iowa. In 1876 a book of poems and prose writings entitled "Pencilings from Immortality" was published, and she wrote for several papers with credited ability. They again removed, in 1881 to Calamus, Clinton county, Iowa, residing there until her husband's death, in 1886. During this time she published a series of articles on the science of life in the *Liberal Freepress*, a new paper started in Wheatland, Iowa, edited by H. L. Barter, now of the De Witt *Democrat*, De Witt, Iowa. She again married in 1888 Dr. William Nourse, of Moline, Illinois, where she now resides. A. C. B.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS OF 1890.

O BRIGHT green leaf so perfect wrought,
In golden thread and vein;
How could I doubt that here God's thought
Gives thee thy life, to gain.

A higher destiny—as mine,
From perfect leaf to flower;
So mind begins a tiny thing
To gain its wisdom power.

I see in every life, and plant,
A perfect language wrought,

From shell, to starry worlds that move,
In harmony of thought,

That underlies expression made;
Beneath a hidden power
That sometimes revelations gain,
In smallest leaf or flower.

So perfect has it wrought divine
Expression in its folds,
To God we breathe scarce knowing what
Its fascination holds.

A feeling which we can't express,
A worship in our mind
Too deep for words, for they would jar,
Our thoughts for love Divine.

God's thoughts in Nature is enwrought
To all that look within,
The mind with intuitions taught
Are lessons which they bring.

And who could help to breathe the love
That stirs the secret soul
To Authorship;—yes call it God,
In wonders which unfold.

In everything we see or know,
From leaf to perfect flower;
From human mind that searches cause,
And calls it nameless power,

Because he sees a grander thought
Of God than he has known,
In wisdom speaking new to him,
Far up from king and throne.

And as the years roll round the new,
Encircling human mind,
Inspires the thought that we may, too,
Find something new, divine.

TYING THREADS.

I LOOK on the web of life to-night,
And the threads that are snapped in twain,
And I gaze on the wreck that was once so bright;
And my eyes are dim with their tears from sight
As my thoughts go back with memory's flight
To the years where the past has been.

Woven with threads that were deft and strong
In the web of the golden year;

When a fair young bride I could do no wrong
 In his eyes as I wove each garland along,
 In the threads now holding so firm and strong
 That now in the vista appears.

Of the past, as I trace through the years that have
 fled

Those threads they are woven still
 In the woof of life with so firm a thread
 That they will not break in the loom ahead,
 And I'm trying to tie the places instead,
 Since then that our life doth fill;

And, e'er I'm aware, the golden view
 So cherished, I can not forget;
 The days when our life-threads woven true,
 Through the lengthened years seem to lend their
 hue,
 Till again the WRECK is lost from view,
 And together we're weaving yet

Our web of life with a golden thread,
 So strong that it will not break;
 And the broken spots and places instead
 I have tied, are gone, as I look ahead
 In the light that those golden years have shed,
 Where no hand can their happiness take.

Aye; my dream may vanish again from view,
 As life with its SHADOW appears;
 But O, it is well, if it is not true,
 Like a desert oasis it comes to you
 In the radiant picture of fleeting hue,
 A joy to thy passing years.

'Tis those threads that were woven LONG AGO
 That our web of life doth fill;
 That will not break, that are clinging so,
 And wringing my soul in its depths of woe,
 Till the threads he is breaking to let him go,
 I am trying to tie them still.

VOICES.

PEERING through the misty veil of darkness,
 A thousand shining lights are seen to-day,
 Like silvery radiance gleaming on the mountain,
 Casting its reflection in the valleys far away.
 What is this shining light arising like a vapor
 From some unknown and distant murmuring sea?
 It is the gentle breath—the lighted taper—
 Which God has sent to light the way to thee.
 Sent from the far-off climes of light supernal,
 The loved ones which will beckon thee to bliss,

The cord which binds us to the eternal,
 The silvery pathway from that world to this.
 Thus, sweetest voices of our loved ones long de
 parted,

Welcome us in all the rosy hours of day;
 Bright guardian spirits which no mildew blighted,
 From earth-life to the shores where'er they stray.
 What can be sweeter in all our life immortal,
 Than this, the knowledge which is given free,
 For us to learn and know that the eternal
 Has thus unbarred its golden gates to thee.
 Voices murmuring ever from out the distance,
 Like music wafted o'er some moonlit sea;
 Telling sweeter tales of an existence,
 Life-long, eternal, welcoming you and me.
 We'll chant eternal praises to the giver,
 For love expressive gleams from every tongue;
 The fond assurance given us forever,
 That earth-life is immortality just begun.

THERE IS NO DEATH.

THERE is no death, 'tis but a change,
 From life to life more bright,
 And through eternity's vast range
 We soar to higher light.

Eternal praise to him who gave
 Existence first on earth,
 And then another higher still
 Into the second birth.

Thus God in love and perfectness,
 Forever we do see,
 Bearing us onward, upward still,
 Through all eternity.

For all the works which He hath made
 Shall not be made in vain;
 In wisdom He moves on and on,
 Then praise, O! praise His name!

REGRET.

Regret where is she? In the best of lives she rankles
 For retrospection brings her busy footsteps,
 Beguiling not, but showing here and there
 How our existence which had thus far progressed
 Had many failings, many causes for regret.
 But those whose acts were best,
 Seems to have a settled calmness sleeping in beauty
 on their brow.

—*Mysteries of Heaven's First View.*

BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT.

BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT was born amid the picturesque scenery of Northern New York in sight of the high peaks of the Adirondacks. As a boy he was a close observer of nature and a lover of her infinite phases of beauty. He was a dreamer even then, and has striven ever since "to keep his boyhood's dreams in sight."

He was the son of a farmer, and until twenty-one his life was spent mostly on the farm. In the winters he attended the district school, and in the long evenings he pored over that treasure-house of knowledge, the district school library. Finally he became a pedagogue, and then the way was open for more extended studies. He prepared for college at Ft. Edward Institute. As a student he was not content short of getting at the heart of the subject in hand. He was a thoughtful reader of the best authors, and on the most friendly terms with nature. Aesthetic and critical in his tastes as well as friendships, he had a talent for finding sunshine in the cloudiest hours. In his student days his writings were of exceptional merit, and especially when he broke into song he commanded his audience, and gave good promise of those loftier flights to which in after years he would surely soar. Since his graduation in 1863 his life has been devoted mainly to teaching. Mr. Leggett has always been a worker. The expenses of his college course were defrayed by his own unaided efforts. If in his student days he has known the pangs of unappeased hunger, he is all the better for it now, since he knows how to sympathize with those who are passing through a like experience. In the year of his graduation he married Miss Sara Shaw, of Troy, N. Y., a prominent teacher of that city. His wife has been for the most part, and is still, associated with him in his life-work. Mr. Leggett has traveled in Europe quite extensively, and also studied for some time at the University of Heidelberg.

While abroad he was the regular European correspondent of the *Troy Daily Times*. In the spring of 1888 he published "A Tramp Through Switzerland," and also a collection of poems entitled, "A Sheaf of Song." Both of these works were well received and highly commended by the press. His poems are characterized by simplicity of structure and faultless rhythm. So smoothly does his verse flow that some have imagined that he writes with great ease and rapidity, but such is not the case. If his poems read easily it is because they have been wrought out with great care. Our author has never made literature a profession. His literary work has been the congenial recreation of

a teacher's busy life. Besides his published work Mr. Leggett has written a poem for public occasions entitled, "The City of Doom," which has been well received wherever delivered. B. A. B.

AFTER HARVEST.

THE land is fair in the August light and the shadows
lie in swoon,
The corn stands up in its bladed might in the golden
afternoon;
While the dreamy haze of the summer's smile the
peaceful valley fills,
I fold my hands in rest awhile on the slope of the
leaning hills.

The stubble fields of rusty brown are asleep in the
waning sun,
For the ripened grain is gathered in and the harvest
work is done;
So here I rest in the day's decline amid its golden
gleam,
While the boys are off for a holiday and trouting
down the stream.

The royal summer is waning low and the harvest
work is done,
The bountiful Father be praised again for fruitful
treasures won;
Forgetful of trust in Thee, O God, our hearts have
shuddered in pain,
While a vision of loss has held our gaze amid the
floods of rain.

For the harvest's hope was well-nigh gone, and
our eyes could naught behold,
Except the mildew, rust and blight on the billows
of waving gold:—
But the rain is gone, the harvest won, our fear is
only a dream—
The merry shout of my manly boys comes up from
the valley stream.

God bless the boys! I can see them now where the
fringing willows show
The white of their leaves in the golden air above
the water's flow;
And the stream runs on in hazy light through a
drowsy atmosphere,
While I tread again my boyhood paths and the
olden voices hear!

The nectar of childhood's guileless years from its
crystal cup I drain,

And the stream flows on its tireless way till the
 picture fades again:—
 The cows are at the pasture bars, when I wake
 from my idle dream,
 And the boys are back for milking time with trout
 from the meadow stream.

A WORD FOR SHAKESPEARE.

WHEN hawthorn hedges, foaming white,
 Were sweet with mimic snowing,
 He first beheld the April light
 And heard the Avon flowing.

Like other children, then as now,
 The olden summers found him,
 He laughed and cried and knit his brow,
 And ruled the world around him!

Still was he wiser than they knew—
 This child the straw-thatch under,
 Whose song three hundred years ago
 Yet makes the wide world wonder!

A child, from croon of cradle hymn
 Above him in his slumbers,—
 A youth, along the Avon's rim
 He caught his tuneful numbers.

Full poet-souled the shy boy grew
 To manhood's ripe completeness;
 What nature taught he quickly knew—
 Her wondrous love and sweetness.

The years so fraught with weary toil
 Were gladdened by his singing,
 For well he heard through life's turmoil
 Serenest music ringing.

As everywhere the world-wide throng
 To-day who know and love him,
 Through his can hear the lark's sweet song,
 That soared and sang above him.

Where'er he turned his eager feet,
 Her smile o'er him was leaning,
 He felt the heart of Nature beat,
 And learned its hidden meaning.

What golden wealth from her he brought—
 Her hair by his sweet token—
 A power to clothe the hidden thought
 That else had been unspoken.

What marvel that the race to-day
 Toward him is fondly turning,

Who gave its hope a tongue for aye
 To tell its deathless yearning?

All changing moods of being's state,
 Life's sad or sunny fancies,
 The smile of love, the scowl of hate,
 Affection's sweet romances,

He holds embalmed in wondrous art—
 A lore beyond the sages—
 The wildest passions of the heart,
 The tenderest love-lit pages.

Grand builder in the realm of thought!
 Through his wide-swinging portals,
 Behold the fane his fancy wrought,
 And peopled with immortals!

The king of bards he stands revealed,
 By very grace of giving,—
 What hidden fount hath he unsealed,
 And poured for all the living!

His fame and song ring evermore
 Above the centuries' thunders;—
 Though dead three hundred years and more,
 Yet still the wide world wonders!

A MORNING SONG.

O FAIR and sweet in the summer morn—
 A queen in her beauty crowned—
 A mist-wreath over her shoulders flung
 With pearls and diamonds bound.

So softly over the hills she came,
 As still as the roses blow,
 The valleys asleep heard not her step,
 But woke at her smile aglow.

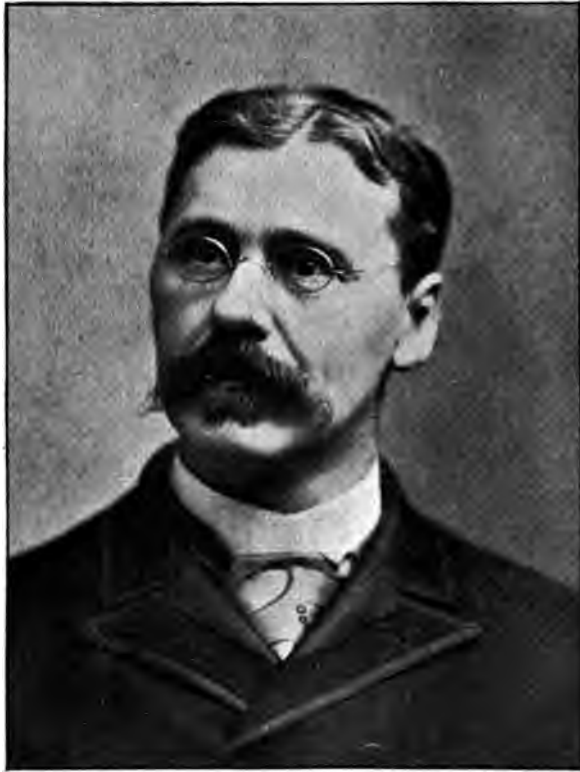
Her presence wore such a queenly grace
 That the shadows gave her room,
 She sweetened the air with dewy breath,
 And kissed the flowers a-bloom.

So the clover-heads, and the buttercups,
 And the daisies' white-rayed gold,
 With the royal lilies sweet and tall
 Her treasure and blessing hold.

The meadows swept by her garment's hem
 Are beaded with gems of dew,
 And the maple leaves for joy of her
 Are tremulous through and through.

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John Salwan.

A brooding peace of the morning, stay!
Nor swift as her presence fly,
Sing aye, my heart, as the wild birds sing,
While the sweet morn passes by.

IN THE HAMMOCK.

In the mottled shade of the maple trees,
Where robin builds and sings,
And the cool leaves shake in the idle breeze
The children's hammock swings:
Breathe softly, O song of the summer air, ●
Bend tenderly down, O sky.
Nor suffer a cloud to darken where
Three wee, brown maidens lie!

Aloft where the dusk of the twilight dwells,
The red-breast's hammock swings,
Where the delicate tint of sea-green shells
Has given place to wings
Come, dreamy and sweet to their noonday rest
The softest airs that blow, —
To the birds asleep in the robin's nest,
And brownies asleep below!

EVENTIDE.

The ghostly heat of summer noon is laid,
The pallid fever of his reign is spent;
A world-wide blessing woven of the shade,
Cool evening lifts the star-folds of her tent.

A subtle hint of balm is in the air;
The breath of flowers, in dream-enfolded sleep,
Floats like the incense of a lifted prayer,
While insect murmurs, rhythmic measure keep.

The valley's dusk in dewy silence lies,
For labor's song and weary tumult cease;
The stars in quiet hold the summer skies,
And evening wears her perfect crown of peace.

BURNS.

His birthday 'mid the Scottish hills
Is glad with love and song,
For dear they hold his precious name,
And burning hate of wrong.
For high above the shams of rank,
Or accident of birth,
He sat the royalty of man
And loved him for his worth.
— *The Ballad of the King.*

JOHN TALMAN.

THE branch of the Talman (also spelled Tallman,) family in America sprang from three brothers, who, coming from their native Germany in the seventeenth century, settled upon Long Island. Several representatives of the sturdy race served in the Continental army under Gates and Wayne, and it was upon the battle-field of Saratoga that the father of the subject of this memoir was born.

John Talman first saw the light on a farm near Rochester, N. Y., on July 30, 1851. He was educated at the public schools and Macedon Academy. In the spring of 1867, he left his home and wandered to Southern Minnesota. The next eighteen months of his life were spent in farming and "roughing it" in the wilds of the far Northern Wisconsin forests. In October, 1868, the boy returned to Rochester, N. Y., to which city his parents had removed, and went into business with his father. Becoming seized with the newspaper fever, he took a position on the staff of the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* at the age of twenty, and remained with that paper until October, 1873, when he removed to Albany to become telegraph editor and occasional editorial writer on the Albany *Argus*, then owned and controlled by the late Daniel Manning. Here Mr. Talman remained until September, 1878, when he retraced his steps and put in a year's work on the papers of Rochester. In August, 1879, Mr. Talman removed his lares and penates to St. Paul, Minn., where he entered the service of the *Pioneer Press*, of which paper he is now night editor. He has also been for several years the general Northwestern correspondent of leading New York and Philadelphia papers and an occasional contributor to *Judge*, *Outing*, etc.

When the true spirit of song is in the heart, it usually finds expression at an early age. Our poet was no exception to this rule. His first verses were written before he was twelve years old. About two years later he began to write regularly and almost constantly. Between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five he produced a vast amount of verse, each successive year marking greater accuracy and maturity of thought. During the succeeding eleven years he wrote scarcely anything worthy of note, his whole time being devoted to the routine of journalism; and throughout this long period of silence he fought the poetic spirit which struggled for utterance, and which he fancied handicapped him in the practical field of newspaperdom, but the battle was lost. The poet in him triumphed over the newspaper man. For the past three years he has "burned the midnight oil" to good purpose. Al-

though having but little time to devote to the art at whose shrine he worships, his latest verse is written with a nicety and fineness of touch that characterizes all healthful literary growth.

If we were to single out one predominant trait of Mr. Talman's character, that one would be fidelity. While commanding in physique, he is singularly natural and unostentatious in manner. In his tastes, he is decidedly domestic, and being a natural musician, he prefers a quiet hour with his guitar to the more glaring delights of the club. He is also extremely fond of indulging his natural bent as an antiquarian and an insatiable delver among books. His poetical tendency is an inherited one, his father, sister, grandmother and a maternal uncle all having been versifiers before him.

Mr. Talman's successful life has been crowned by the love of a good wife. He was married in 1874 to the daughter of the late Thomas Doney, the English artist, whose engravings were a prominent feature of the standard American magazines of a generation ago; and one child, a dainty maiden of seventeen years, is the light of a beautiful home where love and intelligence walk hand in hand.

C. L. S.

REST.

WHEN grim affliction fills each weary hour,
From every sky the clouds of sorrow lower,
Our bleeding souls cry out in vain for rest,
And, worn with weeping, cull the passion flower.

Where may the drooping, tortured spirit find
This panacea for the troubled mind?

When shall no longer fruitless be our quest,
And life take on an aspect less unkind?

Not when o'er earth are robes of ermine cast
And howls the winter's biting, swirling blast
O'er Flora's tomb; nor yet when buds the rose
In spring, or summer burns the landscape vast.

Not when autumnal fingers, gently cold,
Transmute the leaf's green to red, brown and gold,
Doth her fair form the fugitive disclose
And gild the searcher with her wealth untold.

Not when the smiles of Phœbus newly born
Surmount the hills sweet with the breath of morn,
Bathing earth's bosom in their quickening beams,
The night's abandoned dwelling to adorn.

Not when the bees and humming birds attune
Themselves amid the blazonry of noon

In voice responsive to the purling streams,
Behold we this inestimable boon.

When Nature's handicraft a chaplet weaves
Of winds low murmuring and of whispering leaves,
And vespers trill across the dewy wold;
And the tired soul a transient peace receives;

As the sun sinks, and slowly, one by one,
The shadows gather when the day is done,
And shrouds th' imperial mountain heights en-
fold—

Nor then is Rest's sweet dynasty begun.

Nor yet when darkness seals the aching sight,
Or spreads high heaven with myriad orbs alight,
And cometh that unutterable calm
Born of the brooding silences of night.

Alas! 'tis only when our eyes discern
The end of all things—the sepulchral urn—
That Rest's true alchemy distills its balm—
When we at last the awful secret learn.

Whether this death be but an endless sleep,
The cold clay powerless to rejoice or weep,
Or a transition to a higher state
Rich in rewards for Christian faith to reap;

Who would not welcome it and gain release
From cankering care, thrice welcome pain's sur-
cease,
When life its charms hath lost? Who hesitate
To win this treasure of eternal peace?

THE YOUNG ELM.

I.

DEEPLY in the virgin soil,
Man requiting for his toil,
Where the silhouette of the eaves
Slants along the withered leaves,
Searchingly my spade is sunk;
And I grasp the tiny trunk
Of an elm, that by the hand
Of an infant might be spanned;
And its fragile roots I place
In the nurturing glebe's embrace,
Feeling that posterity
Yet shall bless this little tree.

II.

May the rage of fortune spare
Thee, frail object of my care;
Through all summers may each bough
Be as freshly green as now,
And the sun and dew and rain
In a virid growth sustain.

Let thy softening shadows spread
 O'er the cacti's mossy bed,
 And a wealth of coolness ope
 To the fainting heliotrope,
 Whose aromas from the grass
 Breathe upon me as I pass.

III.

When thou, after years are flown,
 Art to strength and greatness grown;
 When the robin rests her wings
 And among thy branches sings;
 When thine emerald leaves bestow
 On some fevered brow below
 Their reviving balm, O then
 Blessed shalt thou be of men!

IV.

'Mong thy limbs with coy caress,
 Round thy great trunk's ruggedness,
 Up and down thine outlines brant
 Lifting thy spray's palpitant,
 Will the sensuous south wind play
 All the languorous summer day.
 To the roll of thunder deep
 Will the lightnings through thee leap,
 And thy torn boughs bend and rock
 In the mighty tempest's shock.
 When the snows of winter drift
 Round thy base, and thou dost lift
 Valiantly thy forefront bare
 And December's anger dare,
 Powerless be the blast to whelm
 Thee in ruin's night, mine elm!

V.

Wax in strength and beauty rare,
 Tender sapling, this my prayer;
 And when he who plants thee now
 Doth to Nature's mandate bow,
 Numbered with the things that were,
 Moldering in the sepulchre,
 Comfort with thy shade, O tree!
 Generations yet to be;
 Wrest from fate a victor's prize,
 Battling with the centuries.

OCTOBER.

O, May hath her beauties; but sweeter than all
 Is brown-eyed October, the Queen of the Fall;
 My heart is the dwelling of elves of delight
 As I stay all alone in the forest to-night!

—*Queen of the Fall.*

JOHN M. HARPER.

JOHN M. HARPER was born February 10, 1845, at Johnstone, Renfrewshire, Scotland, but for a number of years has resided in Canada. His father was a printer and publisher, and the founder of the first weekly newspaper of Johnstone. The rudiments of his education were received at the district schools of his native place. From thence he went to the Glasgow S. C. Training School, entering college as a Queen's scholar of the first rank. He retired with the highest certificates granted by the lords of committee of Council on Education, and with special certificates from the Science and Art Department, Kensington. After coming to this country he graduated from Queen's University, Kingston, and some years ago received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the Illinois University. In 1881 he was unanimously elected a Fellow of the Educational Institute of Scotland, an honor not often conferred. Before leaving Scotland he successfully filled an appointment at the New Brunswick Academy. Several years later he was appointed principal of the Victoria and High Schools of St. John, N. B. Here he was equally successful and introduced many improved methods of imparting instruction. In 1877 a flattering offer from the Hon. L. H. Davies, Premier of Prince Edward Island, was received and declined. Not long after the Victoria school building being destroyed in the St. John fire, the principalship of the Provincial Normal School in Charlottetown was tendered by Mr. Davies, and accepted by Dr. Harper. Aside from his professional pursuits Dr. Harper has been actively engaged in the cultivation and furtherance of literature, contributing to various periodicals both prose and verse. He is the compiler of several school text-books, and the author of several excellent lectures. Dr. Harper has always been most ready to lend his experience and professional training to the educational interests of Canada.

Dr. Harper is at present Inspector of Superior Schools for the Province of Quebec; examiner for teachers' licenses; secretary-treasurer of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, and for a season was interim professor of mathematics in Movius College. He is president of the Teachers' Local Association; vice-president of the Provincial Association of Teachers; vice-president of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society and president of the St. Andrew's Society.

He was married to Agnes, daughter of William Kirkwood, Esq., of Stanley Muir, Paisley, by whom he has had two sons and five daughters. Mrs. Harper died in 1883. H. M.

TO A SPRIG O' HEATHER.

My bonnie spray o' pink and green,
That breathes the bloom o' Scotia's braes,
Your tiny blossoms blink their e'en,
To gie me glimpse o' ither days—
The days when youth o'er-ran the hills,
A-daffin' wi' the life that's free,
'Mid muirland music, and the rills
That sings their psalm o' liberty.

Your wee bit threads o' crimpit fringe
Ance shed their fragrance in the glen,
Whaur silence hears the burnie bringe,
And o'er the scaur its prattle sen':
And now your bonnie flow'ers blink,
To mind me o' the burnie's sang,
To move my heart perchance to think
O' mirth that thro' the byegane rang.

Erewhile the hillside breezes kiss'd
The dew-drops frae your coronet,
Or made you smile as thro' the mist
The peep o' day dispelled the wet;
And now your bloom's the token sweet
O' freenship in a brither's heart,
That smiles to our cares retreat,
When freenship acts a brither's part.

ARBOR DAY.

WHILE summer tints the spring's pale cheek,
And nature blushing greets the change,
While zephyrs kiss the buds and seek
Some leafy grove wherein to range,
Care smooths the furrows of his brow
And mirth entwines her garlands gay—
O'erjoyed as beauty's charms endow
All things to keep sweet holiday.
Then ring the echoes round our homes,
Borne on the breath of blooming May,
As noonday laughs when summer comes
To ring in Arbor Day!

Shrined in a wreath of forest green
The woodman built his humble home,
When fortune smiled, a dubious queen,
And Flora frowned, an unkempt gnome;
But now 'tis ours to claim the shade
Our fathers toiled to drive away—
To bring the saplings from the glade
And plant perennial holiday.

Then ring the echoes through the land,
Borne on the breath of blooming May,
As summer brings us sweet command
To ring in Arbor Day!

The glebe reclaimed by anxious thrift,
Demands a crown with parched breath;
Through dust the highway seems to sift
A sigh for shade across the heath;
The sun-burnt pavement of the street
Reflects a prayer in every ray
For shelter, where the townfolk meet
To welcome summer's holiday;
Then rung the echoes through the town,
Borne on the breath of blooming May,
As men and maidens summer crown
And ring in Arbor Day!

Around our homes the twilights steal
To bathe the elm and maple leaves,
Beneath their silver fringe we feel
How eve for us its solace weaves;
For now the pleasure toil is o'er,
Our acorns grown hope-fears allay;
The arbor planted near our door
Embow'rs life's dying holiday.
And sweet the echoes fill our hearts,
Borne on the breath of time's decay;
The past is ours, though youth departs
To ring out Arbor Day!

BURNS.

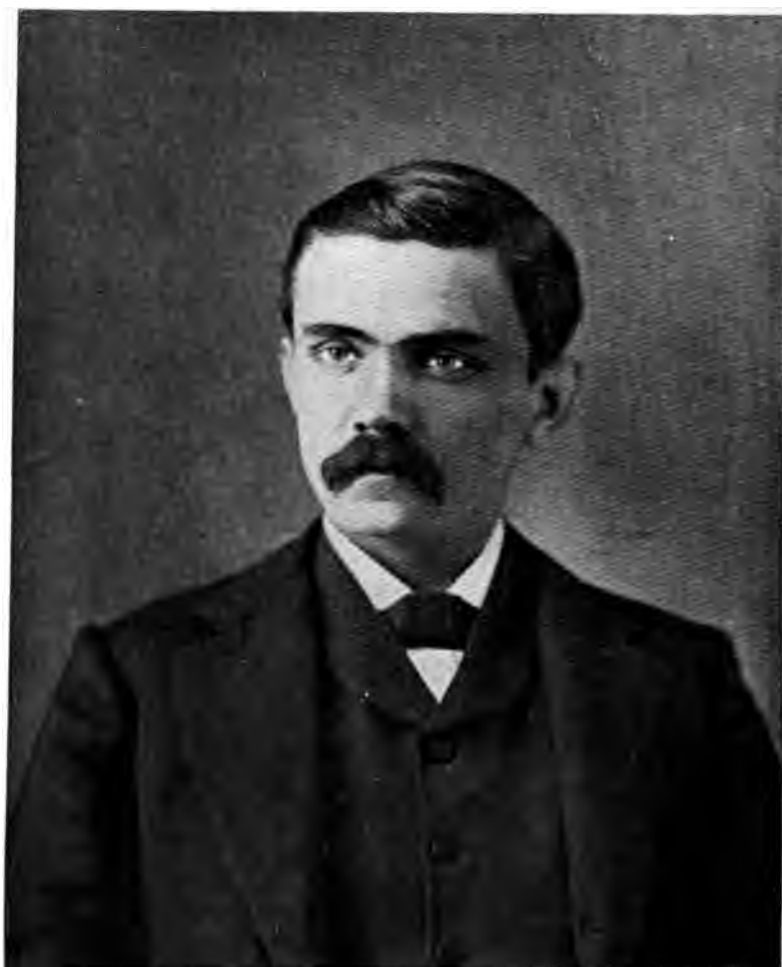
Sweet in the ear of fame of yore a bard,
With lips a lover's, wooed the heart of time;
To him his love alone was meet reward,
Ere fame awoke to find his song sublime:
Within his heart the sheen of nature glowed;
A patriot's fire his noble soul endowed,
And heart and soul found ecstasy in rhyme
That stirred the heart of time and soul of fame
To garland with the loves of men the poet's name.
—Robert Burns.

DEATH.

O Death! how rends thy bitter burning wrath
The hearts that tremble 'mid the gloom of Fate!
No surfeit bids thee e'er forsake the path
That leads where love and innocence retreat.
None 'scape thy dart and searing doom; the life
Of blooming youth or busy mother-wife
Is thine to seek as prey; and soon or late
The throbbing heart that mourns its joys bereft,
Itself must fall a victim to thy cruel shaft.

—In Memoriam.

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John W. Barnes,

JOHN W. BARNES.

REV. JOHN WILLIAM BARNES was born in Washington county, Ill., October 14, 1858. His grandfather Barnes was a Virginian—partly French. On his mother's side his grandfather Collins came from England. Rev. Mr. Barnes received a good common school education and also attended, for two years, a Normal School at Oregon, Mo. He was raised on a farm; spent most of his life in Missouri; has taught six terms of school, always giving the best satisfaction. Studied law and was admitted to the bar at Maryville, Mo. In the spring of 1887 he entered the traveling ministry of the M. E. Church, Missouri Conference, and is at present pastor of the La Belle and Newark Circuit.

At the age of eleven years he began to write poems, which have been published in the following papers: *Central Christian Advocate*, *Toledo Blade*, *Minneapolis Spectator*, *New York Witness*, *The Patriot* (Quincy, Ill.), besides several local papers.

He takes great interest in the leading questions of the day. His two principal themes are the Gospel and Prohibition. These he preaches with a power that convinces. L. W.

THE PRAIRIE TREE.

DARK lined on the gray horizon,
Like a sentinel gaunt and grim,
Where the winds that blow from the Northland,
Mutter an evening hymn,
Stands the lonely tree of the prairie,
Tossing each leafless limb.

The shadows creep up from the hollows,
And the sun is down in the west;
The clouds are cheerless and ashen,
They are drifting in deep unrest;
The fowl have flown from the rushes
That fringe the lakelet's breast.

The last one is far away sailing—
A dot on the rim of the sky,
Low down to the haunts where its fellows
Clamor their jangling cry;
The brown grass, dry and withered,
Sways with a rustling sigh.

The darkness has deepened; but with it
There comes not the light of the stars,
To shine through the lone tree's branches,
Till morning her gateway unbars;

But the black clouds rush through the heavens
Far up where the wild wind wars.

I heard but a moment, yet ever
That chant still sounds in my ear;
Is it a song for the summer,
Or a dirge for the vanished year,
Or a hymn of deep defiance,
That soundeth so shrilly clear?

I love thee! O brave old wrestler
In the night when none can see;
The speech is strangely human
That the wind interprets to me—
The voice in the restless midnight
Of the lonely prairie tree.

THE RIVER OF OBLIVION.

I.

ALL solemn and slow and somber,
Unrippled, unchanging, sublime,
There rolls a mystical river—
Rolls through the kingdom of Time.
From the misty mountains of Silence—
The mountains all distant and dim,
Through the grass-grown streets of the city
Where Echo reigns lonely and grim,
It flows, 'neath the skies of the present,
To the horizon's outermost rim.

2.

We name it not in our waking,
We mutter it only in sleep;
For a sepulcher dark and lonely
Is that river so weird and deep;
And much that once was cherished,
And much that faded and died,
And many a stately vessel
That sailed in beauty and pride,
And many a struggling sailor,
Go down in its turbid tide.

3.

Full into a valley called Shadow
Its waters are finally rolled,
Through a canon whose walls are colossal,
Where the light is ghastly and cold.
Deep down in that valley of Shadow
The night-birds' croak is heard;
While demons steal by in the darkness,
And utter never a word;
And the sad reeds sigh by the river,
And the tree-tops are fitfully stirred.

4.

Ah, 'tis not where fiery volcanoes
 Like bale-fires illumine the gloom;
 'Tis not where the long grass whispers
 O'er the prairie warrior's tomb;
 'Tis not 'mong the rivers that wander
 Into winter-king's desolate clime,
 Nor yet where the zephyrs are straying,
 In the land of the fig and the lime;
 But well may ye know this river
 That rolls through the kingdom of Time!

MIRTH.

GOD be thanked for happy mirth!
 Blest boon to mortals given:
 To lighten the lot of man on earth
 It was sent by love from heaven.

In the night of gloom it brings bright forms;
 It quiets our fever and pain;
 It gleams like sunshine amidst the storms
 Of the tense, earth-maddened brain.

It relaxes the sinews of thought and care,
 Like the river of Lethe it flows;
 It helps us the burdens of life to bear;
 It is oil on the wounds of our woes.

The rich man smiled, and forgot his gold—
 Forgot, for a while, to plan,
 Forgot his pride and his wealth untold,
 For it brought back his youth again.

The poor man laughed, when the day was done
 As he sat with his babes on his knee;
 All day had he toiled, from sun to sun,
 And weary and worn was he.

But he laughed, as he sat with his babes and wife,
 And the red sun sank in the west,
 Then straightway to music turned toil and strife,
 And life seemed happy and blest.

The mourner sighed, in the depths of his heart,
 As he walked through the lonely years;
 But sweet mirth came, with her heavenly art,
 And she chased away his tears.

Then God be thanked for happy mirth!
 Blest boon to mortals given;
 To lighten the lot of man on earth
 It was sent by love from heaven.

LOTTIE CAMERON EFNOR.

LOTTIE CAMERON EFNOR is a native of Liverpool, Onondaga county, N. Y. Dr. P. M. Cameron, her father, belonged to an extensive family who emigrated from Scotland in the seventeenth century. He married a Miss Matthews, of Johnstown, N. Y., and with five children, of whom the subject of this sketch was one, removed to Texas, settling in Austin county. Dr. Cameron instilled into his children a love of books and literature unusual in the early log cabin days of Texas. At an early age Lottie was married to Robert H. Walton, an Alabama planter, and was a widow in less than a year. She returned to her old home in Liverpool, N. Y., and two years afterwards married her second husband, Colonel Henry S. Efnor, of Saratoga, one of nature's noblemen and the embodiment of a splendid manhood. After some years Mrs. Efnor, with her husband, removed to Texas, settling in Hempstead. Mrs. Efnor's home has always been the literary headquarters of the town, and herself the centre of a large and intelligent social circle. She has at different times been a contributor, poetically and otherwise, to the daily press of Texas. Her contributions number many hundred, and reach back as far as 1850. Since the death of her second husband Mrs. Efnor has continued to reside at the old homestead, in Hempstead, near her only daughter and child, Mrs. Kate Zadow.

During the days of Confederacy, Mrs. Efnor toiled for the South as though her only success depended upon her individual efforts; and many a sick soldier has gone rejoicing from the Hempstead Hospital, in which she was matron.

In 1874, Mrs. Efnor was appointed chairman of the Ladies' Department of the "Texas Historical Association of Owenville," but ill health compelled her to abandon the work early, since which it has not been resumed. A. A. M.

DREAMING.

THE meadows are fragrant and blooming,
 The day-god bows low in the west;
 Sweet nature the air is perfuming,
 The low winds are wooing to rest.

The gardens with odors are teeming,
 Like zephyrs are fanning my brow;
 How can I but fall into dreaming
 Of changes so visible now.

My thoughts in delightful illusions,
Are roaming all Fairyland o'er;
For never was greater profusion
Spread out on her marvelous floor.

The skies are distilling light showers,
That fall in soft, tissue-like veils;
They silver the vine-covered bowers,
And freshen the sweet-smelling gales.

I sit here alone in the gloaming,
While mocking birds joyously sing,
And call my sad thoughts from their roaming,
With songs full of beautiful spring.

I list to their notes in the wildwood,
Till longings my swelling heart fill;
I sigh for the home of my childhood,
That lives in bright memory still.

I'm thinking of hours once cherished,
Of loving and dearest ones gone;
Of hopes that in shadows have perished;
Of storm-clouds that ever frown on.

Dim phantoms are borne thro' my vision,
In chilling and gloomy array;
The light of my dreaming elysian
Seems fading in darkness away.

But no! the soft moonbeams are flooding
The woodland and far distant crest;
Pale Cynthia smiles on my brooding,
And soothes my sad heart into rest.

Then let's not dwell on my sorrow,
Since trials so soon hasten o'er;
But patiently wait for the morrow,
When darkness can grieve us "no more."

LINES.

'Mid life's fairest joys and its triumphs
Lurk always its griefs and its fears;
When blossoms seem laden with mildew,
And sunshine a sombreness wears,
'Tis but the sure fate of all mortals,
Who say in their seasons of joy,
"These hours and moments of pleasure
Shall ne'er know a sate or alloy."

A bride going hence from the altar—
Most fair and so tender—is led
Far out from its isles and its portals,
With few kindred signs of its dread

That storms near the edge of the lining
Are held by a mist in their place,
And waiting in deep, sullen silence
The coming of lightnings apace.

When the cup of bright, glowing nectar
Is pressed with such charm to her lips
Shall fall from her hand as she holds it,
And gall crown its foam while she sips.
'Tis then that her youth and her beauty
Seem fleeting like lilies of spring,
And heart-beats are cold as the winter,
Whose icicles crown him as king.

Yet peace, from the rim of the rainbow,
Will look thro' the veiling of tears
And crown the young, beautiful forehead
With wreaths that in gladness appears.
And Time, with his sure, silent fingers
Will place other traces than now,
And e'en while the shadow yet lingers
A halo will cover her brow.

A TEXAS JUNE.

FROM tender smiles of blushing May,
Transferred again to leafy June—
Just usher'd in, wherein will lay
The shortened night, the lengthened day,
Of mid-year's sweet and glowing noon,
That soon—too soon will haste away.

Beneath the bright moon's silver, weaves,
The gay green fol'age wavy dance,
While laughter drops from 'neath the eaves—
(On low night winds)—and from the leaves
That clap their hands and shyly glance—
At eve's white robes on harvest sheaves.

As frosty wreathings on the pane,
Betoken nature's silent hand;
So twilight dew falls on the grain,
And diamonds shed on field and lane
In silent workings doubly grand
While summer days grow full and wane.

And down along the white-winged skies,
Fair Cynthia sails so full and round;
While o'er her face their veiling flies,
As pile on pile ebb and arise;
With azure soft above, around;
All vanishing beneath the skies.

How soon the soul throws back the spring!
How soon its aching throbs will rest

From all its trials,—and each sting,
 Throw for the moment on the wing
 Of vanquished May, on whose fair crest
 Were all the crowns of blooming spring.

TO A LONE FLOWER IN FEBRUARY.

WEE, tiny thing! thy floral stem
 Can scarcely bear thy pearly gem.
 Why wast thou nurtured here?
 No shade to shield thy little breast
 From winds, or rain, or surly blast—
 Nor boon companions near.

Why dost thou rear thy bonny head
 From 'neath its sheltered nestling bed?
 Far better hide unseen,
 Than rear thy beauties all so rare
 Where bristling storms and chilly air
 Nip down thy life so keen.

A few days more, and thou hadst seen
 Full brightness of the sun's clear beam;
 Why not with patience stay,
 Till softly sured thy little breast
 The life it needs—a place of rest,
 Where soothing zephyrs play?

Like timid innocence abroad
 On life's corrupt and vicious road,
 Thou'll meet no kindly fate!
 Poor tiny waif; hard fate for thee;
 Thus thrown alone on this wide sea
 A wreck; thou'rt sure to wait.

'Tis thus the thoughtless turn in life
 Is fraught with sadness, sorrow, strife,
 That reaches to its close!
 No more sweet fragrance there to charm,
 Quite reckless now to every harm,
 Till death brings kind repose.

PRIDE.

Pride, in her pale, sad loneliness, can seldom joy-
 ous feel,
 For all her thoughts are on herself—a shrine where
 few will kneel;
 The poor and wretched for relief to her must never
 turn,
 As pity in her haughty eye will neither glow nor
 burn.

—An Ill-Favored Few.

EDWARD AUGUSTUS JENKS.

THE town of Newport, N. H., is one of the most picturesque places in a picturesque state. Its little river, its surrounding hills, its dreamland intervals and meadows, might be expected to inspire poetry in summer; while its rigorous winters are equally favorable to fireside reading and study. But, so far as I know, it has produced only two literary characters—Sarah Josepha Hale and Edward A. Jenks—unless we include Mrs. Hale's son Horatio, who is a man of science rather than of literature. And there was a long interval between the two poets. Mrs. Hale was born in the same year with Lord Byron and Barry Cornwall; Mr. Jenks came into the world simultaneously with Jean Ingelow and Owen Meredith.

The Jenks family lived on a farm at the edge of the village, which had been in the possession of the family since the first settlement of the town. To the tiller of the soil, the hills and fields of the Granite State are hardly so attractive as to the painter and the poet, and two of the boys left the farm before they reached their majority, and went to the capital of the state, where they learned the printers' trade and followed it successfully. Edward had other interests also; he was a correct musician, and while hardly more than a boy became leader of a church choir. He has had a varied experience, residing from 1858 to 1861 in New York City, during the rebellion in Cincinnati, Ohio, subsequently in Vicksburg, Miss. But since he has been the successful business manager of the Republican Press Association, in Concord, N. H., where he spends laborious days, going two or three times a week to his pretty home in his native town.

Mr. Jenks has probably written enough good poetry to fill a respectable volume; but it is scattered about in newspapers and magazines, with a few pieces in some of the popular anthologies, and he seems never to have taken the trouble to collect it. As might be expected, the beautiful stream in whose valley he was born inspired some of his earliest poems, and perhaps one of his best. His most ambitious poem, "Helene," was published in *The Aldine* when that unique periodical was edited by Richard Henry Stoddard.

Mr. Jenks is a man of wide reading and exact information, of genial manner and good conversational powers, and therefore a man of many and warm friends. He who can read proof for years without becoming dry, and write many poems without becoming effusive, must be remarkably well balanced in all his intellectual powers. R. J.

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Sincerely yours,
Edmund C. Jenks

THE RETURN.

"THREE years! I wonder if she'll know me;
I limp a little, and I left one arm
At Petersburg, and I am grown as brown
As the plump chestnuts on my little farm;
And I am shaggy as the chestnut burrs,
But ripe and sweet within, and wholly hers.

"The darling, how I long to see her!
My heart outruns this feeble soldier pace,
For I remember after I had left,
A little Charlie came to take my place;
Ah, how the laughing three-year-old brown eyes—
His mother's eyes—will stare with pleased surprise.

"Sure, they'll be at the corner watching;
I sent them word that I should come to-night;
The birds all know it, for they crowd around,
Twittering their welcome with a wild delight;
And that old robin with a halting wing,—
I saved her life three years ago last spring.

"Three years! perhaps I am but dreaming,
For like the pilgrim of the long ago,
I've tugged a weary burden at my back,
Thro' summer's heat and winter's blinding snow,
Till now I reach my home, my darling's breast,
Where I can roll my burden off, and rest."

* * * * *
When morning came, the early rising sun
Laid his light finger on a soldier sleeping
Where a soft covering of bright green grass
Over two lowly mounds was lightly creeping,
But waked him not—his was the rest eternal,
Where the brown eyes reflected love supernal.

THE DISCOVERY.

I AM not young, nor am I very old;
But Maud is young, and beautiful and sweet.
My eyes are gray, but not the kind called cold;
Not cold, at least, when gray and brown eyes
meet.
For sometimes, when she lays her soft white hand
Upon my shoulder, and I clasp her waist,
The sternest anchorite could not withstand
Her luscious beauty, nor forbear to taste.

I am not very old, I said; but wait!
Behind all this there's something must be told:
Perhaps I'm passing on with steadier gait
Than I imagined to the years called "old."

So to the point: 'Twas only yesterday
That, standing at my window looking west,
I saw the tired sun lay himself away
On pillows fiery as the oriole's breast;

I stood and watched him, dreaming all the while
Of that fair face beset with golden rings,
And of some far-off, dim, enchanted isle,
And airy palaces, and queens and kings,—
When suddenly the door flew open wide,
And all the gathering twilight fled away,
For Maud came tripping lightly to my side,
Like perfumed sunbeams to the fields of May.

My arm stole round her, and her sweet brown eyes
Raised their long lashes to my bending face,
When all at once there flashed a bright surprise
From out those ambushed depths of maiden
grace:—
"Oh, Love!" she cried, "what treasure I have
mined!
A vein of silver in your beard to-day,
My Ancient Mariner! So intertwined,
Our 'gold' and 'silver' barque shall float away!"

THE LIFE-STREAM.

ONE April morning when the Spring
Released the mountain rill,
I heard the baffled winter wind
Retreat along the hill.

The father-sun came bending o'er,
And tenderly caressed
The laughing prattler, as he drew
His mountain-mother's breast.

The rill, when tired of reveling
Among the fountains full,
Ran sparkling down the velvet slope
To sleep—a shady pool.

But when, as morning dawned again,
He peeped the margin o'er,
And saw the beckoning buttercups
Fast marching on before,—

He could not stay; he turned and kissed
His sleeping mother—then
Stole softly 'neath the lintel green,
And rippled down the glen.

As childhood, in uneasy dreams,
Flies through the green aisles dim

Of some old crooning forest where
Lurk monsters fierce and grim,—

So fled he, as the stealthy roots
Of gnarled and wrinkled trees
Came twisting out the loomy bank
His truant feet to seize.

In most fantastic windings lost,
In meadows dewy sweet,
To catch the jocund birds that flung
Their music at his feet,—

He wandered dreamily along
Till day began to wane,
And sighed, "Ah, me! I ne'er shall see
My mountain home again."

He hurried down a rocky steep,
A wild and reckless stream,
And lay all quivering at its foot,
At rest—perchance to dream

Of that long way he needs must wend,
The victories to be won,
The blessings waiting at the end
When all his work was done.

Day after day he traveled on,—
Grew broad, and deep, and strong,—
And turned the ponderous wheels of life
To rhythmic flow of song.

And while in all the strife of years
He aimed to bear a part,
A white swan lay upon his breast,
Her image in his heart.

One golden autumn afternoon
The traveler neared the goal
With hurried step and lab'ring breath;—
He heard the thunder roll,

But pressed right onward to the brink,
Nor shunned the dread abyss,—
His hopes all fixed on realms above,
One last fond look on this.

* * * * *
Oh! transformation wonderful!
Above that gulf at even,
Hovered a misty form of grace,
Robed in the hues of heaven!

THE OLD MAN'S "YESTERDAY."

"Was't yesterday? Yes, 'twas yesterday!
It must have been yesterday morn:—
I stood on the bank of the River Ray,
Where the squadrons of martial corn

Their silken banners had just unfurled
To the breeze, by the singing stream,
When a vision of beauty, all golden-curved,
Grew into my waking dream.

"I know it was yesterday,—for now
The rustle I seem to hear,
As the tall corn parted right and left,
And a voice rang soft and clear,—
'Wait, Willie, wait! I am almost there!
I said I would grant your wish,—
So I've made a line of my golden hair,
And am coming to help you fish!'

"Yes! (why do I doubt?) it *was* yesterday—
For I see the soft tassels there
Sunning themselves in a worshipful way
In the light of her yellow hair,
While her voice rings merrily over the corn,—
'Oh, Willie! come help me through,
For I am "the maiden all forlorn,"
And my feet are wet with dew.

"And you know I'm coming to help you fish—
But you'll think me a silly girl,
For I haven't a bit of bait—but wait!
I'll bait with a tiny curl!
And, Willie, say—do you think they'll bite?
And then, what shall I do?
Must I pull and pull with all my might?
But I'll wait, and look at you!"

"Ah, me! ah, me! *was* it yesterday?
It seems but a day ago!
Yet three-score years of yesterdays
Have whitened my head with snow
Since we sat, in that sweetest of summer-times,—
I and my beautiful May,—
Coining our love into wedding chimes,
On the bank of the River Ray."

SUNSHINE.

The laughing sunshine peers above the hill,
And down the slumbering vale;
He hastens on with nimble feet, until,
A rood or two beyond the silvery rill
Now strolling idly through the crippled mill,
He gains the cottage pale.

* * * * *
He lingers lovingly among the flowers
That fringe the open door.

—*The Farmhouse.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, poet, critic, and essayist, was born in Elmwood, Plymouth county, Mass., February 22, 1819. The Lowell family was from Bristol, England. In 1639 Percival Lowell left his native heath and came to America, settling in Newbury, Mass. Since their first advent into this country, the family have been prominently before the public. Rev. John Lowell, of Newburyport, great-grandfather to the poet, was one of the greatest divines of the American pulpit. His son, the grandfather of James Russell, Hon. John Lowell, was Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, and United States District Judge. He was also a poet of no mean ability. He assisted in framing the constitution of Massachusetts, introducing the clause abolishing slavery in that state. James R. Lowell is a son of Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D., a Unitarian clergyman, and Harriet Spence, daughter of Robert S. Spence, of Portsmouth, N. H. Others of the Lowell family have achieved distinction in various ways, and Massachusetts owes much of her prosperity and prominence to them. James Russell Lowell graduated from Harvard in 1838. His early intention was to follow the law, and after a course of reading he was admitted to the bar in 1840, opening an office in Boston; but literary pursuits being more congenial, he soon discarded the law for the Muses. His first efforts were severely criticised, or could they be said to be at all profitable. "A Year's Life," (1841), was the first collection of his poems published, which at first met with small sales. In 1843 he started *The Pioneer*, a literary and critical magazine, but it was not a success. It was his contributions to the various leading magazines, prose and verse, his editions of Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, etc., that won for him his distinction, until he stands now the "Poet Laureate" of America.

In 1844 Mr. Lowell married Maria, daughter of Abijah and Anna Maria White. She died at Cambridge, Mass. In 1857 he married Frances Dunlap, niece of ex-Governor Dunlap of Maine. Her demise occurred in England, 1885. Four children were the fruits of the first marriage, only one of whom survives.

In 1877 Mr. Lowell was appointed by President Hayes to represent our government at the Court of Spain, and in 1880 was transferred to the Court of St. James. His administration abroad was marked by unusual tact and ability, and his success, social and diplomatic, was pronounced. During his residence in England he was chosen rector of St. Andrew's University.

J. W.

DEATH.

How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there
Upon his little breast,
Those small, white hands that ne'er were still before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair,
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore!

—*Threnodia.*

LOVE.

True Love is but a humble, low-born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthen ware;
It is a thing to walk with, hand in hand,
Through the every-dayness of this work-day world,
Baring its tender feet to every roughness,
Yet letting not one heart-beat go astray
From Beauty's law of plainness and content;
A simple, fireside thing, whose quiet smile
Can warm earth's poorest hovel to a home;
Which, when our autumn cometh, as it must,
And life in the chill wind shivers bare and leafless,
Shall still be blest with Indian-summer youth
In bleak November, and, with thankful heart,
Smile on its ample stores of garnered fruit,
As full of sunshine to our aged eyes
As when it nursed the blossoms of our spring.

—*Love.*

THE POET.

But now the poet is an empty rhymers
Who lies with idle elbow on the grass,
And fits his singing, like a cunning timer,
To all men's prides and fancies as they pass.

—*Ode.*

TEACHERS.

God sends his teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race.

—*Rhæcus.*

DESTINY.

We call our sorrows Destiny, but ought
Rather to name our high successes so.

—*A Glance Behind the Curtain.*

SELFISHNESS.

Love bides longest in a woman's heart,
And flutters many times before he flies,
And then doth perch so nearly, that a word
May lure him back, as swift and glad as light;
And Duty lingers even when Love is gone,
Oft looking out in hope of his return;
And after Duty hath been driven forth,
Then Selfishness creeps in the last of all,
Warming her lean hands at the lonely hearth,

And crouching o'er the embers, to shut out
Whatever paltry warmth and light are left,
With avaricious greed, from all beside.

—*A Chippewa Legend.*

BEAUTY.

O, how flat and meaningless the tale,
Unless it tremble on a lover's tongue!
Beauty hath no true glass, except it be
In the sweet privacy of loving eyes.

—*Ibid.*

SOLITUDE.

If the chosen soul could never be alone
In deep mid-silence, open-doored to God,
No greatness ever had been dreamed or done;
Among dull hearts a prophet never grew;
The nurse of full-grown souls is solitude.

—*Columbus.*

ANCESTORS.

They talk about their Pilgrim blood,
Their birthright high and holy!—
A mountain stream that ends in mud
Methinks is melancholy.

—*An Interview with Miles Standish.*

AGASSIZ.

His magic was not far to seek,
He was so human! whether strong or weak,
Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
But sate an equal guest at every board:
No beggar ever felt him condescend,
No prince presume; for still himself he bare
At manhood's simple level, and where'er
He met a stranger, there he left a friend.

—*Agassiz.*

WOMAN.

Earth's noblest thing, a Woman perfected.

—*Irené.*

CRITICS.

He reviews with as much nonchalance as he
whistles,—
He goes through a book and just picks out the
thistles,
It matters not whether he blame or commend,
If he's bad as a foe, he's far worse as a friend;
Let an author but write what's above his poor scope,
He goes to work gravely and twists up a rope,
And, inviting the world to see punishment done,
Hangs himself up to bleach in the wind and the sun.

—*A Fable for Critics.*

CHARITY.

He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;

But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite,—
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before.

—*The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

JUNE.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

* * * * *

No matter how barren the past may have been,
'T is enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing.

—*Ibid.*

PRICE.

Earth gets its price for what earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest has his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;
At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay.
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking;
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

—*Ibid.*

CHILDREN.

Children are God's apostles, day by day
Sent forth to preach of love, and hope, and peace.—

—*On the Death of a Friend's Child.*

NEVERMORE.

For us,—we turn life's diary o'er
To find but one word,—Nevermore.

—*Eurydice.*

CHANNING.

Thou livest in the life of all good things;
What words thou spak'st for Freedom shall ne-
die;
Thou sleepest not, for now thy Love hath wings
To soar where hence thy Hope could hardly fly.

—*Elegy on Dr. Channing.*

TRUTH.

Truth needs no champions: in the infinite deep
Of everlasting Soul her strength abides,

From Nature's heart her mighty pulses leap,
Through Nature's veins her strength, undying,
tides.

—*Ibid.*

THOMAS HOOD.

Let laureled marbles weigh on other tombs,
Let anthems peal for other dead,
Rustling the bannered depth of minster glooms
With their exulting spread.
His epitaph shall mock the short-lived stone,
No lichen shall its lines efface,
He needs these few and simple lines alone
To mark his resting place:—
"Here lies a Poet. Stranger, if to thee
His claim to memory be obscure,
If thou wouldst learn how truly great was he,
Go, ask it of the poor.

—*To the Memory of Hood.*

SORROW.

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast passed
To show us what a woman true may be.

—*Sonnets, i.*

NOBLENESS.

Be NOBLE! and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

—*Ibid, iv.*

KEATS.

Thy clear, strong tones will oft bring sudden bloom
Of hope secure, to him who lonely cries,
Wrestling with the young poet's agonies,
Neglect and scorn, which seem a certain doom:
Yes! the few words which, like great thunder-drops,
Thy large heart down to earth shook doubtfully,
Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,
Serene and pure, like gushing joy of light,
Shall track the eternal chords of Destiny,
After the moon-led pulse of ocean stops.

—*Ibid, v.*

TRUTH.

Great Truths are portions of the soul of man;
Great souls are portions of Eternity;
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been, and still forevermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
Must goad the soul to be erect and free.

—*Ibid, vi.*

FAITH.

Yet care I not where in Eternity
We live and love, well knowing that there is

No backward step for those who feel the bliss
Of Faith as their most lofty yearnings high.

—*Ibid, ix.*

CONSCIENCE.

Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou wilt in all the world's ere long.

—*Ibid, xi.*

SLAVERY.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever
wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-
beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves
most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for
all the race.

—*Capture of Fugitive Slaves.*

CITIZENSHIP.

We owe allegiance to the State; but deeper, truer,
more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our
spirit's core;—
Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but
then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us
men.

—*Ibid.*

LANGUAGE.

Fit language there is none
For the heart's deepest things. Who ever wooed
As in his boyish hope he would have done?
For, when the soul is fullest, the hushed tongue
Voicelessly trembles like a lute unstrung.

—*A Legend of Brittany.*

GARRISON.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young
man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and mean;—
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

—*To W. L. Garrison.*

SCIENCE.

O brain exact, that in thy scales
Canst weigh the sun and never err,
For once thy patient science fails,
One problem still defies thy art;—
Thou never canst compute for her
The distance and diameter
Of any simple human heart.

—*Studies for Two Heads.*

HATE.

Folks never understand the folks they hate.
—*The Biglow Papers.*

DESTINY.

. . . all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t'other half rum.
—*Ibid.*

WOMAN.

To say why gals act so or so,
Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.
—*Ibid.*

CHANCE.

Chance is like an amberill,—it don't takę twice to
lose it.
—*Ibid.*

ENGLAND.

Of all the sarse that I can call to mind,
England *doos* make the most onpleasant kind:
It's you're the sinner ollers, she's the saint;
Wut's good 's all English, all thet is n't ain't;
Wut profits her is ollers right an' just,
An' ef you don't read Scriptur so, you must;
She's praised herself ontill she fairly thinks
There ain't no light in Natur when she winks.
—*Ibid.*

CHANGE.

Change jes' for change, is like them big hotels
Where they shift plates, an' let ye live on smells.
—*Ibid.*

TAXES.

Taxes milks dry, but, neighbor, you'll allow
Thet havin' things unsettled kills the cow.
—*Ibid.*

WORDS.

Words, ef you keep 'em, pay their keep,
But gabble 's the short cut to ruin.
—*Ibid.*

FOLLY.

The right to be a cussed fool
Is safe from all devices human,
It's common (ez a gin'l rule)
To every critter born o' woman.
—*Ibid.*

MAY.

May is a pious fraud of the almanac,
A ghastly parody of real Spring
Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind.
—*Under the Willows.*

TREES.

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
To ape or Adam; let them trace their whim;
But I in June am midway to believe
A tree among my far progenitors,
Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
There is between us.
—*Ibid.*

THE TRAMP.

He is our ragged Duke, our barefoot Earl,
By right of birth exonerate from toil,
Who levies rent from us his tenants all,
And serves the state by merely being.
—*Ibid.*

CHILDREN.

The children, they who are the only rich,
Creating for the moment, and possessing
Whate'er they choose to feign,—for still with them
Kind Fancy plays the fair godmother,
Strewing their lives with cheap material
For wingèd horses and Aladdin's lamps,
Pure elfin-gold, by manhood's touch profane
To dead leaves disenchanting.
—*Ibid.*

LIFE.

Though old the thought and oft exprest,
'T is his at last who says it best,—
I'll try my fortune with the rest.
Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
"Lo, time and space enough," we cry,
"To write an epic!" so we try
Our nibs upon the edge, and die.
Muse not which way the pen to hold,
Luck hates the slow and loves the bold,
Soon comes the darkness and the cold.
Greatly begin! though thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime,—
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.
Ah, with what lofty hope we came!
But we forget it, dream of fame,
And scrawl, as I do here, a name.
—*For an Autograph.*

FATE.

Fate loves the fearless;
Fools, when their roof-tree
Falls, think it doomsday;
Firm stands the sky.
—*The Voyage to Vinland.*

SINGLE POEMS.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN, AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA, 1861.

DEAD! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
 Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,
 And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
 Let none look at *me*.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
 And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
 But *this* woman, *this* who is agonized here,
 —The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
 Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh vain!
 What art *is* she good at, but hurting her breast
 With the milk teeth of babes, and a smile at the
 pain?
 Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you
 prest,
 And I proud by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
 Both darlings! To feel all their arms round her
 throat,
 Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees,
 And broider the long-clothes and neat little coat;
 To dream and to dote.

To teach them . . . It stings there! *I* made them
 indeed
 Speak plain the word *country*. *I* taught them,
 no doubt,
 That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
 The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful
 eyes! . . .
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise
 When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps,
 then one kneels.
 God, how the house feels!

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
 With my kisses, of camp-life and glory, and how
 They both loved me; and soon coming home to be
 spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
 My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

I bore it, friends soothed me; my grief looked
 sublime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us
 strained
 To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint,—
 One loved me for two, would be with me ere long:
 And *viva l' Italia!*—*he* died for our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint."

My Nanni would add, "he was safe, and aware
 Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was
 imprest
 It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
 And how 't was impossible, quite dispossessed,
 To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line
 Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta,—
Shot.

Tell his mother. Ah, ah! "his," "their" mother,
 not "mine:"

No voice says, "*My* mother," again to me. What!
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy, that, dizzy with heaven
 They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
 I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
 Through *THAT* love and Sorrow which recon-
 ciled so
 The Above and Below.

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through
 the dark
 To the face of thy mother! consider I pray,
 How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
 Whose sons, not being Christs, died with eyes
 turned away,
 And no last word to say.

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
 Have been patriots, yet each house must always
 keep one.

"Twerce imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
 And when Italy's made, for what end is it done,
 If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
 When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her
 sport
 Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?
 When the guns of Cavalli with final retort
 . Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee;
 When your flag takes all heaven for its white,
 green, and red;
 When *you* have your country from mountain to sea;
 When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,
 (And *I* have my dead),—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your
 bells low,
 And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is
there,

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:
 My Italy's **THERE**, with my brave civic pair
 To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
 And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
 But the birth-pangs of nations will ring us at length
 Into wail such as this; and we sit on forlorn
 When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
 Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast
 You want a great song for your Italy free,
 Let none look at *me!*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

'OSTLER JOE.

I **STOOD** at eve, as the sun went down, by a grave
 where a woman lies,
 Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin with the
 light of her wanton eyes,
 Who sang the song that the Siren sang on the
 treacherous Lurley height,
 Whose face was as fair as a summer day, and whose
 heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the
 garden above her dust;
 Not the languorous lily of soulless sin nor the
 blood-red rose of lust;
 But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew
 in the one green spot
 In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was
 parched and hot.

* * * * *

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow
 with blue and red,
 Joe, the 'ostler of the Magpie, and fair Annie Smith
 were wed.
 Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with a cheek
 as white as snow;
 He was anything but handsome, was the Magpie's
 'ostler, Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage
 and a cow,
 And her matronhood sat lightly on the village
 beauty's brow.
 Sped the months and came a baby—such a blue-
 eyed baby boy!
 Joe was working in the stables when they told him
 of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses, and he gave them
 then and there
 All a special feed of clover, just in honor of the
 heir:
 It had been his great ambition, and he told the
 horses so,
 That the Fates would send a baby who might bear
 the name of Joe.

Little Joe, the child was christened, and, like
 babies, grew apace;
 He'd his mother's eyes of azure and his father's
 honest face.
 Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and
 cloudless sky;
 Love was lord of that small cottage, and the tem-
 pests passed them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury
 o'er their home.
 Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gen-
 tleman to roam;
 Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window
 with her child,
 And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed
 and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him—little Joe was nearly
 four;
 He would call the "pretty gemplun" as he passed
 the open door;
 And one day he ran and caught him, and in child's
 play pulled him in,
 And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about
 the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for ages
 bards have sung:

THE UNIVERSITY OF
PUBLIC
ASTOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATION



Lothie Cameron O'Neil

'Twas a woman weak and wanton and a villain's
tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's
eyes
Of the Babylonian wonders and the joy that in
them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted; she was tempted
and she fell,
As the angels fell from heaven to the blackest
depths of hell;
She was promised wealth and splendor and a life
of guilty sloth,
Yellow gold for child and husband,—and the
woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe the 'ostler with a cheery
cry of "Wife!"
Finding that which blurred forever all the story of
his life.
She had left a silly letter,—through the cruel scrawl
he spelt;
Then he sought the lonely bedroom, joined his
horny hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she ain't
to blame!" he cried;
"For I owt t' 'a seen her trouble, and 'a gone away
and died.
Why, a wench like her—God bless her!—'twasn't
likely as her'd rest
With that bonny head forever on a 'ostler's ragged
vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear me all this long and
happy time,
So for my sake please to bless her, though you count
her deed a crime;
If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me; for
you see
I can talk all right to 'osses, but I'm nervous like
with Thee."

Ne'er a line came to the cottage from the woman
who had flown;
Joe the baby died that winter, and the man was left
alone.
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed
the rod,
Saving what he told his horses, saving what he told
his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the woman into
fame,
For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered
in her shame;

Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still each
prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside
the sun.

Next she made the stage her market, and she
dragged Art's temple down
To the level of a show place for the outcasts of the
town.
And the kisses she had given to poor 'Ostler Joe for
naught
With their gold and costly jewels rich and titled
lovers bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while her star
was at its height;
Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the gloam-
ing turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels
from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshiped never one
came near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her
very name,
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes
of her fame;
And the papers in their gossip mentioned how an
"actress" lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker
every day.

One there was who read the story in a far-off country
place,
And that night the dying woman woke and looked
upon his face.
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had
clasped her long ago,
And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of
'Ostler Joe.

All the past had he forgotten, all the sorrow and
the shame;
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he
now could claim.
Since the grand folks who had known her one and
all had slunk away,
He could clasp his long-lost darling, and no man
would say him nay.

In his arms death found her lying, in his arms her
spirit fled;
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt
beside her dead.

Never once his love had faltered through her base
unhallowed life;
And the stone above her ashes bears the honored
name of wife.

* * * * *

That's the blossom I fain would pluck to-day from
the garden above her dust;
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin nor the blood-
red rose of lust;
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew
in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life, where all was
parched and hot.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through
the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap
Had just settled our brains for a long winter nap,—
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a luster of midday to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by
name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and
Vixen,

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Dunder and Blixen—
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the
sky,

So, up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and
soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes how they twinkle! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of
jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf;
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings, then turned with a jerk,
And laying his fingers aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

CLEMENT C. MOORE.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;

Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain:
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature has assigned;
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay:
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway:
Look! what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain,
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend; •
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill,
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear my chief defense;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offense;
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Would all did so as well as I.

WILLIAM BYRD.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I WEIGH not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I seek not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys.
I rest so pleased with what I have,
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack,
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain;
I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleased;
I see some Tantals starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
I see even Midas gape for more;
I neither want, nor yet abound—
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;
I fawn not at the great (in show);

I prize, I praise a mean estate,
 Neither too lofty nor too low:
 This, this is all my choice, my cheer—
 A mind content, a conscience clear.
 JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

GOOD ALE.

I CAN not eat but little meat—
 My stomach is not good;
 But sure, I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood.
 Though I go bare, take ye no care,
 I am nothing a-cold—
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old.
*Back and side go bare, go bare;
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.*

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
 And a crab laid in the fire;
 A little bread shall do me stead—
 Much bread I not desire.
 No frost or snow, nor wind, I trow,
 Can hurt me if I wold—
 I am so wrapt and thorowly lapt
 Of jolly good ale and old.
*Back and side go bare, go bare;
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old!*

And Tyb, my wife, that as her life
 Loveth well good ale to seek,
 Full oft drinks she, till you may see
 The tears run down her cheek;
 Then doth she trowl to me the bowl,
 Even as a malt-worm should;
 And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
 Of this jolly good ale and old."
*Back and side go bare, go bare;
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old!*

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
 Even as good fellows should do;
 They shall not miss to have the bliss
 Good ale doth bring men to;
 And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
 Or have them lustily trowled,

God save the lives of them and their wives,
 Whether they be young or old!
*Back and side go bare, go bare;
 Both foot and hand go cold;
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old!*

JOHN STILL.

LAMENT FOR SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

You knew—who knew not Astrophel?
 That I should live to say I knew,
 And have not in possession still!—
 Things known permit me to renew.
 Of him you know his merit such
 I cannot say—you hear—too much.

Within these woods of Arcady
 He chief delight and pleasure took;
 And on the mountain Partheny,
 Upon the crystal liquid brook,
 The muses met him every day,—
 Taught him to sing, and write, and say.

When he descended down the mount
 His personage seemed most divine;
 A thousand graces one might count
 Upon his lovely, cheerful eyne.
 To hear him speak, and see him smile,
 You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet, attractive kind of grace;
 A full assurance given by looks;
 Continual comfort in a face;
 The lineaments of gospel books:
 I trow that countenance cannot lie
 Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Above all others this is he
 Who erst approvèd in his song
 That love and honor might agree,
 And that pure love will do no wrong.
 Sweet saints, it is no sin or blame
 To love a man of virtuous name.

Did never love so sweetly breathe
 In any mortal breast before;
 Did never muse inspire beneath
 A poet's brain with finer store.
 He wrote of love with high conceit,
 And beauty reared above her height.

MATHEW ROYDON.

PERSONAL POEMS.

A COLLECTION OF SONNETS.

TO PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

NOT in this life shall we meet, O my friend—
 My friend unseen, but not unknown to me—
 My friend so far away beyond the sea,
 To whose sequestered home my thoughts oft tend.
 Nor dare I trust that some new life shall blend
 Our lives together; yet strange things may be,
 And sweet for thinking is the phantasy
 That some new life this failure might amend,
 And I might hear a voice unheard till then,
 And clasp a hand, till then unclasped of mine.
 At once should I not know them to be thine—
 Poet, and man "who loves his fellow-men,"
 Whose thoughts are pure and limpid as star-shine,
 And greet thee by thy name, that happy when?

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

ROBERT BROWNING.

DEAD! And the bold brain strickens in the bone,
 Th' unflinching fingers stiffen to the clay,
 Those magic gifts the yielding years convey.
 To royal seers vanish, and the zone
 Of wistful worshipers about his throne,
 Who bowed beneath the sympathetic sway,
 Murmur a requiem of sad dismay:
 "Dead! Bid the foster earth salute her own!"
 Yet should the surfeit of all sorrow cease
 Through solace of his service; for he wove
 Texts of achievement and endurance strong
 From the sad samplers of our life and love.
 Master, around whose brow shall e'er increase
 The halo of imperishable song.

COTSFORD DICK.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

OBIT. MDCCCXC.

THE shadows of the night are gathering fast,
 And the lone pilgrim for these ninety years
 O'er toilsome path, with courage, oft with fears,
 The end of his long wanderings sees at last.
 The rocky places, and the storm and blast,
 The faintness and the anguish and the tears,
 And prayers oft breathed into immortal ears,
 Belong to the irrevocable Past.

But ever o'er his pathway shone afar
 In cloud and storm, and doubt and bitter pain,

A beacon light before him—like the star
 That led the seeking shepherds o'er the plain—
 Till life's long day and dark and dreary night,
 Like shadows, vanished in morn's endless light.
 M. E. HENDERSON.

WALT WHITMAN.

FRIEND Whitman! wert thou less serene and kind,
 Surely thou mightest (like our Bard sublime,
 Scorn'd by a generation deaf and blind),
 Make thine appeal to the avenger, Time;
 For thou art none of those who upward climb,
 Gathering roses with a vacant mind,
 Ne'er have thy hands for jaded triflers twined
 Sick flowers of rhetoric and weeds of rhyme.
 Nay, thine hath been a Prophet's stormier fate.
 While Lincoln and the martyr'd legions wait
 In the yet widening blue of yonder sky,
 On the great strand below them thou art seen,—
 Blessing, with something Christ-like in thy mien,
 A sea of turbulent lives that break and die!

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

ON THE RECEPTION OF THE POET WORDS-
WORTH AT OXFORD.

OH! never did a mighty truth prevail
 With such felicities of place and time
 As in those shouts sent forth with joy sublime
 From the full heart of England's youth, to hail
 Her once neglected bard within the pale
 Of Learning's fairest citadel! That voice,
 In which the future thunders, bids rejoice
 Some who through wintry fortunes did not fail
 To bless with love as deep as life, the name
 Thus welcomed;—who in happy silence share
 The triumph; while their fondest musings claim
 Unhoped-for echoes in the joyous air,
 That to their long-loved Poet's spirit bear
 A nation's promise of undying fame.

THOMAS NOON TALFOURD (1795-1854).

TO EMMA LAZARUS.

(On reading "By the Waters of Babylon" in the
 "Century.")

IN dead, dull days I heard a ringing cry
 Borne on the careless winds—a nation's pain,
 A woman's sorrow in a poet's strain
 Of noblest lamentation. Clear and high
 It rang above our lowlands to a sky
 Of purest psalmody, till hearts are fain
 To say: "In this sweet singer once again
 The powers of prophet and of psalmist lie."

Rachel of Judah! ever mournful, sad
 Must be the heart which thy lamenting hears;
 Singer of Israel! ever proud and glad
 We hail a nation's hope that thus appears;
 Sad mourners by the waters! ye have had
 A poet's sweetest solace for your tears.

ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

TO RUSKIN.

THOU sturdy-minded prince of thought, to me
 Thy page seems like to some vast ocean-tide
 That stretcheth outward deep and far and wide,
 From all earth's petty bounds and barriers free.
 Now, limpid ripples dancing in their glee
 Upon the sunny thought-sea's breast doeth ride.
 Far-famed Ægean calms were harsh beside;
 Then, when some tempest rouseth thee,
 The main is fraught with restless thunder-might;
 Hoarse, rough, and weirdly wild, the surges rise
 To crush with Titan force the keel of wrong,
 But high uplift the laden ship of right
 Toward truth's calm-bending iridescent skies,
 And safely bear it still its course along.

C. M. HARGER.

KEATS' GREEK URN.

WHEN the young poet wrought so unaware
 From purest Parian, washed by Grecian seas,
 And stained to amber softness by the breeze
 Of Attic shores, his Urn, antiquesly fair—
 And brimmed it at the sacred fountain, where
 The draughts he drew were sweet as Castaly's—
 Had he foreseen what souls would there appease
 Their purer thirsts, he had not known despair!

About it long processions move and wind,
 Held by its grace,—a chalice choicely fit
 For truth's and beauty's perfect interfuse,
 Whose effluence the exhaling years shall find
 Unwasted: for the poet's name is writ
 (Firmer than marble) in Olympian dews!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

SONNET.

(On first reading Browning's Poems.)

TWO DAYS in life I count most fair—aye, three,
 One when I stood upon an Alpine height,
 And saw beneath me just in reach of sight,
 A far-off plain I knew was Italy:
 One when I saw the sun rise o'er the sea,
 For the first time, and as the waves grew bright
 The very waters quivering with delight:

But one, oh! Browning when I first read thee
 I count of all the best: Entranced I lay,
 Mind, heart and soul all quickening as I read,
 Lost with Childe Roland on his dauntless way
 I knew not how the enchanted hours had sped,
 Till sunset came and evening followéd,
 And twilight led the darkness to the day.

R. W. DUKE, JR.

TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.

WHEN first I looked into thy glorious eyes,
 And saw, with their unearthly beauty pained,
 Heaven deepening within heaven, like the skies
 Of autumn nights without a shadow stained,
 I stood as one whom some strange dream entralls;
 For, far away, in some lost life divine,
 Some land which every glorious dream recalls,
 A spirit looked on me with eyes like thine.
 E'en now, though death has veiled their starry light,
 And closed their lids in his relentless night—
 As some strange dream, remembered in a dream,
 Again I see, in sleep, their tender beam;
 Unfading hopes their cloudless azure fill,
 Heaven deepening within heaven, serene and still.

SARAH HELEN (POWERS) WHITMAN.

WHITTIER'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

AD VIGILEM.

WHAT seest thou, where the peaks about thee stand,
 Far up the ridge that severs from our view
 That realm unvisited? What prospect new
 Holds thy rapt eye? What glories of the land,
 Which from loftier cliff thou now hast scanned,
 Upon thy visage set their lustrous hue?
 Speak and interpret still, O Watchman true,
 The signals answering thy lifted hand!

And bide thee yet! still linger, ere thy feet
 To sainted bards that beckon bear thee down—
 Though lilies, asphodel, and spikenard sweet
 Await thy tread to blossom; and the crown
 Long since is woven of Heaven's palm-leaves, meet
 For him whom Earth can lend no more renown.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

LONGFELLOW.

A CAPTIVE nightingale in busy mart,
 One starlight eve poured forth its thrilling song;
 And as the flood of music rolled along,
 Now plaintive, sweet, as from a breaking heart,—

That fain would some sad tale of grief impart,—
Then surging out almost divinely strong,
The sluggish pulse of an indifferent throng,
With new life stirred, as by some magic art.

Thus floated out the ringing songs of one
Whose gifted soul earth once in bondage held;
And now perchance in realms beyond the sun,
Still ring those strains our hearts with rapture
swelled;

But ever here, his name like some bright gem,
Will shine in proud Columbia's diadem.

MARION JULIET MITCHELL.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

TO HELEN HUNT JACKSON, HARRIET BEECHER
STOWE AND JULIA WARD HOWE.

ONE in her lonely mountain-grave lies sleeping
Where silvery waters laugh through all the year,
As if in joyance ever to sing near
Her who so loved them while her soul was weeping
O'er wrongs whose righting God gave to her keep-
ing. . . .

Another, with a heart that knew not fear
Dealt Slavery's chains a blow so loud and clear
That millions heard its music with hearts leaping.
As millions bless the day she saw the light,
So millions must lament her when she dies. . . .
The third but lifts her gentle voice, and hies
The thinking world to wonder at the might
Of masculine brain close wed to woman's heart.
She has her throne above our womankind—apart.

KATE VANNAH.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

I AM all sad to-day, a sojourner
From the New World, I am all sad at heart
Because this day is the dull counterpart,
With its impatient wind and its gray blur
Of rain, of that whereon they followed her
To her low bed, around whose memory start
The plaudits of a world, because her art
Aye moved at Right's high dictate, aye did spur
The lagging heart to hope and effort new.
Well may this strong soul rest at length; well may
This woman's earnest hand in sleep relax,
Having wrought and raised up, for all Time to
view,
Among its gilded gods and dolls of clay,
The granite figure of John Halifax.

JULIA P. BOYNTON.

LONDON, 1887.

A COLLECTION OF RONDEAUS.

WITH PIPE AND FLUTE.

WITH pipe and flute the rustic Pan
Of old made music sweet for man;
And wonder hushed the warbling bird,
And closer drew the calm-eyed herd,—
The rolling river slower ran.

Ah! would,—ah! would, a little span,
Some air of Arcady could fan
This age of ours, too seldom stirred
With pipe and flute!

But now for gold we plot and plan;
And from Beersheba unto Dan,
Apollo's self might pass unheard,
Or find the night-jar's note preferred;—
Not so it fared, when time began,
With pipe and flute!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

CRYING FOR THE MOON.

I WANT the moon; it shines so bright,
With such a clear and silver light;
But other people don't agree,
They say the moon's too big for me.
Our house would be a wondrous sight,
Lit up so grandly through the night.
We'd need no lamplight then, you see,
And so I'm not contented quite,
I want the moon.

I have the moonshine, pure and white;
It ought to fill me with delight,—
How glorious the moon must be!
Perhaps 'twould tarnish easily
Within my grasp,—yet, wrong or right,
I want the moon.

ALICE M. DOWD.

FIRST SIGHT.

WHEN first we met the nether world was white,
And on the steel-blue ice before her bower
I skated in the sunrise for an hour,
Till all the gray horizon, gulphed in light,
Was red against the bare boughs black as night;
Then suddenly her sweet face, like a flower,
Enclosed in sables from the frost's dim power,

Shone at her casement, and flushed burning bright
When first we met!

My skating being done, I loitered home,
And sought that day to lose her face again;
But love was weaving in his golden loom
My story up with hers, and all in vain
I strove to loose the threads he spun amain
When first we met.

EDMUND GOSSE.

“KNEE DEEP! KNEE DEEP!”

“KNEE deep! knee deep!” I am a child again!
I hear the cow-bells tinkling down the lane,—
The plaintive whippoorwills,—the distant call
Of quails beyond the hill where night-hawks fall
From lambent skies to fields of golden grain.

I hear the milkmaid's song,—the clanking chain
Of plowman homeward bound,—the lumbering
wain,—

And down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall,—
“Knee deep! knee deep!”

We're all at home,—John, Wesley, little Jane—
Dead long ago!—and the boy-soldiers twain
That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
In some far-off and unknown grave,—we're all
At home with mother—heartache gone and pain!—
“Knee deep! knee deep!”

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

LOVE CANNOT DIE.

LOVE cannot die! O then good-bye
To memory's tear, to sorrow's sigh,
Let blossoms fade and sunbeams flee,
The best of all remains to me,
The pearl of life's felicity.

Though Pleasure, viewed with wistful eye,
Just shows her radiant wings to fly,
From long regret my heart is free,
Love cannot die!

Whisper of peace when waves run high,
Splendor of dawn and sunset sky,
Fragrance of summers yet to be,
Wafted across an unknown sea,
Sung in the night when death is nigh,
Love cannot die!

FRANCES L. MACE.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

O LOVE DELAY.

O LOVE, delay thy wingèd feet,
For while thou lingerest life is sweet!
We do not heed the paths we tread,
We do not mark the skies o'erhead,
Or if the hours be slow or sweet.

With smiles both friends and foes we greet;
The winds and waves our joys repeat;
Alas! not so if thou art fled;
O Love, delay!

While hearts in happy union beat,
And lips in silent rapture meet,
And tender vows are softly said,
Who deems that Arcady is dead?—
Till Time shall sound life's last retreat,
O Love, delay!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

O SLEEPING HEART!

O SLEEPING heart! beneath a summer sky,
When roses rise above the garden wall,
And sunbeams shoot through thine ancestral Hall
To kiss June lilies, white and pure and high;
Thou drest not what spirit waketh nigh!
Passing unseen betwixt the lilies tall,
Causing with sighs the crimson rose to fall—
Nay! never shalt thou wake enough to sigh,
O sleeping heart?

So too, when silent mournful snowflakes fly
And shut thy garden with a shining pall,
Still sleepest thou! as ignorant of all
The season's sorrow, while the days go by.
Wilt thou thus ever calm unheeding lie,
O sleeping heart?

CONSTANCE E. DIXON.

For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

WITHOUT ONE KISS.

WITHOUT one kiss she's gone away
And stol'n the brightness out of day;
With scornful lips and haughty brow
She's left me melancholy now,
In spite of all that I could say.

And so to guess as best I may
What angered her, awhile I stay
Beneath this blown acacia bough
Without one kiss;

Yet all my wildered brain can pay
My questioning, is but to pray
Persuasion may my speech endow,
And love may never more allow
My injured sweet to sail away
Without one kiss.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

RONDEAUX OF CITIES.

RONDEAU À LA BOSTON.

A CULTURED mind! Before I speak
The words, sweet maid, to tinge thy cheek
With blushes of the nodding rose
That on thy breast in beauty blows,
I prithee satisfy my freak.

Canst thou read Latin and eke Greek?
Dost thou for knowledge pine and peak?
Hast thou, in short, as I suppose,
A cultured mind?

Some men require a maiden meek
Enough to eat at need the leek;
Some lovers crave a classic nose,
A liquid eye, a faultless pose;
I none of these. I only seek
A cultured mind.

RONDEAU À LA PHILADELPHIA.

A PEDIGREE! Ah, lovely jade!
Whose tresses mock the raven's shade,
Before I free this aching breast
I want to set my mind at rest;
'Tis best to call a spade a spade.

What was thy father ere he made
His fortune? Was he smeared with trade,
Or does he boast an ancient crest—
A pedigree?

Brains and bright eyes are over-weighed;
For wits grow dull and beauties fade;
And riches, though a welcome guest,
Oft jar the matrimonial nest.
I kiss her lips who holds displayed
A pedigree.

RONDEAU À LA BALTIMORE.

A PRETTY face! O maid divine,
Whose vowels flow as soft as wine,
Before I say upon the rack
The words I never can take back,
A moment meet my glance with thine.

Say, art thou fair? Is the incline
Of that sweet nose an aquiline?
Hast thou, despite unkind attack,
A pretty face?

Some sigh for wisdom. Three, not nine,
The graces were. I won't repine
For want of pedigree, or lack
Of gold to banish Care the black,
If I can call forever mine
A pretty face.

RONDEAU À LA NEW YORK.

A POT of gold! O mistress fair,
With eyes of brown that pass compare,
Ere I on bended knee express
The love which you already guess,
I fain would ask a small affair.

Hast thou, my dear, an ample share
Of this world's goods? Will thy proud *pere*
Disgorge, to gild our blessedness,
A pot of gold?

Some swains for mental graces care;
Some fall a prey to golden hair;
I am not blind, I will confess,
To intellect or comeliness;
Still let these go beside, *ma chere*,
A pot of gold.

ROBERT GRANT.

THE REDBREAST.

IN country lanes the robins sing,
Clear-throated, joyous, swift of wing,
From misty dawn to dewy eve
(Though cares of nesting vex and grieve)
Their little heart-bells ring and ring.

And when the roses say to Spring:
"Your reign is o'er" when breezes bring
The scent of spray that lovers weave
In country lanes.

The redbreast still is heard to fling
His music forth; and he will cling
To Autumn till the winds bereave
Her yellowing trees, nor will he leave
Till winter finds him shivering
In country lanes.

CHARLES H. LÜDERS.

 QUOTATIONS ON MUSIC.

Music religious heat inspires,
 It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
 And wings it with sublime desires,
 And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
 ADDISON, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*.

Rich celestial music thrilled the air
 From hosts on hosts of shining ones, who thronged
 Eastward and westward, making bright the night.
 EDWIN ARNOLD, *Light of Asia*.

Discords make the sweetest airs.
 BUTLER, *Hudibras*.

Music is well said to be the speech of angels.
 CARLYLE, *Essays. The Opera*.

• God is its author, and not man; he laid
 The key-note of all harmonies; he planned
 All perfect combinations, and he made
 Us so that we could hear and understand.
 M. S. BRAINARD, *Music*.

The rustle of the leaves in summer's hush
 When wandering breezes touch them, and the sigh
 That filters through the forest, or the gush
 That swells and sinks amid the branches high,—
 'Tis all the music of the wind, and we
 Let fancy float on this æolian breath.
 IBID.

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell.
 BYRON, *Childe Harold*.

Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto
 Wished him five fathoms under the Rialto.
 IBID, *Bippo*.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;
 There's music in all things, if men had ears;
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.
 IBID, *Don Juan*.

In hollow murmurs died away.
 COLLINS, *The Passions*.

In notes by distance made more sweet
 IBID.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell.
 IBID.

With voices sweet entuned, and so smale,
 That methought it the sweetest melody
 That ever I heard in my life.
 CHAUCER, *Flower and Leaf*.

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
 To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak;
 I've read that things inanimate have moved,
 And, as with living souls, has been inform'd,
 By magic numbers and persuasive sound.
 CONGREVE, *The Mourning Bride*.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers,
 Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.
 DRYDEN, *A Song for St. Cecilia's Day*.

So love was crowned, but music won the cause,
 IBID, *Alexander's Feast*.

Music sweeps by me as a messenger
 Carrying a message that is not for me.
 GEORGE ELIOT, *Spanish Gypsy*.

'Tis God gives skill,
 But not without men's hands! He could not make
 Antonio Stidivari's violins
 Without Antonio. IBID, *Legend of Jubal*.

Heaven's thunders melt
 In music!
 JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE, (*William and Robert
 Whistlecraft*) *The Monks and Giants*.

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
 vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
 GRAY, *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.

He stood beside a cottage lone,
 And listened to a lute,

One summer's eve, when the breeze was gone,
And the nightingale was mute.
THOMAS HENRY, *The Devil's Progress*.

Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.
KEATS, *St. Agnes Eve*.

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to spirit ditties of no tone.
IBID, *Ode to a Grecian Urn*.

Joy has its voice—so has grief! There are eloquent
tears; and deep sorrows
Melt into songs—in the fields which grow green the
sweet nightingale sings;
Genius and Love never meet but the spirit of music
is near them;
When the heart speaks, lend thine ear—lend thine
ear, for its language is song.
CHARLES KISFAULDY, *Sound of Song*.

Sentimentally, I am disposed to harmony,
But organically I am incapable of a tune.
LAMB, *A Chapter on Ears*.

Music is in all growing things;
And underneath the silken wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives, and throbs, and sings.
LATHROP, *Music of Growth*.

Of all the arts, great music is the art
To raise the soul above all earthly storms.
LELAND, *The Music Lesson of Confucius*.

O secret music! sacred tongue of God!
I hear thee calling to me, and I come!
IBID.

Music is the universal language of mankind.
LONGFELLOW, *Outre-Mer. Ancient Spanish Ballads*.

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.
IBID, *The Day is Done*.

Writ in the climate of Heaven, in the language
spoken by angels.
IBID, *Children of the Lord's Supper*.

Yea, music is the Prophet's art;
Among the gifts that God hath sent,
One of the most magnificent!
IBID, *Christus*.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
MILTON, *Comus*.

Orpheus' self may ease his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice.
IBID, *L' Allegro*.

And music too—dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much—
Now heard far off, so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream.
MOORE, *Lalla Rookh. The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*.

Music! O how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well.
IBID, *On Music*.

"This must be the music," said he, "of the spears,
For I'm cussed if each note of it doesn't run
through one."
IBID, *Fudge Family*.

If music be the food of love, play on,
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again;—it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odor.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*.

Give me some music; music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
IBID, *Antony and Cleopatra*.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

IBID, *Merchant of Venice*.

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. IBID.

Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague.

ARMSTRONG, *Art of Preserving Health*.

Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.

POPE, *Essay on Criticism*.

Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there,
IBID.

We know they music made
In heaven, ere man's creation;
But when God threw it down to us that strayed,
It dropt with lamentation,
And ever since its sweetness shade
With sighs for its first station.

INGELOW, *A Cottage in a Chine*.

The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell;
And feeling hearts, touch them but rightly, pour
A thousand melodies unheard before.

ROGERS, *Human Life*.

But those sweet sounds are doubly sweet
In the still nights of June,
When song and silence seem to meet
Beneath the quiet moon;
Oh, then the spirit of music roves
With a delicate step through the myrtle groves!
And where is that discourteous wight
Who would not linger through the night,
Listening ever, lone and mute,
To the murmur of his mistress' lute?

PRAED, *The Troubadour*.

CURRENT POEMS.

TWO EPITAPHS.

ON DR. JOHNSON.

HERE lies poor Johnson; reader have a care;
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping bear.
Religious, moral, generous and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, rude and vain;
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute;
A scholar, and a Christian, and a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth and melancholy?
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote and talked and coughed
and spit.

SOAME JENYNS.

ON SOAME JENYNS.

HERE lies poor Jenyns, whose good taste and wit
In Johnson emphasized the "cough and spit,"
Held cheap the sweetness of that monarch mind,
And found delight in mocking at the rind;
Rude was the Doctor, yet in kindly wise;
In Jenyns, sooth, the case is otherwise,
For he, whom Jenyns rudely called a "brute"
Is all that makes important this dispute;
Well had it been for Jenyns, if *his* art
Supplied such lack of manners with such heart!

ROWLAND B. MAHANY.

—*Life*, April 30, 1891.

THE MERRYTHOUGHT.

KING COLIN and his gracious Queen
(A goodlier couple ne'er was seen,
Devoted, young, and fair)
Were never known to disagree
So perfect was the harmony
Between the loving pair.

But, as it chanced, one hapless day,
While at the royal table they
Were dining, well content,
The butler placed before the King
A roasted fowl—a luscious thing,
Of richness redolent.

King Colin smiled, as well he might;
He had an honest appetite
As honest monarchs ought,—
And to his wife said he, "What part
Do you prefer, my dearest heart?"
Said she, "The Merrythought!"

In grieved surprise the King laid down
His knife and fork, and with a frown
Pushed back his plate of delf.
"You do forget," said he, "I fear,
That is the very part, my dear,
I always take myself!"

"But you will surely not refuse
Your dear whatever she may choose!"
The Queen rebuking cried.
Still mild, but firm, he shook his head,
"I must have that or none!" he said;
And she the same replied.

Then, shocked this discord to behold,
Though on the board the fowl grew cold,
A reverend Priest they sought;
And while he listened, grave and mute,
Poured forth the tale of their dispute
About the Merrythought.

With smile benign, "Let this," said he,
"Henceforth your kindly contest be:
Which shall be first to yield!
Each vie with each in generous strife,
So shall you lead a peaceful life,
And all your woes be healed."

They thanked the man of robe and cowl,
And, ordering straight another fowl,
Sat quickly down once more
With spirits light and faces gay
And hunger sharpened by delay;
And smiling as before,

"You'll take the Merrythought, my dear!"
The King remarked, in accents clear.
But "Nay!" she cried, "not so!
That you shall eat, yourself, my love!"
"Indeed it shall be yours, my dove.
It was your choice, you know!"

"But I would yield!" "And so would I!"
Alas! the wordy war ran high,
And sore was their dismay.
The Queen retired in tears and gloom;
The King, distracted, paced the room;
The fowl untasted lay.

It chanced that near the palace gate,
A Sage of reputation great
His lonely tower had placed;
And now, by fearful doubts appalled,
The King this man with joy recalled,
And sent for him in haste.

He came, he heard, he mused awhile,
Then spoke, with neither tear nor smile
Upon his features grim:
"The truly wise lifts up no voice
Of clamorous will; he knows no choice,
All things are one to him.

"Nor good nor bad he owns, and hence
Preserves a wise indifference.
This do, and live serene!"
Then on their royal knees they fell,
Their fervent gratitude to tell,
Their joyful tears between.

Once more a smoking fowl adorned
The board so late in sorrow scorned.
Down sat the royal pair.
"Now," cried the King, and waved his knife,
"What will you have, my dearest life?"
Said she, "I do not care!"

His visage fell,—he looked perplexed.
"But really, now," he cried, half vexed,
"This plan will never work!
I *must* cut *something*, don't you see?
And if I suit nor you nor me,
But both the question shirk,—

"Why, by my crown, I think we'll go
Till doomsday hungry, quibbling so!
Come, quickly, love, decide!"
And still she sobbed, with tearful voice,
"I do not care,—I have no choice!"
And he the same replied.

Then rose the King, in fierce despair,
And ground his teeth, and tore his hair,
With rage and hunger mad.
The servants from his presence crept,
The butler hid his face and wept;
The Queen hysterics had.

When things had reached this pretty state,
Loud slammed the outer palace-gate,
And with his cup-and-ball
The Fool, a man of merry ways,
The King's delight on holidays,
Came strolling down the hall.

"What, ho!" he cried, "What's happened now?
Frowns, Sire, upon your royal brow!
Her Majesty in tears!
The dinner waiting—put to slight,
The servants gone!—why, such a sight
I have not seen for years!"

With sigh and groan, they told their tale,
Nor scorned their misery to bewail
With tears that fast did run—
To mourn their dinner unenjoyed,
Their sweet domestic bliss destroyed,
Their harmony undone.

But ere they had repeated half
Their woes, the Fool began to laugh
And shake his sides with glee.
He turned and twisted round about
Till all his little bells rang out,
And tinkled waggishly.

"I'm but a Fool," he cried, "'tis true,
Yet—pardon, Sire!—if I were you,
This quarrel soon should cease!
As sure as I'm my mother's son,
*I'd have two fowl instead of one—
A Merrythought apiece!*"

Forth from the palace went the Fool,
When softly fell the twilight cool,
His pockets stuffed with gold.
Within his tower, the Sage, unmoved,
Some deep, laborious problem proved,
The Priest his Aves told.

And from the board, where, snugly yoked,
Two roasted fowls had lately smoked,
With savory richness fraught,
King Colin and his gracious Queen
Rose,—loving, satisfied, serene,—
And pulled a Merrythought!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

—*St. Nicholas*, April, 1891.

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.

ACROSS the silent, purple hills,
Thro' cloudy rifts of amethyst,
The setting sunlight softly thrills
And wraps the world in amber mist.

A new, fresh world it seems to-night,
Untouched by any thought of woe;
I stand alone, and from my height
Watch the rich colorings come and go—

On village spires silvery white,
On windows touched to ruddy glow,
On nearer stream, that glistens bright
Along its winding, shadow'd flow.

How calm it is, and yet in truth
One hour ago a wild storm swept
These hills and valleys; whilst in ruth
The world was bowed—the heavens wept.

But now what change! the golden mist
Creeps over hill and sky again;
The smiling valleys, sunset kissed,
Catch God's "clear shining after rain."

So sends He storm to every heart;
No perfect peace but comes through pain.
He can but calmly take our part,
And wait "clear shining after rain."

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

—*Home-Maker Magazine*, April, 1891.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

THOU glorious splendor, trembling in Art's fane—
Thou perfect cutter of thought's diamond pure—
Shedding o'er all a light most insecure—
Yet thrilled by Beauty's fragrant quickening rain!

Oh! Flora warbled out her songs for thee;—
And Polyhymnia whispered all her tunes—
Thou singer, spilling love o'er all our Junes—
Though chill winds moan from them so secretly!

I love thy songs, though in them dæmons wail—
Yet God cries tearfully through love and life—
And nature hath sad dreads who all assail—
So was thy lyre with blooms and poison rife;—
Yet, like a song-god, thrilled, or weeping now,
The poet's bay-leaves wreathed thy glorious brow!

LOUIS MICHAEL EILSHEMUS.

—*For The Magazine of Poetry*.

WHERE THE RAINBOW WENT.

THE shower was over. A little maid,
Her face pressed close to the window pane,
Stood watching the grass blades, fresh arrayed,
And opal-gemmed by the autumn rain.

The jewels yield to the sun's warm kiss,
And sink away in his soft embrace.
Was ever misfortune so sad as this?
A shadow haunted the sunny face.

"But where have they gone?" One tiny drop,
Then another, spring to the velvet eyes

And lurk in the lashes. There they stop.
A sudden murmur of glad surprise

Is heard, and I question her eager zest.
She points, with a wave of her dimpled hand
To where an undulant mountain crest
By a beautiful rainbow arch is spanned.

Breathless she looks at the vision rare,
With every trace of her sorrow spent,
And whispers, "Surely away up there
Is where the dear little sparkles went."

In the mountain forest dense and tall,
Her banners flaunting their brilliant dyes,
Gay Autumn is holding carnival—
A picture new to Marjory's eyes.

The great arch fades; while a tiny frown
And pout show plainly this does not please.
"Why, mamma! the rainbow's just broke down
And spilled itself all over the trees!"

MARY LESLIE JENKS.

—*Boston Transcript*.

THE IDEAL.

"Not the treasures is it that have awakened in me so unspeakable desire, but the *Blue Flower* is what I long to behold."—NOVALIS.

SOMETHING I may not win attracts me ever,—
Something elusive, yet supremely fair;
Thrills me with gladness, yet contents me never,
Fills me with sadness, yet forbids despair.

It blossoms just beyond the paths I follow,
It shines beyond the farthest stars I see;
It echoes faint from ocean caverns hollow,
And from the land of dreams it beckons me.

It calls, and all my best, with joyful feeling,
Essays to reach it, as I make reply;
I feel its sweetness o'er my spirit stealing,
Yet know ere I attain it I must die!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

—*Atlantic Monthly*.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

I TOLD Hezekiah to tell Widow Gray
To tell Mother Brown, next door,
To tell Dicky Dwight, who goes that way,
To tell Deacon Barnes, at the store,

To tell the old stage-driver, Timothy Bean,
To come for me, sure, and in season:
But I've waited all day, and no stage have I seen;
Now what do you think is the reason?

EMMA C. DOWD.

—*Ladies' Home Journal*, April, 1891.

JULY.

SOUL-EASEFUL month, the fruitage of a year
Exultant swells beneath thy glowing skies!
Thy husbandman in noonday slumber lies,
Awaiting idly, as the day draws near
For teeming fields his dreamy eyes to cheer
With sheaves abundant. On a gentle rise
That wooes the breeze, where giant oaks appear
Sun-graved in shade,—his cattle lash the flies.

Flushed Silence reigns o'er soothing whispers made
By lazy Zephyr to his droning bees,—
Each creature finds repose in leafy shade,
Save one black vulture high above the trees.
All bide in peace for happy times are nigh
For thy good yields—fructiferous July!

J. WALLER HENRY.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

APRIL.

THEY promised me a flower-bed
That should be truly mine,
Out in the garden by the wall
Beneath the ivy vine.

The boxwood bush would have to stay;
The daily rose bush too;
But for the rest they'd let me plant
Just as I chose to do.

Though not a daffodil was up
The garden smelled of spring,
And in the trees beyond the wall
I heard the blackbirds sing.

I worked there all the afternoon;
The sun shone warm and still;
I set it thick with flower seeds
And roots of daffodil.

And all the while I dug, I planned,
That, when my flowers grew,
I'd train them in a lovely bower,
And cut a window through;

The visitors who drove from town
 Would come out there to see;
 Perhaps I'd give them each a bunch,
 And then how pleased they'd be!

I made my plans—and then for weeks
 Forgot my roots and seeds;
 So when I came that way again
 They all were choked with weeds.

KATHARINE PYLE.

—*St. Nicholas*, April, 1891.

 TRIUMPH.

THIS windy sunlit morning after rain,
 The wet bright laurel laughs with beckoning gleam
 In the blown wood, whence breaks the wild white
 stream,
 Rushing and flashing, glorying in its gain,
 Nor swerves nor parts, but with a swift disdain
 O'erleaps the boulders lying in long dream
 Lapped in cold moss, and in its joy doth seem
 A wood-born creature bursting from a chain.

And "Triumph, triumph, triumph" is its hoarse
 Fierce-whispered word. O fond, and dost not
 know

Thy triumph on another wise must be,—
 To render all the tribute of thy force,
 And lose thy little being in the flow
 Of the unvaunting river toward the sea?

HELEN GRAY CONE.

—*Lippincott's*, July, 1891.

 THE TRANSFERRED MALADY.

(IN AN OCULIST'S OFFICE.)

How sweet the girl! I saw her pass
 The waiting group, with dumb surprise;
 A golden-haired, trim, willowy lass,
 With heaven's soft azure in her eyes.
 What could there be in them to mend?
 Nothing, I stoutly should insist;
 But still she asked to see my friend
 The bachelor—and oculist.

I saw her take the patient's chair
 (Venus and Science matched amain),
 And though his search found little there,
 He asked the girl to come again.
 But while with his ophthalmoscope
 He sought the source of her distress,
 In the next room, with rhyme and trope,
 I tried my rapture to express.

"Neuritis of mild type it is,"
 He said (whatever that may be);
 "Here is a wash I use for this,
 But come each day and visit me."
 I knew the doctor's ready skill;
 Yet while he battled with the case,
 His eyes received from hers a thrill;
 A crimson flush suffused her face.

Daily, as she was bid, she came;
 Daily the doctor scanned her eyes.
 A cardiac spasm I need not name
 At length he struggled to disguise;
 For gazing in those orbs of blue
 So close transferred an aching smart.
 No "wash" he ever gave or knew
 For ailing eyes could help his heart.

The girl was cured, the patient lost.
 What now avails his utmost fees
 Or rapid skill, to be so tossed
 About by Cupid's sharp caprice?
 Those blue eyes, had I had the case,
 Should not have been for years dismissed.
 To keep them always face to face,
 I'd die—a baffled oculist.

JOEL BENTON.

—*Harper's Magazine*, July, 1891.

 HE.

FRIENDLY to all, or rich or poor
 Whate'er their creed,
 A friend to few. To one or two
 A friend indeed!

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

—*For The Magazine of Poetry*.

 LOVE.

CAN true Love turn to Hate? Can its pure force
 Be charged to that which stings without remorse?
 Ah no! but when it dies, Hate writhes her coils
 And rears her cobra-length on Love's pale corse.

Love's nature changeth never day by day,
 Though human heart-shrines crumble and decay;
 But sometimes when his eyes are drench'd with
 tears,
 He lifts his sad white wings and flies away.

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

—*For The Magazine of Poetry*.

ST. JOHN'S EVE.

THE veil is thin between
 The seen and the unseen—
 Thinner to night than the transparent air;
 All heaven and earth are still,
 Save when from some far hill
 Floateth the nightbird's unavailing prayer;
 Up from the mountain bars
 Climb the slow, patient stars.
 Only to faint in moonlight white and rare!

Ere earth had grown too wise
 To commerce with the skies,
 On this midsummer night the men of old
 Believed the dead drew near,
 Believed that they could hear
 Voices long silent speaking from the mold,
 Believed whoever slept
 Unearthly vigil kept
 Where his own death knell should at last be tolled.

In solemn midnight marches
 Beneath dark forest arches,
 They fancied that their hungry souls found God;
 His angels clad in light
 Stole softly through the night,
 Leaving no impress on the yielding sod,
 And bore to mortal ears
 Tidings from other spheres,
 The undiscovered way no man hath trod.

Ah! what if it were true?
 Then would I call ye who
 Have one by one beyond my vision flown;
 I would set wide the door
 Ye enter now no more
 Crying, "Come in from out the void unknown!
 Come as ye came of old
 Laden with love untold"—
 Hark! was that nothing but the night wind's moan?

JULIA C. R. DORR.

—*Independent*, June 25, 1891.

THEODORE DE BANVILLE.

BALLADE FOR THE FUNERAL OF THE LAST OF
 THE JOYOUS POETS.

ONE ballade more before we say goodnight,
 O dying Muse, one mournful ballade more;
 Then let the new men fall to their delight,
 The Impressionist, the Decadent, a score
 Of other fresh fanatics, who adore

Quaint demons, and disdain this golden shrine;
 Ah! faded goddess, thou wert held divine
 When we were young. But now each laureled
 head
 Has fallen, and fallen the ancient glorious line;
 The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

Peace, peace a moment, dolorous Ibsenite!
 Pale Tolstoist, moaning from the Euxine shore!
 Heredity, to dreamland take thy flight!
 And fell Psychology, forbear to pour
 Drop after drop thy dose of hellebore,
 For we look back to-night to ruddier wine
 And gayer singing than these moans of thine!
 Our skies were azure once, our roses red,
 Our poets once were crowned with eglantine;
 The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

With flutes and lyres and many a lovely rite
 Through the mad woodland of our youth they
 bore

Verse, like an ichor in a chrysolite,
 Secret, yet splendid, and the world foreswore,
 One breathing-space the mocking mask it wore.
 Then failed, then fell those children of the vine,—
 Sons of the sun,—and sank in slow decline;
 Pulse after pulse their radiant lives were shed;
 To silence we their crystal names consign;
 The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

ENVOI.

PRINCE-JEWELER, whose facet-rhymes combine
 All hues that glow, all rays that shift and shine,
 Farewell! thy song is sung, thy splendour fled!
 No bards to Aganippe's wave incline;
 The last is gone, since Banville too is dead.

EDMUND GOSSE.

—*The Athenæum*.

TO THE WINDS OF JUNE.

Blow gently, Winds of June! Each downy nest
 Is full of unsung songs and unspread wings
 That will respond to patient hoverings;
 Soft rockings suit the rustic cradles best.

Blow gently, Winds of June! The bud is here
 That soon will be transformed into the rose,
 The sweetest miracle that nature knows;
 A breath might mar the beauty of the year.

So easily the song drops out of tune,
 So eagerly the sun absorbs the dews,
 So quickly does the rose its petals lose,
 That, for their sakes, blow gently, Winds of June!

MARY A. MASON.

—*St. Nicholas*, June, 1891.

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NOTES.

PIATT, MRS. Mr. George D. Prentice early predicted for Mrs. Piatt a foremost place in the rank of American poets. In a letter to Mrs. Piatt, then Miss Bryan, Mr. Prentice wrote: "I now say emphatically to you again . . . that, if you are entirely true to yourself, and if your life be spared, you will, in the maturity of your powers, be the first poet of your sex in the United States. I say this not as what I think, but what I know." Mrs. Piatt's poems are to be found in every collection of verse. Mr. Whittier in his "Songs of Three Centuries," quotes "The Black Princess," which would induce one to believe the poem to be a favorite with Mr. Whittier. "The Black Princess" was a slave woman belonging to Mrs. Piatt's grandmother, and was not only her nurse, but her mother's as well. Mrs. Piatt writes mostly out of doors, which would seem to account for her ready appreciation of, and sympathy with nature. She is as poetic in her personality as in her temperament. Slightly above the medium height, delicate and fragile in appearance, and

graceful in carriage and figure. Her head is singularly fine in shape and outline. She has dark, tender hazel eyes, under finely-arched brows, a small, sensitive mouth, straight, well-shaped nose. And as if these endowments were not sufficient, her head is crowned with hair of the real auburn hue, brown in the shadow, golden in the sunlight, and of a silken fineness.

One of Mrs. Piatt's most famous poems, "Caprice at Home," can be found on page 108, Vol. I, MAGAZINE OF POETRY, 1889.

PIATT, J. J. Of Mr. Piatt's poems perhaps "The Mower in Ohio" has been most frequently quoted. Of it James Russell Lowell has said: "It has touches of singular beauty and tenderness. . . . In his general choice of subjects, and mode of treating them, we find a native sweetness and humanity, a domesticity of sentiment, that is very attractive." Mr. Piatt's muse seems to find in the farm and prairie a wide range for expression. Like his gifted wife he is a poet of nature.

GOODE. "In Memory of John Howard Payne" has been widely copied. It is not, however, a special favorite with Miss Goode. It was first published under the *nom de plume* of "Kitty Clover."

IBID. "I Want You So," was written to her sister, Marion Goode, after her marriage in November, 1885.

IBID. "The Songs My Mother Used to Sing" is a favorite with Miss Goode, but in the opinion of her friends it is far from being her best, and in deference to their wishes was withheld. In a letter to the editor Miss Goode says: "You will readily see that I make no claim to profundity. I choose the simple themes within reach of my pen, and my taste is for the lyrical in verse. In other words, I love rhythm and I love rhyme, and my efforts are all in that direction."

BARKER. "When the Mists have Rolled Away" was first published in Theodore Tilton's paper, *The Golden Age* under the title, "We Shall Know." Soon after it was set to music by fifteen or more composers. The authorized copy, and that most generally known and sung, is that of James G. Clark's, sold by W. W. Whitney, Toledo, Ohio. The composition was a favorite one of Mr. Clark's, and has been sung by him hundreds of times on his tours through the country, singing for temperance and other convocations. Sung in Mr. Clark's own inimitable way, with the peculiar tenderness of expression of which he alone is capable, it has been received with great enthusiasm by his audiences. The poem has also been translated into other languages, and may be called one of the

wayside songs of the world. It was written during Mrs. Barker's residence in the Missouri Valley, before that country was opened up to emigrants.

IBID. "When they go Silently" was extensively copied, and set to music. It has also found a place in compiled volumes of poetry. "But," says the author, "this is the history of many of my waifs." And it is indeed true. Mrs. Barker gives but three stanzas.

GUSTAFSON. "Zlobane" was first published by *Harper's* and afterwards quoted by Mr. Epes Sargent in his "Cyclopædia of British and American Poetry." "Zlobane is the name of the mountain which was taken by storm from the Zulus by the British forces on the morning of the 28th of March, 1879. On the top of this mountain the victorious English troops, who had unsaddled their horses and cast themselves down to rest, were surprised and surrounded by the Zulus. Of the British corps only one captain and six men escaped. This ballad relates an incident of the day." E. S.

IBID. "A Ditty of Dolldom," from which we have given extracts, can be found in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, January 3, 1891.

OBERHOLTZER. "A Burial Ode" was composed for and sung as part of the funeral services of Bayard Taylor, at Longwood Cemetery, March 15, 1879. It was set to music by J. R. Sweeney, M. B.

BROWNING. "Mother and Poet." This was Laura Savio, of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta. Miss Mercedes Leigh, of Washington, D. C., recited the poem at a drawing-room in London to which the Prince and Princess of Wales were present. They were much pleased with Miss Leigh's artistic rendering, and not long after she was invited to give the recitation before the Queen.

SIMS. "Ostler Joe" gained great notoriety through Mrs. James Brown Potter. Mrs. Potter had been invited by some ladies at Washington to give a reading. She chose for her recitation George R. Sims' "Ostler Joe," which so shocked some of the ladies present that they retired from the room. This action on their part caused general comment not only in society but by the press. It is needless to say that public sentiment was with Mrs. Potter. Mr. Sims is an English playwright and story writer of more than average ability. His plays have yielded him an immense income. It is said he possesses the peculiar faculty of being able to keep two or three serial stories going at the same time, changing from one to another for rest.

MOORE. "A Visit from St. Nicholas." These lines are about the only ones of Mr. Moore's that have ever received much notice, although he published a volume of poems in 1844. He was a professor in the Protestant Episcopal Seminary, New York. He was born in New York in 1779, and died in Newport, R. I., in 1863.

ALLEN. "Rock me to Sleep." "Mrs. Allen sent this poem from Italy (she was then Mrs. Paul Akers) to the *Saturday Evening Gazette* in 1860. When it had become popular, several claimants to its authorship arose, and a fierce dispute ensued, one claimant hiring a whole page of a New York daily in which to set forth his proofs. Mrs. Akers' volume contains better, though less popular poems than this." R. J.

Later the poem was set to music.

BYRD. "My Mind to me a Kingdom is." William Byrd (born in 1540, died in 1623) was organist to Queen Elizabeth, and composed an immense amount of vocal music. Three or four other stanzas, inferior to these, are sometimes inserted in this poem, and its authorship has been claimed for Sir Edward Dyer, a contemporary of Byrd's. There are also four stanzas of precisely similar construction, having many of the same thoughts, and in some cases almost identical words, which are attributed to Joshua Sylvester." R. J.

SYLVESTER. "A Contented Mind. Joshua Sylvester was born in England in 1563, and died in 1618. (For notes see Byrd.)

STILL. "Good Ale." John Still was born in 1607. He was Bishop of Bath and Wells, and was the author of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," one of the earliest English comedies, from which this poem is taken.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

FOR engravings in this number of the *MAGAZINE OF POETRY*, the Publisher wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of Jacob Leonard & Son, Albany, N. Y.; Matthews, Northrup & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.; The Art Alliance, Buffalo, N. Y.

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O. J. Perrin

C. O. PERRIN, President of the College of Commerce of Buffalo, N. Y., whose portrait appears on the preceding page, is not a poet, but has achieved distinction in his great field of labor as President of the largest and most successful Commercial College and Shorthand Institute in the United States. Although comparatively a young man, the magnitude of his undertakings and the means already attained is far beyond his years if we are to judge by the average *successful* man as our guide. A little more than three years ago Prof. Perrin laid the foundation for the College of Commerce, for which he saw there was much need. From the humble beginning his school has so rapidly increased in numbers that it has been necessary to add one story after another until the present time he occupies three floors of the elegant Jewett Block at 327 Washington Street, utilizing for school rooms eighteen thousand square feet of floor space, and during the month of February had an enrollment of nine hundred and four students. This is a remarkable showing, to say the least, and when we call the attention of our readers to this great school for the practical training and education of the young men and women who are to occupy positions of trust and responsibility, we do so with honest pride, believing our readers will be interested in knowing such a school is located in the Queen City of the Lakes.

Space will not admit of going into details pertaining to the management and causes resulting in such phenomenal and unprecedented success, but we will take the opportunity of doing so at another time. A few brief points, however, will give a clew to these facts in question. The Faculty is composed of gentlemen and ladies all of whom are specialists in their several departments of work; they have been wisely selected because of their special fitness, experience and moral worth, in teaching, guiding and directing these young men and women in the important work before them.

Students of all ages, from fifteen to fifty years, are admitted, and during the summer months special inducements are held out to teachers in the Commercial or Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting, English, Art, Drawing, and Music Departments.

The Correspondence Course in Shorthand, as conducted by Prof. Perrin, is novel and very interesting. He has three hundred students who are successfully mastering the art of the New Rapid system of Shorthand through the medium of the mails. Among this large class are Lawyers, Doctors, Editors, Teachers, School Principals, Students in public and private schools, Bookkeepers, and many others who are preparing for the practical relations of life. The offices and college rooms are spacious and elegantly furnished, the walls and ceilings throughout the entire building are frescoed a warm beautiful tint, and the desks are of modern construction and adapted for the special department for which they were designed. In his private office the President is surrounded with about ten stenographers, whose nimble fingers are recording answers to the large number of inquiries made daily concerning this school; also the correction of lessons of correspondents with suggestions for a more thorough mastery of this beautiful system of Shorthand. A visit to his school will repay any one who is interested in educational matters.

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THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

VOL. III.

No. 4.

GEORGE BARLOW.

GEORGE BARLOW, son of George Barne Barlow, Master of the Crown Office, was born in London on June 19, 1847. He was educated at Harrow School, and Exeter College, Oxford. He began to write early in life, and his "Poems and Sonnets," published in 1871, while the author was still at Exeter College, attracted considerable attention. Mr. Barlow's earlier work was voluminous and of very unequal merit. The first real and abiding impression upon the public was made by his volume of poems called "The Pageant of Life," published in 1888. This work contains the clearest enunciation of his poetic message to the world, and focuses in one volume most of the scattered rays of modern thought on subjects artistic, philosophical and religious.

In October, 1890, "From Dawn to Sunset" appeared. Speaking of this volume, *The Westminster Review* for January, 1891, said: "In 'From Dawn to Sunset' Mr. George Barlow displays as in his former volume, 'The Pageant of Life,' a power sufficient to place him in the same rank with Tennyson, Swinburne, and Matthew Arnold."

Remarkable alike for independence of thought, and the fearless manner in which the most heterodox theories are propounded, the works of George Barlow appeal equally to the attentive reader through the admirable command of language and purity of style which throughout pervades them. The "Pageant of Life," which deals with many of those unsolved problems that are constantly puzzling the minds of thinkers, and remain unfathomable as the depths of the ocean, is one of the boldest works that has appeared during the present generation.

Wondrously comprehensive in its scope, it depicts in imaginative and graphic verse of great power many a sad phase of life, and furnishes abundant matter for reflection. Interspersed amongst its pages are to be found many charming lyrics, some of which have already inspired more than one composer.

In "From Dawn to Sunset" the same qualities are noticeable that render "The Pageant of Life" so remarkable an art work. Poetical realism, if such a phrase be permissible, would perhaps convey the best idea of Mr. Barlow's style. His poetry has been somewhat erroneously likened to that of Swinburne. As well might one compare the writings of Froude to those of Carlyle!

Clear, forcible and straightforward, there is no trace of obscurity in George Barlow's poetry. One of his characteristics may be found in the frequent use of the metaphorical form. I cannot better conclude this necessarily incomplete notice than by alluding to his extremely felicitous treatment of the "sonnet," many examples of which are to be found in the contents of the latter of the above two volumes.

A. H.

A GIFT OF SPRING.

FOR all thy youth given up to me so worn and
weary,
For thy soft days of Spring given up to Winter
dreary,
What shall I, love, return?
What do the black pines give to the roses in the
thicket,
What does the searcher say as swift he stoops to
pick it
To the first budding fern?

Thou art so young and sweet,—and all is still
before thee:
The whole long summer day's unbroken blue o'er
thee;
But as for me, for me,
My summer days are far behind yon range of
mountains;
Ages on ages since I drank the dawn's fresh
fountains,
But now I drink the sorrowful salt sea.

Thou might'st have had so much,—and I can give
so little!

Just a stray song or two to spread soft wings and
settle

Within thy braided hair:

Young was I never, now I am the dark grave's
suitor;

Least fitted of all bards to be sweet Beauty's tutor;
And thou,—thou art so fair.

And dost thou care for me, and wilt thou swiftly
follow

My steps from dreary mount to drearier murky
hollow,

Just out of love for me?

Why thou might'st, with that face, have all the
world in bondage!

Wilt thou, the daughter of Spring, bind thy bright
brow with frondage

Autumnal, such as I can give to thee!

The laughter of the Spring is in thine eyes, and
round thee!

The crocus-spirit I found, O true love, when I
found thee,—

And all the daffodils

Flash forth for thee along the meadows, and the
thrushes

Sing out for thee among the newly blossomed
bushes

And newly robed green hills.

And I will never take thy flower-help without saying
How in mine elder years I went one morn a-Maying
(To gather thorns, I thought!)

And found thee,—sweeter than the bloom of all the
May-trees

And whiter than flower-clouds upon the gayest of
gay trees;

Found thee: so far beyond the gifts I sought.

If I can give thee little, yet what I have I bring thee.
Thou hast given me honey of love,—and I, I can
but sing thee;

Yet sing I must and may.

Thou hast made the face of Spring in late and
dark September

Smile: thou hast made a flame leap up from a gray
ember;

Thou hast gilded a dark day.

The azure of thy youth,—this thou hast taken and
brought me;

With thine own bloom within thy sweet hands thou
hast sought me,

My youth again returns:

Again I stand knee-high in clover and wild grasses,
And drink deep in my lungs the sea-wind as it
passes,

While round my head the golden midday burns.

A SOUTHERN VENGEANCE.

UNDER the bright room where they lay,

Deep in the stonework gaunt and gray,

I will build a dungeon grim.

She and her lover (I stabbed him dead,

And his blood-drops splashed her breast with red)

Shall rest in the darkness dim.

Under the bright room where they lay

They shall wait in the dark till the Judgment Day

Flames out upon her and him.

*(How it goes ring, ringing, through my brain,
That foolish light old swift refrain
She was singing when we met in Spain;
"I love you, I love you—" again and again.)*

My hands may tremble. I will not shrink.

Clink goes the trowel. Clink! clink! clink!

Clink! clink! clink!

Under the bright room where they slept

Till up from the sea the gold sun leapt,

In sunless darkness deep

They shall rest till the solemn trump of doom

Shakes the walls of their wedding-room,

And summons their souls from sleep.

White by his couch her form shall stand,

And her lips shall struggle to kiss his hand,

Her eyes shall strive to weep.

*(How I remember the tinkling stream
And the night that passed in a maddening dream—
The room where we slept, and the pale moon-beam,
And her eyes with their wonderful passionate
gleam!)*

Death's cup is ready. Her lips shall drink.

Clink goes the trowel. Clink! clink! clink!

Clink! clink! clink!

Under the bright room where they lay

I shall build a dungeon, and no day

Shall ever enter there.

I will take her, stately and lovely—so

That the heart of a god might madden and glow

With love of her thick black hair:

Then, brick by brick and stone by stone,

I will build her up in the vault, alone

With the man her eyes found fair.

*("Darling—" the gnat has stung the white
Of your beautiful arm," so I said in the night;
"Lay your arm in the moon's soft light;
Let me suck the poison out—my right!")*

I will not pause to remember or think.
Clink goes the trowel. Clink! clink! clink!
Clink! clink! clink!

Under the bright room where they lay,
The room that looks on the sunny bay,
I have built a sunless tomb.
There my darling and he shall be wed.
I stabbed him—curse him! He lies there dead,
Stark on a couch in the gloom.
Down in the dark she shall live with him:
They shall kiss in the dark, till their eyes grow dim
And their lustful limbs consume.

*(I loved her so. Oh, my raven hair
And the beautiful throat I found so fair!
I loved you—a girl with shoulders bare—
And I love you still. That means despair.)*

I work. I sever the past's last link.
Clink goes the trowel. Clink! clink! clink!
Clink! clink! clink!

Under the bright room, far below,
Where the grass spreads rank and the mosses grow,
She shall stand and feast her eyes
On the corpse of the man she loved so well,
Till she starves to a corpse in the vault's dim hell
And grasping her dead man, dies.
Outside, the butterflies white will race,
And the girls will pass to the market-place,
Singing under the sunny skies.
Step into the tomb, my lady fair,
Your death-cold lover is waiting there
With a brave true kiss for the thick black hair,
Such a brave true kiss for the thick black hair.
(Clink! clink! clink!)

HUSBAND AND WIFE AT LORD'S.

A MODERN IDYLL.

HE speaks, then
muses:—

"Well hit!" (Ah, soft and pale she lay
Upon my breast that summer day!
But softer yet and yet more white
Within my arms that summer night)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

SHE speaks, then
muses:—

"Well bowled!" (Ah, very sweet his way
Was, on that far-off summer day:
And how his eyes shone fierce and bright
With passion through that summer night)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

HE:—

"Well stopped!" (My wife's hair shines with gold:
My love's hair was black in days of old.
Gold saddens, black hair maddens, me:
How black it shone, splashed from the sea)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

SHE:—

"Well caught!" (Will ever strong arms fold
About me as did John's of old?)
"Look Harry—they are running three!"
(Oh that June night beside the sea!)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

HE:—

"Now he'll be out!" (Out in the wood
Her mouth met mine, when close we stood,
And the world faded quite away:
The next day was my marriage-day)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

SHE:—

"A drive for four!" (Beneath my hood
His face leant round. Silent we stood.
His mouth was sweet as bloom of May.
The morrow was my marriage-day)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

HE:—

"Well saved!" (Ah lips, how close you clung,
And how that black-bird guessed and sung!
My lady's kiss is proud and cold:
Your kiss was young and warm and bold)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

SHE:—

"One wicket more!" (Thy lips were young:
"Taste of their sweets!" the brown thrush sung.
I loved you: till I fell for gold.
I loved you,—amorous, ardent, bold)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

HE:—

"Well fielded!" (Ah, the June-wind came
Upon us like a burning flame.
Thy mouth was close, thy breath was sweet,
I felt thy bosom's throbbing beat)—
Click went the bat, click went the ball!

She:—

"*Well thrown!*" (Ah, married years of shame
Have drowned love in me, dimmed its flame.
I wonder, were we now to meet,
Would one pulse in my bosom beat?)
"*How fast these Eton wickets fall!*"

THE RIVER AND THE SEA.

YES; sweet it was. Most sweet to watch your Spanish
glances
Rove o'er the Stage, and through the gauzy, mazy
dances:
And yet how little part
Can I have ever in thee! Thou art the Morning's
daughter!
Thy laugh is as the sound of silver running water!
How little art thou akin to my worn heart!

I love thee. Yes. But as the night might love the
morrow
Or as the spirit of joy might be beloved of sorrow,
So art thou loved of me.
Or as an inland stream that glances 'neath the
bushes,
All fenced about with flowers and grass and scented
rushes,
Might win the homage of the weary sea.

We have met and we shall part. Deep through
my soul I know it.
And half I would retard, and half would not forego it,
The moment sure to come
When thou wilt pass away, and leave the sun's rays
duller,
And the blue sea less blue,—the sunset dimmed of
color,—
And every flower (for me) less full of bloom.

We have met and we shall part. And thou wilt
sorrow a little:
But ah! how the thin stalk of love is frail and brittle
In a young girl's white hands!
A poet's doom it is that even his lightest giving
Hath something in it of soul that ends not with his
living,
But follows him beyond the sunlit lands.

I go towards that strange night that knows not
dawn nor waking;
But as for thee thine eyes are on the morning
breaking
O'er vale and wood and hill.
Mine eyes are on the dark; my feet are beckoned
seaward;

Thine eyes and merry feet float summerward and
gleeward,
And of God's future thou wilt drink thy fill.
And yet from all my heart I thank God that I met
thee!
My very soul must change before I can forget thee,
Or thy deep Spanish eyes.
Oh, never doth the sea forget the rills which slaking
Its infinite wide thirst allay its endless aching
And bring it news of far-off flowers and skies.

If I can help thee, well. I would not pain or hurt
thee;
Win thy soft river-love, to wound thee and desert
thee.
Nay, never let it be
That one soft silver stream, one white-foot moun-
tain's daughter,
Trusted with simple trust the limitless gray water,
Yet found no answering stern faith in the sea!

I am the sea,—to thee. Thou art the bright-foot
river
Darting amid the reed with tender pulse and shiver
Of guardian aspen-stems.
Thou hast had one glimpse,—just one,—of life be-
yond thy dreaming:
Of the far treeless waste illimitably gleaming,
Crowned with the cold stars' scentless diadems.

Thou hast given me life quite new. I, in the world
no stranger,
Long versed in love and song, and passion's charm
and danger,
To thee am unknown quite:
Therein for me doth lurk the subtle joy and wonder;
I part the clouds that hem the poets' hills in sunder
And simply bask in thine eyes' sunny light.

I might have been re-born the other night when
sitting
Close by thy side I watched the fairy figures flitting
Across the magic stage.
I was no more myself, but twenty summers younger.
And all that night the stars seemed lightened of
their hunger,
And my heart lightened of the hunger of age.

Ah! when I seek alone the dim sea's sombre margin
On my last night of all, and all life's deeds loom
large in
The strange unearthly light
That then gleams over and round about me, may
I, meeting
The sea's full glance of strong inquiring love and
greeting,
Feel that I left thee, as I found thee, white.

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George Barlow:

I perhaps have made an hour or two for thee pass
quicker,
And made thy lamp of life more brightly flame and
flicker
Just for a little space:
I have not given thee pain. And thou hast given a
poet
Joy for a month or two, and pain that will outgrow it,
And the eternal memory of thy face.

TO N. H.

I, HAVING loved thee as none other soul
Can love thee, stand before thy face to-day
And of thy womanhood this boon I pray;
That, as to thee I give myself heart-whole,
Committing self to love's divine control,
So wilt thou give me—(thought too sweet to say!)
Love shall never change or pass away
But deepen onward towards a deathless goal.

Oh change not, if I change not! Let the springs
Of new fair flower and leaf that are to be
Find, ever, only strengthening love in me:
Let nobler gold suffuse love's white first wings:
Oh, love, if this be what my true heart brings
Of love, love, ever love,—then what of thee?

A PICTURE.

I SAW a picture of a soldier low
Upon some grisly battle-field. Tall firs
Above him smote the sky with rigid spurs;
Death reigned: and silent blood was on the snow.
A woman's form stood by him, and she held
A wreath, and loth to give it, loth to go,
She seemed,—and it might be the pure tears welled
From her heart's depths. The picture did not show.

O sweet one, be thou unto me as she!
When I am lying dead upon life's snow,
Black trees above, and spots of blood below,
Come thou with the sweet song-wreath tenderly.
If but thy loving face o'er me be bent
At that still moment,—I shall be content.

THE FLOWER ASLEEP.

I STOOD within the old wood,—and all the past
Swept through my spirit on wild storm-tossed
wings:—
The past with all its pain and all its stings
And small sour fruit and endless yearning vast.

Upon white tides of woe my thought was cast,
'Mid shoals round which the hoarse sea-whispers
rings:

I was immersed in floods of former things,
And my brow ached at strokes of passion's blast.

And then I looked, and lo! a flower asleep,—
The plant whose plumes I gathered long ago
To mix them in a girl's locks soft and deep.
Through seasons of fierce sun and months of
snow,
While I full many a maddening watch did keep,
It had done naught but bloom, and fade and blow.

BLOSSOMS ABOVE A TOMB.

FOR Beatrice, a red rose, and a white
For thee,—and for my wife a violet fair.
Let petals of such flowers caress the air
Above my grave, when summer suns shine
bright,—
Red for the day,—the snowy for the night,—
The purple for the eve or early morn:
By tender hands let such three plants be borne
Towards the green hillock where in still delight

The poet sleeps, life's mantle off him torn,
Waiting the resurrection and its might.
—Earth had for him not much besides its scorn:
Love found his soul, then left that soul forlorn:
But death had rapture! Where in grievous plight
He sowed, behold the interminable corn!

GOD AND WOMAN.

GOD made a woman,—and he stood aghast
For very wonder. There she stood quite white,—
Naked and perfect. God's eyes waxed bright;
Before him like a carven dream she passed,
Her black hair on the heaven-breeze floated light;
God watched her slowly vanish till at last
The soft superb shape glimmered out of sight:
Then on the trembling earth his tools he cast.

“Now do I for the first time envy Man”
He said: “The woman never will be mine;
Those dark thick tresses darker than the pine
And sweeter than the rose,—that body wan
And soft and scented like the dim woodbine,—
I cannot own forever:—but he can.”

ALONZO HILTON DAVIS.

QUITE wonderful in their way are the poems of Alonzo Hilton Davis. Critics agree that his supple stanzas have in them the actual poetic stuff, yet they are brought to a nonplus by another paradox, such as Burns' teacher Murdock says the world's sweetest lyrist did not know one tune from another. Moore, whose poetry is steeped in the very sun and perfume of India, was never near the Orient. Coleridge, whose avalanches shout the glory of God as they slip through sunrise into Chamouni, never saw the Alps. Young, the poet of the funereal "Night Thoughts," was a caperish and chatty wag. Scotland's truest and tenderest bard on this side the sea never saw auld Scotia's lakes and moors. Despite this fact his songs have as surely the wild tang of heather as the honey of Madeira tastes of violets. Not bluebells and gorse, but buttercups and wiregrass tripped his feet in boyhood's paths. Not the laverock in the lift, but "Bob White" in the corn called back his youthful glee. Davis was born in Illinois. His age is thirty years, and he is at present a prosperous merchant in Omaha, Nebraska. In person tall and graceful, courteous in manner, almost womanly in gracious modesty, with a refined face lit by kindly eyes, his sensitive mouth showing that his share of losses and crosses has but mellowed his heart.

The home life in his Scotch lyrics is his chief poetic product, and his best poem only faintly pictures the ideal peace of his own fireside. His nature, attuned like an æolian harp to every breath that blows from the land of dreams, makes him a charming converser and a genial friend. He is also a fine orator, full of persuasive pathos and eloquence, and being a ripe scholar, is in demand at college annuals. He is but indifferently fond of this world's gear, simple in his tastes and loving common things. That savor which sweetens the blood of all the old gardeners' progeny prevails to make him often face fieldward. He loves a day in the open, and catching nature in some vagrant humor will join her in some vagabondish freak for the very thrill of it. A sovereign, indefeasible poet, he is the exact antithesis of Diogenes—that unwashed sneer—who lanterned the lanes of long ago looking for a man. Davis sees a man in every son of Adam. His is the liberal, wholesome faith of human brotherhood. To him nature and human nature are alike sublime. A cool, brine-blown emerald sea-dawn; a sapphire sunset, trailing dusk and stars across an empurpled prairie; an unwashed babe in an emigrant's wagon; a plowboy idle in the plow handles under the pavilion of a locust's

milky bloom, all have a spell for him. No night too dark, no sleet too sharp for him to go on an errand of mercy. He would rather sit on a lichened stone, cinched with fistening lads, than on a silver dais, swept round with sworded courtiers.

He never commits assault on nature, or halts her brigand-like with a brutal challenge to give up her rich wares, but with something of her own infinite leisure, falls in with her by the way, and keeping rhythmic pace, strolls and talks as lovers do, wins her secret as a child does the message of a pink-lipped shell, by unfeigned trust, and at parting she blithely bids him choose among her choicest gifts, and slipping hands reluctantly, each goes on alone. This singer is greater than his song, and the irradiating, authentic beauty of his verse is but the natural issue of the lofty moral qualities which make up the man.

Davis' work has appeared in *The Current*, *Youth's Companion*, *New York Advocate*, *Chicago Tribune*, and in nearly all the leading dailies of the North and West. He has now ready for press a volume of poems, the title of which is "Sweet Williams." His "Golden Wedding," which is perhaps his longest published poem, has been illustrated, and is soon to be published in booklet form. He read this poem, in April, at a banquet given at Greencastle, Indiana, in honor of John Clark Ridpath, the Historian.

Among his literary friends are John McGovern, James Whitcomb Riley, John Clark Ridpath, James Newton Matthews, Ellen P. Allerton and Mrs. M. Swafford (Belle Bremer).

His home on Grant street, Omaha, is to him a source of constant inspiration, and the lives of his wife and yellow-haired boy are the sweetest poems he knows. For some years he has been in poor health, and has spent part of his time at Pensacola, Florida. Through his life poetry has been a delightful recreation from the grind of business, and he has demonstrated to an eminent degree that a man can succeed in business, and at the same time court the muses.

R. McI.

A GHOST O' THE PAST.

I.

O MERCILESS edict, ye'er wanderin' here,
The ghost o' a dank, distant past;
Ye lean an' ye whisper a tale in my ear
That sweeps o'er my soul like a blast;
Ye tell o' oppression sae cruel an' stern,
The clank o' the chains fill the air,
An' despots pile fagots that mockingly burn
Brave hearts in a helpless despair.

II.

Ye turn an' ye becon, an' troopin' there come
 Dim spectres uncannily grim,
 They listen an' chatter an' fiendishly hum
 Bleak ballads o' blackness an' sin.
 They tell how they held ilka foot-path an' stream,
 How blossoms bloomed only for gold,
 How peasants pined sadly an' in their vague dream,
 Kissed gowans that peeped thro' the mould.

III.

They tell how blind bigotry bound noble hands,
 Wi' fetters o' pitiless pride;
 How only a Wallace dared loose the bands
 An' stain wi' their blood ilka tide.
 Ye fiends! 'tis wi' tear leakin' thro' your clinched
 eyes,
 Ye tell o' the victories he won,
 How star-ward he climbed till enthroned in the skies,
 He gazed on the work he had done.

IV.

O, Scotia, my dear native land o'er the sea!
 These spectres frae oot o' the past,
 Unwittingly tell that the Hand guiding thee,
 Has led to thy victory at last.
 Unceasingly now sing thy wimplin' burns,
 Thy buds drip wi' freedom for all,
 Their perfumes are wafted on every breeze.
 Bold hearts, God has answered thy call.

A LULLABY.

Cuddle doon close to me, laddie, laddie,
 Cuddle doon close to my breast,
 For I hae a lay
 For yer leal heart to-day,
 Ere yer bonnie e' wooves ye to rest.

CHORUS.

Sae cuddle an' cling to my breast, while I sing
 This wee bit o' ballad for Donald my king;
 For Donald my king, for Donald my king;
 For cannie wee Donald, the king o' my heart.

Could ye but stay with me, laddie, laddie,
 Wee dimpled lad how I dread,
 The world's bitter ca',
 When yer feet now sae sma',
 'Mang the thorns on life's highway maun tread.

When yer awa frae me, laddie, laddie,
 Gin yer heart yearns for me, dear,

Breath then but a sigh,
 An' frae Heaven I'd fly
 An' I'd cradle ye safe frae a' fear.

Up there I'll wait for ye, laddie, laddie,
 Doon by the river I'll stray,
 My gowd harp I'll tune,
 An, oot leanin' I'll crune
 Ye this bonnie wee lullaby lay.

SHE IS NOT DEAD.

"SHE is not dead" a mother sang, and lifted
 Her swimming eyes to where the sky was gray;
 And lo! the clouds that intervened had shifted,
 And trailing after Night came smiling Day.

"She is not dead" the blue-bells rang, and over
 The meadow-lands the lilies nodded too;
 And tiny hare-bells chimed up from the clover,
 Their fragrant clappers dripping with the dew.

"She is not dead" the birds sang, where the grasses
 Creep round her grave, "for O, she loved us so;
 And in the Springtime when the South Wind passes,
 She will return to hear us sing, we know."

"She is not dead" the zephyrs blew, as under
 The buttercups I heard them gently sigh;
 When she awakens will she smile, I wonder,
 If she should hear them tripping lightly by?

"She is not dead" the brooklet sang, while
 threading
 Its pebbly way so near her narrow cot;
 And water-lilies leaned, their perfume shedding,
 Above where bloomed a wild forget-me-not.

"She is not dead" the Angels whispered, leaning
 To strike in ecstasy their harps of gold;
 "A spotless lamb with Heaven's graces blending
 Was lead by us into the Master's fold.

"She is not dead" my heart beat, and it's throbbing
 Rhymed with the lilies and the silver stream;
 Hope blossoms white, and so I cease my sobbing:
 She will awaken from this peaceful dream.

FRAE ROBBIE'S COT.

I.

HAIL ye wee bit daisy. Peppin'
 In your ee sae fair,
 I can see your beauty sleepin',

I can feel your perfume creepin'
O'er my soul like zephyrs sweepin',
Frae the hills o' Ayr!

II.

Ye hae heard the rain adrippin',
As it only drips,
Where the muses a' are slippin'
'Mang the flowers, an' gently clippin'
Oot the bonnie anes an' sippin'
Nectar frae their lips.

III.

Ye hae heard them aft a singin'
There by Robbie's cot;
Ye hae heard the blue-bells ringin'
For the fairies—dancin', swingin'
Thro' the meadows—fragrance clingin'
Round the sacred spot.

IV.

Ye hae seen the cloudlets bendin'
O'er that nest sae braw;
Heaven's love and light a blendin'
O'er our sangster's grave, an' lendin'
Voices to the muse that's sendin'
Blessings to us a'.

V.

Weel ye ken his sangs are liftin'
Care frae mony a heart;
Frae his notes the warmth is shiftin',
Like the cherry sunlight siftin'
Thro' the mist that ever driftin'
Dims earth's fairer part.

VI.

Oot to him my heart is strayin',
Weel I ken will shine,
Up in heaven the merriest day on
Which I greet this bard an' lay on
His hair brow the laurels—prayin'
His the gift divine.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT WENT AWAY.

"THE little boy that went away," she said,
The while she lifted her gray eyes to mine,
Drenched to the rim with sacred light that shed,
A ray of holy faith that seemed divine.

That went away e'en while the grasses slipped
Their emerald blades up thro' the tangled hedge,
And while the water lilies gently tapped
Under the silver streamlet's shelvy ledge;

That went away when thro' the woody dell
The trees like stately priests their censers swung,
And while o'er mossy rocks the waters fell
In liquid rhythms to the songs he sung.

"The little boy that went away," she said,
The mother bending o'er his empty chair;
Her simple faith could never deem him dead,
But gone away, and waiting for her there.

DINNA GAE OOT FRAE THE FARM.

DINNA gae oot frae the farm, laddie,
Dinna gae off to the toon.
It's bonny, they say,
But dinna ye gae,
Else ye'll sigh for the kintra fu' soon.

Toons are a' poisoned wi' sin, laddie,
Tempters like thistles will woo.
They'll smile a' sae smart,
But, bleedin', your heart
Will show where the thorn pierced it thro'.

Here ye hae blossoms an' trees, laddie,
Drippin' wi' perfumes sae free,
While cool mosses slope
Where dewy buds ope'
Honeyed lips in a welcome to thee.

Dawn laughs the birds frae the trees, laddie,
Gathered in clans at our door.
They sing sic a lay,
Our hearts a' the day
Chirp and tangle their notes o'er an' o'er.

Ye'll sigh gin ye gae frae these, laddie,
The birds an' the blossoms an' trees,
The lin's liquid trill
Doon wimplin' the hill,
An' the deep dreamy hum o' the bees.

Oot 'yont the kirk is a grave, laddie,
Heather an' blue-bells amang;
At twilight ye loe,
Wi' blossoms to go
An' ta sing the dear sleeper a sang.

Far awa' there 'twill be missed, laddie,
Ither sic spot ye'll ne'er ken,
An' mither will lie,
More lonesome, an' I
Be the saddest of all of the men,

* * * * *

T. H. ...
P.O. ...
APR ...
T.L.



Sarah Louise Morris.

SARAH LOUISE MORRIS.

MRS. MORRIS' birthplace was in Gorham, Ontario county, N. Y. Her father, Denison Smith, a Methodist clergyman, died just previous to her birth, and her mother, Louisa Hawks Smith, removed, soon afterward, to Lima, Livingston county, N. Y., the seat of Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, and later, of Genesee College, where she devoted herself to carrying out the plan of her husband and herself for the education of their children.

A woman of rare strength of purpose and character, no sacrifice was too great, or labor too severe, that served to promote the welfare and culture of her family. With her great love of the beautiful in nature and in art, she endowed also her children, and left as a legacy to the two who are still living, Mrs. Morris and an elder sister, the power to transmit to canvas many a refreshing picture, as the walls of their home fully testify.

We have not yet done hearing that the higher education and culture of woman is detrimental to her in her home life; but here we have a woman who is a poet, an artist and a musician, who is not only capable of directing every department in her home, but who can perform with her own hands, if it be necessary, every duty belonging thereunto, in the best possible manner, and in all she does she has the liveliest interest and sympathy of her entire household. She is a staunch friend, is noble and true in every relation in life. Since 1865 she has resided in Chicago, where the greater share of her writing has been done. She has comforted the sorrowing with her verse, and enriched other lives with her songs. Among her most beautiful poems are "Daydreams," "True Royalty," "Restoration," "An Impromptu," and "When One is Old." To live in this glorious world with a music loving soul, and to be deaf, as she is, to its most exquisite harmonies, must be suffering beyond words to describe. Only God can understand and give comfort.

M. E. C.

MY GUEST.

I DID not drive Hope out into Despair's dark night,
But at my fireside sat, in friendly chat with her,
Discussing whys and wherefores; wondering if the
light

I sought, when in my soul uprisen, would transfer
Me to Elysium, as my dreams had taught me to
believe,

Or, like the wonder world of mirage, would deceive

And disenchant, only the arid desert leaving me,
Where the swift swirl of streams had been, and
mimicry

Of waving woods? Then, to my thought there crept,
Remembrance of an olden adage, thus yclept:
"Trials, of times transmute to gold the dross of life;
What's worth the winning, sure is worth the strife,"
And, in the world's wide garden, there may grow
for me,

Of lustrous leaves, and gleaming fruit unshown,
some ilex tree,

Whence I may gather for myself, a coronet
More precious than the diamond wrought aigrette
A princess wears, with iridescent glow,
Like shattered sunbeams, on her brow of snow.
So, Hope filled all my breast with warmth and light
Because I did not drive her out, into Despair's dark
night.

AN IMPROMPTU.

SHE visits me at my fireside,
The beautiful spirit of song,
The gates of Fancy she opens wide,
And woos me gently with her, along
Its tortuous paths, up its sunny slopes,
Through verdant woodland, dusky copes,
Through lands enchanted,
Music-haunted.

She visits me in the morning
When ringing are the matin bells,
And sleep has scarcely left me,
Casting about me her spells,
Spells that are woven so deftly,
So deftly and so strong,
That, "will I or nill I," I'm conquered
By this beautiful spirit of song.

When my daily tasks I'm doing—
She's sure to visit me then—
And, though I resist her pleading,
She graciously offers a pen
To my not unwilling fingers,
And urges me to transfer
The thought she has wakened, then lingers,
Beseeching me "just for her"
Distasteful things to forget—
The arrant coquette!

She visits me at midnight,
When stars chant in solemn speech,
When earth in a glory of moonlight
Lies breathlessly still, when each
Leaf in silence, shivers

As if possessed with a fear,
 When on my own lips, there quivers
 A half suppressed sigh, then I hear
 The low sound of her singing
 As in haste she draweth nigh,
 Delight to my lone heart bringing
 By her goodly company.

O! pray she may never leave me—
 This beautiful spirit of song—
 But, unto the life she has entered in
 Her beneficence sweet, prolong;
 At morning, at noon, or at evening,
 I will never say her nay,
 If only her blessed presence
 May "abide with me," alway.

AT MY WINDOW.

WHAT do I see?

A steep, red roof, half hid in greenery,
 Leaves hanging pulseless, or but slightly stirred,
 Dead, twisted oaken branches, by the bird
 Deserted, that but yesterday

In gold and gray

Sought there his epicurean appetite t'appease,
 Snatching up hapless insects with an ease,
 One well might wish to imitate
 In all life's contests, do we wait
 Upon the muses for an advocacy,
 Or plod prosaic, where the iron heel
 Of traffic, with unceasing application,
 Has beaten adamant paths and makes appeal
 Unto our earthier natures, with clink of gold,

And otherwise

Delights our greedy eyes

By an exhibit of its "bought and sold."

What do I hear?

Faint, far-off music: on my ear
 It falls, from apathetic mood arousing me,
 As does the wind the summer sea
 Sometimes, when it so still has lain,
 One's fancy likens it unto a plain,
 With sunshine played—he
 Treads it with ethereal feet,
 And lo! straightway begin to beat
 Its slumbering pulses—shoreward go
 Awakened waves, in undulating flow,
 His low mysterious music answering plaintively,
 As to the wind, the great heart of the sea.
 So does my soul respond, O melody! to thee;

Richer in imagery thou mak'st my thought,
 In shading, finer, as 'twere wrought
 With a brush as delicate as limners use,
 When inspiration dips it in her loveliest hues.

What do I feel?

Within this heart of mine, a thrill
 Of joy that life, which means so much,
 For me is not a volume sealed I may not touch
 But daily does my searching eyes
 Delight, with unimagined mysteries,
 As page by page I, fascinated, turn
 Something of its profoundest depths I learn,
 Mournful or beautiful. Ah! that I might know
 How best to live it—that my own foe
 I may not prove myself—that birth
 Something beside a simple ushering in to earth
 To me may mean—that I may shadow forth
 If it be only faintly, something of the worth,
 The loving tenderness, the great excellence
 Of Him, life's author, who, in recompense
 For faithful effort, here so much has given,
 If only we will have it, of the bliss of heaven.

TRUE ROYALTY.

WHAT is't to be a Queen? Is it to wear

Upon one's brow a jewel-weighted crown?

To think not for one's self, nor slightest care

Endure? In purple throned, by smile or frown

"To make or mar" the weal of those who serve

Her so empowered with loving faithfulness,

Nor in obedience would dare to swerve

Did they, worn with subjection, love her less!

In sumptuous surfeit, is it to forget

The myriad homes whose only heritage

Is want—the homes where endless toil doth fret

Body and soul; doth prematurely age

The one, and in the other the fierce fires

Of hate doth kindle, making holocaust

Of all that's noble in it—all desires

Either to make more beautiful, all lost?

Is it t' efface within the mother heart

Love's tenderest inscriptions graven there?

That holiest ties should be so rent apart

By royalty's exactions that the fair

Brows and longing, earnest eyes of one's own

Children servilely should droop do they appear

Within "Her Highness'" presence? Can the
 throne

Such metamorphose make—waken but fear

And love, hold in abeyance? 'Tis not true—

She is no queen—and I will none of her!

My regnant queen could never so eschew
 A woman's graces—graces that confer
 Such nameless charm upon the lowliest:
 Not charm alone, but a resistless power
 To turn aside the evils that infest
 A world, madly ambitious but to shower
 Upon itself, glory, and pomp, and gold.
 High heaven hath placed within her hands blade
 More trenchant far than in Damascus old,
 With its skilled artisans was ever made.
 A woman's loving sympathy, it is,
 That makes my queen! On no apparent throne
 She sceptered, sits; but, were there entrance
 To each and all the hearts that from her own
 Comfort and cheer receive, her throne' we'd find
 More glorious far than were it overlaid
 With gold, or ivory. Love for her kind
 Hath won it; may it never more be stayed,
 That holy stream that hath its springing rill
 In the true woman's soul—but, may its tide
 With certain sweep, rise higher, higher still,
 Till all the earth by love is glorified.

LEAVES.

Look at them, list to them, murmuring leaves
 Tossing in sunshine, high o'er the eaves,
 Curtaining gray branches, lichened and old,
 With sumptuous drapings of green and gold,
 Fashioned so deftly, so multiform,
 Flexile of stem, defying the storm.
 In her wondrous loom wise Nature weaves
 Nothing more beautiful than the leaves.

Tenderly sheltering embryo flowers,
 Lest winds breathe too chill, beat too fierce the
 showers.

Skillfully thatching the minstrel's roof,
 Who builds in the woodland, far aloof
 From hands marauding, his nestling's home,
 Catching the song of breezes that roam,
 And echoing them softly, gleefully, till
 All the green hostel is with them a-thrill—
 Great is the gladness my soul receives
 From your whispered music, beautiful leaves.

List ye the wind, how it querulous grieves,
 When autumn pilfers the beautiful leaves;
 Mute are the birds, and the sad skies weep,
 As through the valley, o'er hilltop steep,
 She wantonly wanders, and scattereth
 Their glorious beauty unto death.
 Yet faithful Nature steadily weaves
 For the world yet another garment of leaves.

E. P. POWELL.

MR. POWELL'S work has been so engrossing
 in other fields that he has found little time to
 express himself in poetic form. He was born in
 1833, in Clinton, N. Y., where he now resides. He
 graduated at Hamilton College in 1853, standing
 within one of the head, and reputed the most origi-
 nal thinker and writer of his class. He studied
 for the ministry in Union Theological Seminary,
 graduating, after a year spent as tutor in Hamilton
 College, in 1858. His first regular pastorate was at
 Adrian, Michigan, where he remained ten years, ex-
 ercising a marked influence especially over the
 young of the community. From there he was called
 to St. Louis, and thence to Chicago. While in St.
 Louis he was invited to write editorials for the
Democrat, now the *Globe-Democrat*. He is at
 present associated with that paper as literary cor-
 respondent, being known to his readers as "E. P."
 and as "M. Maurise." He also writes over other
 pseudonyms.

Mr. Powell's chief work is "Our Heredity from
 God," published by the Appletons and translated
 into German, to be published at once at Leipzig.
 This volume expresses in as popular form as the
 topic allows the bearings of evolution on questions
 of religion and theology. It has reached the fifth
 edition in America. It also indicates the author's
 personal passage from the Mosaic Cosmogony to
 that of Modern Science, and his adherence to the
 most advanced theological views of the day.

His poems have been contributed especially to
 the Boston, St. Louis, New York and Utica papers.
 He is at work on a more extended effort which will
 some day see the light as he hopes, and be ap-
 proved by his readers. O. R.

DREAMLAND.

I DREAMED a dream last night; a sweet, strange
 dream:

I wish it had been what it then did seem.
 In thick broad woods I lay, on brown beech leaves:
 Alas! it sorely grieves,
 That waking doth dispel,
 The cunning spell,
 Our sleeping weaves.

Around me dropping nuts the velvet silence broke,
 From out the loving limbs, to feed the silent folk;
 And with them many a quivering sifted ray,
 Down from the Indian-Summer moon found way.

Through half-bared limbs, with falling leaves they
fell,

And wove through dreamy woods a dreamy spell.
The chipmunk, in his narrow bed, turned o'er,
Counting in dreams again his winter's store.
My arms outflung, I helped the winds at play,
While care forgot me in that dreamland day.

Among the eddied heaps,
The soft and sifted heaps,
The wind in hollows reaps.

The winds, and the leaves, and I,
We played most joyously,
Forgetting the great and high,
The stars and the haughty sky,
Duty, and all ills gone by,
And approaching day's great plaint,
The sun, that maketh life faint.
Upon the kind soft ground,
Where all sweet rest is found,
We there did tangle days,
In one hourless amaze.

Ah me! that I this life must take!
Ah me! Ah me! that I did wake!
To lands where hours, and all long days
Are measured; and where one must praise
The buying and the selling life;
The eating and the getting strife!
What is there in this land of good,
I found not in the beechen wood?
For there all things are ever new,
And all that fancy weaveth, true.

Nor can the hour-sick heart such rich delight invent,
Of love, and hourless love, as in dreamland is spent.
Time bides not there, nor flies to trip the sweet intent,
Nor space, to hinder souls, that longing haste,
And on much going lovers love to waste.

The sun burns not, and the moon setteth not,
And no one is poor because he reapeth not;—
Where no one hideth his store,
Where enough for all is, and more.
The hungry feed there, and the sad
Laugh, for dreams do make them glad:
And no one needeth prayer,
Ah me! let us dwell there.

THE NORSE MOTHER.

THE world was tired, its work was done
Weaving its body with the soul of the sun;
In a robe of purple and gold arrayed,
God's smile of peace on its forehead laid.

To the sound of her wheel, a sweet Norse lay
The mother sung through the live-long day.

Backward and forward straight to her task,
She had nothing at all for which to ask.

Her life was simple, her wants were few,
And these, ere she named them, great Odin knew.

Backward and forward, still she spun,
Till back of the crags sunk the great red sun.

The snow-capped crag, 'gainst a fiery sky;
The shadows came coldly stalking by.

The clock struck six in the valley tower;
Its echoes repeated the toilers' hour.

She struck her wheel; she snapped her thread;
Little she dreamed of her dear one dead.

But the brook that leaped down from the eagle's nest
Drank the pitiful brook from his sweet white breast.

Under the great-armed linden, by the door,
Where the bees were busy, she spread her store.

The swallows whispered under the eaves,
As she called down the glen, thro' the sweet beech
leaves.

She called him twice, as the evening red
Sent the kine and fowl to a timely bed.

She called him thrice, from his boyish play,
Till the echoes laughed their lives away.

She found him at last with the eve's last ray;
The light of her soul went out with the day.

The broken boy lies on her broken heart;
O, beautiful Sigurd, we must not part.

She gave him one life, she would give again,
Bone of her bone, by a mother's pain.

* * * * *

The wheel stands still by the cottage door;
The broken thread hangs as it hung before.

Three days, by the sun, she rocks him there;
Three days, by the sun, she sings her prayer.

Three times the moon looks in from the sea;
And all is sad as sad can be.

Whilst ever and ever she sings her croon:
Freia! dear mother! grant me this boon!

Peace to her soul at last slow creeps;
The charm is broken; the mother sleeps.

From the womb of her love he is born anew
More ruddy and fair than at first to view.

So ever grants God to the patient soul,
From the fragments of life, to charm a whole.

It is self that breaks; it is love that heals;
It is prayer gives back, what doubting steals.

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Charles H. A. Selvig

INDIAN SUMMER.

THE sunshine played upon the floor,
The leaves played in the wind;
The bees played through the sunny air,
And fancies in my mind.

I sat beside the singing brook:
Its waters through my fingers spun.
I dreamed of years that swifter fled,—
And dreamed and dreamed, and let it run.

I said, "What is will soon not be;
What was is not to-day;
All things are simply passing by,—
Go on, sweet world, I pray."

I lay upon a grassy knoll,
A pulse beat in the sod:
"One thing," I said, "shall never change,
'Tis truth and love and God.

"The years may fly, as fly they may,
The days as brooks may glide:
They shall not 'scape my spirit's reach,
Nor from my memory hide."

THE GOLDFINCH.

SWEET bird! that ere the world awakes,
Sits softly singing manifold;
Sits swinging toward the golden dawn,
But hast no need to borrow gold,

Dear Goldfinch! all the world's atune;
Thy lightest note finds sweet release,
My soul and thine are full of June,
And June is full of love and peace.

Hid in the heart of yonder pine,
Thy heart-mate whispers holy rest;
Thou swingest on my window vine,—
Red roses press against thy breast.

Betwixt the walking and the work,
Between the darkness and the day,
This is the hour of native prayer,—
To live and love is now to pray.

Sing I the joy that dwells within;
Sing thou the joy that is abroad;
Sing I the hope of higher song;
Sing both the morning smile of God.

CHARLES H. A. ESLING.

CHARLES HENRY AUGUSTINE ESLING is one of those rare poets who can afford to write only when they will. Fortunately placed in life, born in the center of the aristocratic and scholarly circle of the most conservative of cities, he has no incentive to write, except that of giving pleasure to his friends or of conquering some high peak of poetic thought, from whence, like the hero of Keats' famous sonnet, he could look on the plains beneath; consequently, there is a flavor—half quaintly Elizabethan, half boldly modern, about Mr. Esling's verse.

Mr. Esling was born on January 21, 1845. He comes of one of the oldest Catholic families of the United States, on both the paternal and maternal sides. Unlike Swinburne, who likewise was born of a lineage of Catholics, Mr. Esling is true to all the traditions of his family through six generations of American Catholicism. If his religious restraint has toned down and made reticent his passionate utterances, they have gained in power and lost nothing in richness of color. Mr. Esling has received high honors from the Pope, and he numbers among his friends some of the most amiable, clever, and highly-connected Italians, whose acquaintance he made during an official visit to Rome in 1877. Singularly enough in these days of overwrought *technique*, he has never given way to the literary prejudice which condones weakness of thought for the sake of polished expression.

Mr. Esling leads a busy life. He is a lawyer of prominence, a scholar, a fine linguist and a careful collector of historical data touching on the history of the Catholic Church in America. He is a member of several of the learned societies and clubs, including the University Club, in which, as a Master of Arts and Bachelor of Laws of two of the oldest and most respected colleges in the country, he holds an honored place. He was also co-founder and first president of the "Pegasus," a poet's club of Philadelphia. Interested in athletics, an accomplished oarsman and equestrian, one can trace in the many interests of his everyday life the versatility so evident and so charming in his poems and lectures. He is still a young man, and therefore one may expect from him in the future the fulfillment of many promises. If Mr. Esling had been born in any other city, if he had been less permeated by the atmosphere of the most conventional and aristocratic of towns, if he were more of a Bohemian and less a man of a small and exclusive set, he might have given us a fervent pæan, instead of decorous though beautiful *epithalamium*, "Hymen's

Harvest," war songs, instead of sonorous fugues.
But we cannot change our poets or our times, so let
us be content with the good "the gods provide."

M. F. E.

A GREETING.

WHEN Summer stood full-robed in bloom
Across the sunlit seas you sped,
And left a legacy of gloom
As all her gladness with you fled.

While changeful Autumn walked the glades
We pensive watched for your return,
Hope's lights and disappointment's shades
Bid Autumn reign o'er hearts that yearn.

And lo, beside our Christmas hearth
Stark winter sat in blank despair,
Despoiled of half her festal mirth
For want of your bright presence there.

But now, with birds on home-bent wing,
You've come athwart the storm-girt main,
Like those joy-harbingers who bring
Sweet Springtime to our hearts again.

And as of old, for exiled John,
The book mysterious seven-sealed
Was ope'd, and its bright pages on
Trans-cloudland glories were revealed.

So unto you from friends and home
In sadness severed have been broke
The mystic seals of Europe's tome,
Whose glories through space misty woke.

And as around this festal board
We meet to give you greeting back,
And take you to our hearts restored,
Safe from the snares of ocean's track.

We pledge you with wine-reddened lip,
That not more gaily o'er the deep
Danced on your homeward-bounding ship,
Than to our tongues our welcomes leap.

And as you tell us leaf by leaf,
Your rich apocalyptic tale,
Will not its beauties for the grief
Of weary wailing months avail?

Just as these rosy-crowned hours
That flit along like pranksome elves,

Bespeak, by all their genial powers,
The joy you've brought our sadder selves.

Then be, our meeting here to-night,
A pledge of that which on time's shore
Our hearts and souls shall re-unite,
Where words of parting sound no more;

When through life's clouds rolled as a scroll
A scene of fadeless gladness breaks,
And to each weary pilgrim soul
The vision of his true home wakes.

SHERIDAN.

I.

BLOW bugles of sorrow! blow taps of the night!
Blow sweetly, blow softly as wavelets of light;
Beside the tomb's portals lies splintered pride's
lance;
Rust cankers the sword of the meteor glance;
The eagle whose wing could defeat to earth dash
As he soared 'mid the battle clouds' thunder and
flash,
Over carnage that seethed,
To gaze with full eye upon victory's sun,
An arrow doth smite from his glory-lit height:
The lord of the fight
By Death is undone.

II.

Blow clarions of triumph! blow music's delight!
Blow gladly, blow madly as when in the fight
At Five Forks to combat he tiger-like sprang,
Or as by when redeemed Shenandoah ye rang,
For the pale steed's dark rider, grim Death is
unhorsed
And our hero's brave soul from his grasp is uncoursed
As a sabre unsheathed:
The ghouls of the grave to their dust he doth run,
He rises in might from mortality's plight,
He faces God's light,
Life's battle is won.

TO ANNETTA.

ONE day, all satiate with sport,
Of piercing hearts unto their marrow,
Cupid, asleep in Sylvan Court,
Awoke and missed both bow and arrow.

Then in commingled grief and rage
He roamed as far as e'er love's star gets,

And for a while earth owned an age
Of unpierced hearts, love's virgin targets.

But o'er his path Annetta trips;
A vision of lost treasures flashes—
His ruby bow,—her arching lips,
His quivered darts,—her trembling lashes.

PAESTUM.

I.

HERE still with Art's majestic tone
Resounds the hymn of praise to Thee,
As once in ancient Poseidon,
Lord of yon molten turquoise sea,
Great trident-bearer of the main,
Or Zeus of the starry loft,
Or Ceres of the waving plain,
While roses wafted incense soft.

II.

The temples now in ruins stand,
The roses long have gone to dust,
The ferns have plinth and cornice spanned,
Keeping the perished roses' trust.
The lizard darts where stood the priest,
The drooping palm-tree breaks the blue,
Cicada chirps, the wild herds feast,
Where dancing vestals garlands threw.

III.

Yet still with Art's inspired tone
These ruins echo praise to Thee,
On Heaven's sapphire trumpet blown,
Lord of the sky, the earth, the sea:
While yonder sweet Salernian shore
Sings bygone myths and glories past,
The fane may fall, the rite be o'er,
But Thou, Art's God, the same doth last.

QUATRAIN.

DRINK in, my soul, without alloy,
Fair summer's music, grace and glow,
Amid this harvest-tide of joy
No tares of grief must grow.

STRAWBERRIES.

Go into the garden, faint hearted,
And lifting each delicate vine,
See how 'neath the covering leaflets
The crimsoning strawberries shine.
—*The Strawberry Storm.*

HATTIE T. GRISWOLD.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD was born in the city of Boston in the year 1842. Her parents removed to the West in an early day, where she was married to Eugene S. Griswold in 1863. She has been a contributor to periodical literature since early youth, being a favorite protegee of N. P. Willis and George D. Prentice, in the palmy days of the *Home Journal* and *Louisville Courier*. She has published three volumes, one a book of poems entitled, "Apple Blossoms," "The Home Life of Great Authors," a very successful series of short biographies, and a story for girls, called "Waiting on Destiny." Her favorite field now is prose, and her usual medium of communication the *Chicago Tribune*, though she writes stories and poems occasionally for different periodicals.

Some years ago a song appeared in an American periodical entitled "Under the Daisies." It was extracted from its source by numerous newspapers throughout the country, but unfortunately the name of its author was not given. In this wise it was copied by almost the entire press of America and England, and became immensely popular. Conjectures were made as to its authorship, and query editors of newspapers and magazines were appealed to. But the authorship of the poem had been lost, and it was in this uncredited state that it fell under the attention of Mr. Harrison Millard, the composer, who in turn set it to music. As a ballad it renewed its popularity. It later transpires that the authorship of the song belonged to Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold. The discovery was brought to the attention of Mr. Millard, who wrote the author assuring her that thereafter her name would be attached to the ballad in all subsequent editions or forms in which it might be issued. N. L. M.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

I HAVE just been learning the lesson of life,
The sad, sad lesson of loving,
And all of its power for pleasure and pain
Been slowly, sadly proving;
And all that is left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid—
A coffin under the daisies;
The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
The snowy, snowy daisies.

And thus forever throughout the world
Is love a sorrow proving;

There's many a sad, sad thing in life,
 But the saddest of all is loving.
 Life often divides far wider than death;
 Stern fortune the high wall raises,
 But better far than two hearts estranged
 Is a low grave starred with daisies;
 The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
 The snowy, snowy daisies.

And so I am glad that we lived as we did,
 Through the summer of love together,
 And that one of us wearied, lay down to rest,
 Ere the coming on winter weather;
 For the sadness of love is love grown cold,
 And 'tis one of its surest phases;
 So I bless my God, with a breaking heart,
 For that grave enstarred with daisies;
 The beautiful, beautiful daisies,
 The snowy, snowy daisies.

WE'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW.

WE'LL bear our burden as we may,
 Nor wish it were some other;
 We'll trust and look to God alway,
 And strive to aid a brother.
 For starless though it be, how short
 This voyage of our sorrow;
 The storms but drive us into port,—
 We're going home to-morrow.

CHORUS.

We're going home, no more to roam,
 No more to sin and sorrow;
 No more to wear the brow of care—
 We're going home to-morrow.

Dear Heaven, fill with mercies still
 The cup our lips are pressing;
 We do not know if weal or woe,
 Would be the greater blessing;
 For very near, when all is drear,
 Is he whose strength we borrow;
 Adown life's west, how bright the rest,
 We're going home to-morrow.

For weary feet, there waits a street
 Of wondrous pave and golden;
 For hearts that ache, the angels wake
 The story, sweet and olden;
 For those who sleep, and those who weep
 Above the portals narrow,
 The mansions rise above the skies,—
 We're going home to-morrow.

THE MAIDEN'S OFFERING.

"WHAT shall I lay on the altar-shrine,
 For the land where darkness reigneth?
 Across the billows are those who pine
 For Bread of Life, for the Word divine,
 And the love of Christ constraineth.

"What shall I give that my Lord will own,
 And will bless to their salvation?
 What precious thing that is mine alone?"
 A prayer went up to the great white throne,—
 Or a thought of imploration.

Only a moment her heart rebelled,
 As its inner depth uncloses;
 For yearnings fond in her bosom swelled
 For shores that a father's ashes held,
 For the shadowed land of Roses.

"Thine, Thine, dear Lord," was the murmur low,
 And the spirit-strife was ended.
 The pale cheek flushed with a stranger glow,
 The smile illuming the brow of snow,
 Was a beam from heav'n descended.

Her locks were shorn, and the price in gold
 Of that wondrous crown of glory,
 Bore precious tidings of love untold,
 Of mansions blest of the upper fold,
 And the sweet and olden story.

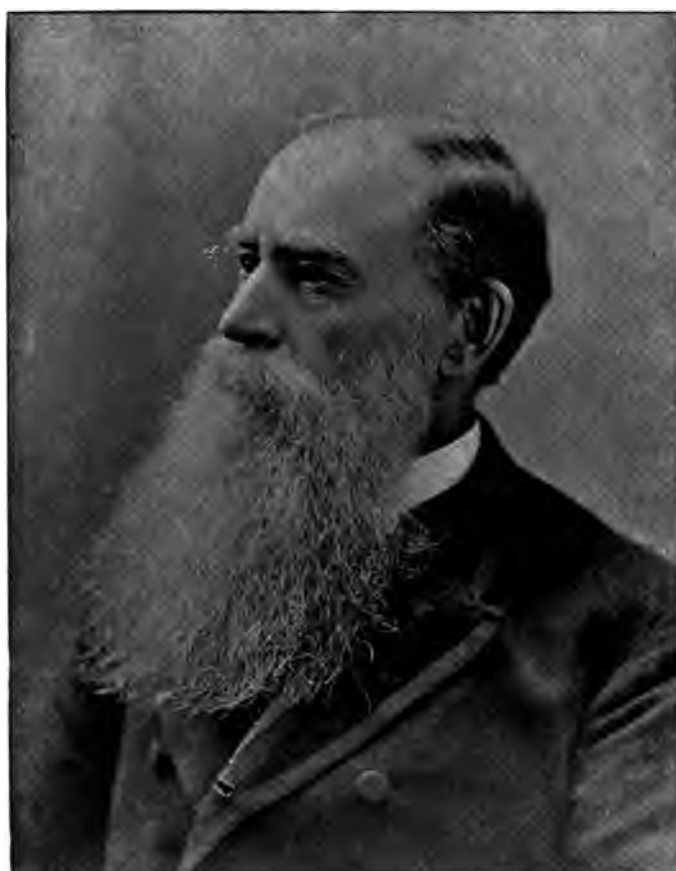
A LIVING SORROW.

THEY pressed the sculptured lids
 Down o'er the violet eyes,
 Still and composed she rested
 Beneath the pitying skies;
 And then they turned away
 From a sorrow cold and dead,
 To face again a living woe,
 And a deathless death instead.

Tears for the dead were few,
 And tears for the dead were sweet;
 Time dropped its healing balm
 Till comfort was complete.
 But the living sorrow staid,
 And the living sorrow grew,
 The years though many were vain,
 It lasted a whole life through.

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ART OF PROOF AND
TECHNICAL INFORMATION



George Martin.

CREEDS AND DEEDS.

I ASKED my neighbor what he thought
Of God. He looked me o'er and o'er,
Then answered, "God I must esteem,
Unknowable forevermore."

I saw my neighbor in the dusk
Steal forth, and stand with upturned face;
The glinting stars showed me a soul
That worshiped, though but empty space.

I asked my neighbor what he thought
Of Christ. He said, "Christ was a man
Like to the rest of us; no God I see
Forth-shadowed in his life's brief span."

I saw my neighbor in the haunts
With vice and shame and misery fraught,
With spotless hands and holy zeal
Doing the things that Christ had taught.

I asked my neighbor what he thought
Of Heaven. He said, "Heaven is a dream,
As the mere foolishness of man,
Thoughts of another world I deem."

I saw my neighbor planning out
Large charities, from whose success
The coming years had most to gain,
When he was dead the world to bless.

Then said I, "Neighbor, what you think
With your cool head, I know in part,
But care not, for I now have found
What you think of them with your heart.

"And you may foster as you will,
Your unbelief in all the creeds,
So that you keep your faith still strong,
In the great Gospel of Good Deeds.

"And out of this, perchance, at length
A higher hope and trust may spring,
Of your life's work the glorious end,
Its crowning growth and blossoming."

EXPRESSION.

WE sigh in vain to utter
The song no soul can sing,
Vainly life's prisoned music
Beats on each sounding string.
But if our souls could sing now,
The song that in them dwells,
Back of that a deeper one
Would press from hidden wells.

GEORGE MARTIN.

FOR more than thirty years the name of George Martin has been familiar to the lovers of poetry in Canada. Some of his most characteristic pieces were given to the world in the Rev. Dr. Dewar's collection, published in 1863. For years before that date he had contributed from time to time to the Montreal press, and his verse had always attracted attention for its characteristic vigor and charm—the vigor of a strongly marked individuality, at once deep and broad, and the charm of thoughts that "voluntarily move harmonious numbers." He was still a boy in his native land when he first discovered the secret of the Muse's power. In an eloquent plea for peace and good will between the two races on whose coöperation the prosperity of Ireland depends, where George MacCarthy says that "there is scarcely an Irishman of Celtic name, a Maguire or an O'Donohue or a Sullivan without some Saxon or Norman lineage; scarcely a Butt or a Martin, a Smyth, a Shaw or a Daunt whose Saxon or Norman blood has not had a Celtic intermingling." Mr. Martin is, however, of that Ulster stock which is more Scottish than Irish, to which Burns speaks a language more intelligible than that of Moore or Davis or Mangan. Mr. Martin was born near Kilrea, in the county Derry, Ireland, in the year 1822, and when he was ten years old emigrated with his family and settled on a farm in Upper Canada. Finding life in the bush lacking in opportunities for intellectual development, the poet crossed over to the States, and, after some preliminary wandering, entered the Black River Institute at Watertown, N. Y. With what assiduity the young aspirant gave himself up to his studies, those who have the privilege of his acquaintance need not be told. He learned the rare art of thinking for himself, without which the taste for promiscuous reading is more a drawback than an advantage. He first chose medicine as his calling, but after a couple of years abandoned it for photography, to which he devoted himself for more than thirty years. In 1852 he went to Montreal, where he has ever since resided. His skill, diligence and genial manners soon brought him plenty of custom, and having a family to provide for, he did not think it prudent to make what William Cullen Bryant calls the poet's vow of poverty. In 1866 he engaged in mercantile pursuits which he relinquished eight years ago. His sons have succeeded him in his earlier business which (partly under his direction) has undergone considerable enlargement. If Mr. Martin has been prosperous in his undertakings, he has been still more blessed in his home. He has

the priceless boon of a devoted and accomplished wife, and, if he has not escaped the ills that flesh is heir to, he has in sons that venerate him and grandchildren that he adores (of whom "Georgie" and "Ethel" are not unknown to fame) a companionship that never tires. It has been said that "a man that hath friends must show himself friendly," and Mr. Martin fulfills the counsel of the ancient sages. To Charles Heavyside he was a friend in need, having generously postponed the publication of his own poems to enable the long-neglected author of "Saul" to bring out a second edition of his great drama. Nor is this the only instance that could be mentioned of his kindly, self-sacrificing nature. In 1887 he carried out his long-cherished purpose of issuing a volume of his poems, "Marguerite, or the Isle of Demons." Of one thing there can be no doubt—that Mr. Martin is a true poet and a true man. Since the publication of his book he has written a number of poems, one of which, "Georgie," has attained a deserved popularity, and in none of them is there any sign of weakening; rather the tendency is still upward.

J. R.

IN THE WOODS OF ST. LEON.

LET who will sing of cities grand,
Give me the woods, the endless shade
Of trees on which no man e'er laid
A ruthless hand.

What peace, what blissful quietude
The rustle of these polished leaves
Around my dreamy spirit weaves
In this green wood!

Why have I fretted so and striven
In populous towns among my kind,
Where men, who think they see, are blind
And prate of heaven?

Here in this forest breathing spice,
And love-lorn odors, born of flowers
That woo me to their secret bowers,
Is paradise.

The droning of the humble-bee,
The sighing of the wind that stirs
These pine-tops and aspiring firs,
Bring joy to me.

Stretched on this knoll of soft brown spines,
Let me life's true elixir drink,
Nor even tax myself to think,
Till day declines.

SUPERSTITION.

O SUPERSTITION, could the world behold
Thy wrinkled visage,—worshiped as thou art,
Not all the pomp of earth, nor all its gold
Could purchase for thee one devoted heart;
The sons of science, eloquently bold,
Have felt the strokes of thy unsparing dart,
And knaves despotic, kneeling at thy shrines,
Have made thy slaves the tools of their designs.

To science turn; she cultivates the rough
And barren regions of the savage mind.
Her lore is not the visionary stuff
Of gloomy monks; blind leaders of the blind.
Her ways are mild and beautiful enough
To melt the rigor of a heart unkind,
Her truths are diamonds, such as will endure
Throughout all ages, palpable and sure.

MAIDEN LONGINGS.

SITTING, thinking, all alone,
Listening to the beetle's drone,
And the night-hawk's monotone;
Sitting, sighing, thus alone,
How my heart is longing!

Yet I could not tell you why
Tears will gather in my eye
When the night-winds tread the sky;
No, I could not answer why,
Or for what I'm longing.

Solemn as the rapid's roar,
Sounding on my native shore,
Is my heart's dream evermore;
Oh! for some old wizard's lore
To ease this weary longing.

Vague the cause that moves me so;—
Is it love? Ah no! no! no!
It can't be love that shakes me so,
When the stars in regal show
Around their Queen are thronging.

KEATS.

FULL late in life I found thee, glorious Keats!
Some chance-blown verse had visited my ear
And careless eye, once in some sliding year,
Like some fair-plumaged bird one rarely meets.

And when it came that o'er thy page I bent,
A sudden gladness smote upon my blood;—
Wonder and joy, an aromatic flood,
Distilled from an enchanted firmament.

And on this flood I floated, hours and hours,
Unconscious of the world's perplexing din,
Its blackened crust of misery and sin,
Rocked in a shallop of elysian flowers.

* * * * *
Oh, had I missed this Hippocrene, and slept
Without full measure of the choicest draught
That ever mortal man' divinely quaffed,
What depths of bliss the gods from me had kept!

LOVE.

O Love! thou art the soul's fixed star, whose light—
A rapture felt through all the rolling years,—
Absorbs with silent touch the mourner's tears,
A guide, a glory through our mortal night;—
All other passions, be they dark or bright,
All high desires are but thy subject spheres,
And captive servitors, whose pathway veers,
Obedient to thine all-pervading might.

—*Sonnet.*

DOUBT.

Doubt if thou wilt, but reverently,
And heed not what the owls may say,
Who from their gloomy perch give out
That Sin is foster-child of Doubt.
Doubt is the silent needful night,
The womb of intellectual might;
But who can wisely choose to dwell
Forever in that darksome shell?

—*The Hawk and the Sparrow.*

SYMPATHY.

The night was as calm as a child's first prayer,
And we did not venture one word to speak
Till we entered the path of the cool green wood,
And felt in our whispering hearts it was good,
For thee and me to be there.

—*The Woodland Walk.*

HATE.

Better excessive love than hate,
Save hate of hell.

—*Marguerite.*

MOTHERHOOD.

'Twas thus a new revelation came,
A something out of nothingness,

To which we gave the simple name
Of Lua. O, the first caress
A mother to her first-born gives!—
Methinks the angels must confess,
Through all the after ages' lives,
An influence so pure and holy,
That human hearts, the proud and lowly,
Are touched thereby. I kissed, and kissed
My pretty babe, and through the mist
Of happy tears upon it gazed
In silent thankfulness, and praised
The Empress of the skies, whose grace
Had glorified that humble place.

—*Ibid.*

DESTINY.

And if we loved to an excess
In many a long involved caress,
O think how we were cribbed and bound.—
Lush nature and necessity,
As witnessed by the Saints above,
In one delicious circle wove
The pulsings of our destiny.

—*Ibid.*

SCOTLAND.

Old Scotia! Though they never more
May stand upon thy rugged shore,—
The lofty fame which thou hast won,
The daring deeds thy sons have done,
Thy storied glens, and streams, and heights,
Where heroes fought for freeman's rights,
And stubborn as the will of fate,
Maintained their independent state,—
These, feeding still their patriot fire,
Will never let the flame expire;
And when, beneath a foreign sky,
Some home-nursed trifle meets the eye,—
A simple bluebell from the glen
Where trod the feet of "Cameron men,"
Or white-cheeked daisy from the braes
Where Burns exhaled his thrilling lays;—
A sigh will rise, a tear will start,
And every prompting of the heart,
Though half the globe should intervene,
Will teach them evermore, I ween,
To meet and hold their Hallowe'en.

—*Hallowe'en in Canada.*

AMERICAN FLAG.

I love the flag, because it flings
Defiance in the face of kings,
While Liberty expands her wings
To crown the world's desire.

—*The Crisis.*

ELLA DIETZ CLYMER.

ELLA MARIA DIETZ CLYMER is best known to the American public as the fifth president of Sorosis, a leading member of the Advisory Board of "The Federation of Clubs," vice-president of the "National Council of Women," a writer of poems and songs, an instructor in elocution and dramatic art, and a much-sought-for reader and recitationist for charitable entertainments. To the English public she is also well known for her histrionic abilities, having between the years of 1874 and 1881 acted leading roles in over thirty plays, beside many minor parts, in London and the provinces, and won the commendation of both landscape and portrait painters by her skill with the pencil and brush. It is not to the public, however, but to her women friends that the biographer of Ella Dietz Clymer should apply for eulogy. "*She was the loveliest woman ever seen!*" exclaimed one of her fellow-members of Sorosis, "when she married Edward Clymer (brother of Congressman Clymer of Pennsylvania), a man of wealth who had worshiped her since her early girlhood. She was only seventeen then. Just imagine her soulful eyes, a complexion with the tints of a sea-shell, and golden-brown hair rippling in a mantle of curls about a perfectly moulded form: then you have an idea of Ella Dietz as she looked twenty years ago."

Born in New York City, when the little brick house in Twenty-fourth street was considered "uptown," and Murray Hill was a wilderness of rock and greensward, she longed during her childhood for that unrestricted communion with Nature which the country gives. This desire was gratified by four or five years' residence on the banks of the Hudson. Here her delicate physique was invigorated and her genius awakened. Joyous, songful, artistic and beautiful, she became the center of attraction to the large circle of relatives and friends. Here her dramatic tendencies were displayed and poetic fancies began to take shape, while the rich, sweet voice evinced power sufficient to win a place among the vocalists of her time. On the death of her father she felt it incumbent upon her to return to her city home and assist her mother in her school, the first kindergarten ever established in New York. She ardently desired to adopt the stage for her career, but being strongly opposed she yielded to her mother's desire and began studying drawing and painting instead, with vocal culture. Apparently equally fitted for an artistic, a literary, or a dramatic career, all that was chivalrous in her nature sprang to the defense of the much maligned drama. Combining in a unique manner the qualities of a reformer and an artist, her ethical

ideal sought the form of expression which would give fullest scope to her genius and sense of justice.

Her early marriage changed the course of her life, and domestic duties, mingled with travel at home and abroad, occupied the next few years, while her winters were passed in studying with the best masters of drawing, elocution and music. After the birth of her only child changing circumstances made her face the necessity of choosing a profession and she resolved to overcome all opposition and adopt the profession of a dramatic artist. Studying at the "Theatre Francois and the Conservatoire," in Paris, acting at the "Hay-Market" in London, and starring in the provinces, Mrs. Clymer toiled to attain her ideal in dramatic expression, translating and adapting plays, some of which were produced by a company of her own organizing and training. Never losing sight of the supreme idea for which she had sacrificed the approval of those most dear, she, in 1880, helped to form "The Church and Stage Guild," a society which asserts the right of these two powers to aid each other in elevating and enlightening humanity, deprecating the unjust prejudice against dramatic representation. In 1878 her first volume of poems, "The Triumph of Love," appeared in London. It was well received by the English press. "The Triumph of Time" and "The Triumph of Life" soon followed.

Aside from the physical charm Nature has bestowed upon Mrs. Clymer, there is a serenity and sincerity of spirit which is perhaps her greatest attraction, and which undoubtedly creates that mental equipoise which is the source of her power. As a presiding officer we doubt if Mrs. Clymer has a superior, her executive ability being repeatedly tested. The first of women's clubs, Sorosis, of which she was an incorporator, and an officer during seven of the twenty-three years of its existence, desired to retain her services as president, but her fragile health demanded rest. She was, however, unanimously chosen first vice-president and presented with a Sorosis badge set with diamonds in token of the appreciation of the club for the services rendered. Generous Nature withheld the blessing of robust health, else the world would know more of the work of Ella Dietz Clymer, whose dramatic and literary fame has heretofore been won under her maiden name of Ella Dietz. A. C. J.

THE MAGIC BARK.

"I will sing a new song which resounds in my breast."

BUILD me a bark, love, that we may sail
Over the seas to the island of Light;

Build me a bark that shall stand every gale,
Swift as a white-winged bird in its flight;
Love, let us sail!

Strong slender masts of the tall northern trees,
White curving sails blown out by the wind,
Cleaving the tempest a bright bird that flees,
And leaves the old world and its darkness behind,
And sails with love's breeze!

Free as the ocean, we know not nor care
Whither, for somewhere the new country lies
Waiting our coming, a continent fair,
Whose plains, hills, and rivers shall greet our
glad eyes.
Salt winds, blow us there!

The new land of freedom, the birthplace of song,
Where the weak may find shelter, the weary find
rest,
Where new lusty life replaces old wrong,
And the joy of creation makes labor seem blest,
The salt wind blows strong!

We stand once again 'neath the old virgin trees,
We watch the Aurora's bright gleams of strange
light;
The long grasses wave on the wide prairie seas,
The old earth beneath, and above broods the
night,
Blow, blow, southern breeze!

O Nature! our Mother, we rocked on thy breast,
Have found the lost secret that all men may win,
The fountain of life, and the garden of rest;
We banish the curse when we banish our sin:
Blow, blow, breezes blest!

Our feet to the earth, and our souls to the skies
Primeval, co-equal, eternal we stand,
The truths of all ages lie hid in thine eyes,
And heaven's between us when hand clasps
hand.
O south wind, arise!

Blow winds from the east, or blow winds from the
west,
Come day or come night, and the seasons that
change,
The spring brings the leaf, and the bird builds her
nest,
The new waxes old, and the old waxes strange,
But all winds blow rest!

Yea; rest to the hearts that have drunk deep of love,
When the twain halves are melted in circles com-
plete,

And ascend in a widening spiral: the Dove
Doth descend upon them, and earth heaven doth
greet,
Blow, winds from above!

MYSTICAL DEATH.

A LITTLE while to love,
A little while to lie
Upon thy breast, then O my dove!
To lie alone and die.

A little while to smile,
A little while to sleep,
Upon thy breast a little while
And then long days to weep.

Look long in loving eyes,
Caress the flower-like face,
For parting comes, and death's surprise
Must unlock love's embrace.

The winds the waters move,
And like the wind's low sigh
Is fleeting life, and O my love!
Death will not pass us by!

A fluttering of the heart,
A quivering of the breath,
Then peace serene in every part:
Belovèd, this is death.

An aching of the heart,
A long and weary strife;
Swift tears that tell of sudden smart:
Belovèd, this is life.

I shall not suffer, sweet,
When body is laid low,
One long straight line from head to feet,
And shroud as white as snow.

I shall not suffer much
When tired heart will not beat
But dream of thine awakening touch,
And all thy kisses sweet.

Pour oil upon my head,
Anoint me for the grave,
Nor grieve for me when I am dead,
For God hath power to save.

From death He calls forth life,
In life He asks for death,
And His the peace, and His the strife,
The life-blood and the breath.

THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

I STAND between two lives, a life that's gone,
 A life that's dead, yet died to live again;
 O unforgotten joys, remembered pain!
 Feed all my years with memory alone.
 Flow hidden tears, and sorrows deep atone,
 For that dear past is dead whom grief hath slain,
 Yet green the grave where love so long hath lain,
 And roses bloom above one time-washed stone.
 O days and months and years that are to be,
 What gifts bring ye, sad fruits of grief and toil?
 What treasures from the unrelenting sea?
 Heap high your riches, yield the victor spoil.
 Lo! at the grave of love on bended knee
 I pour as incense all my precious oil.

EASTER MONDAY.

FAIR are the lilies far away
 That bloom in the Holy land;
 There shimmering fields of flowers display
 The cunning workman's hand.
 Bright are the varied rainbow hues
 As lustre of metals, the faint steel blues
 Quiver in sunlight, like gauzy wings
 Of myriad insects; the light breeze sings
 A low love-song as it passes by,
 Waving the flowers with its melody.

Fair are the fields where the lilies grow
 Tall and white in the golden sun;
 A fountain of gardens is there I know;
 Oh! to that land could my swift feet run.
 Then would a thousand gardens bloom—
 Roses and lilies, whose sweet perfume
 Would fill the air with its fragrant breath,
 Till we drank life in and defied grim Death;
 Blessings of corn and oil and wine,
 Flow in the land of the Man Divine.

There would I fain my vineyard keep,
 The tender grapes give a goodly smell;
 There would I pasture my Father's sheep,
 Draw the water from Jacob's well.
 O hills and vales of my heart's lost home,
 When shall thine exile cease to roam?
 Land of my Fathers! dear land most fair,
 Laden with spice is thy balmy air;
 When shall mine eyes thy green pastures see,
 Drinking the joy of thy liberty?

Yea pasture thy sheep on our Father's hills
 Brother, my brother from days of old;

The blood is stirred and the new life thrills
 With rapture unspoken, with bliss untold.
 Figs and pomegranates my garden yields;
 And wells of water in cool green fields,
 Are places of rest, and the stranger's way
 Is gladdened; O brother make no delay,
 Let us journey thither, yea Zion's song
 Shall lead us onward and make us strong.

PURIFICATION.

I DO not ask to stand within thy sight,
 O my beloved, as I once have stood,
 Holding thy love—crown of my womanhood,
 And clothed with woven wonders of delight;
 I would not wield my scepter, if I might,
 Commanding thee to see only my good;
 Nor feed thee now with that supernal food
 Grown where celestial day absorbs the night;
 Nay, now my soul must dwell in valleys low
 Till purging fires do cleanse away its stains,
 While ceaseless tears, that like sad rivers flow,
 Bring penitence and its strong healing pains;
 My darkest sin I there shall learn to know,
 And from what pit my soul its heaven regains.

CREATION.

THOU wert created first, and I from thee:
 As 'twas of old in the primeval man,
 So now by the new type doth nature plan
 To work her will through us unconsciously.
 What thou hast lost thou find'st again in me,
 And in my being thou thyself may'st scan.
 I was within thee ere thy life began,
 And what thou art, look in my face and see,
 Soul of thy soul I am, heart of thy heart:
 Let not the fire upon the altar perish:
 High Priest art thou, and I thy counterpart,
 The Temple of the Lord; and thou should'st cherish
 And keep the holy place, where the bright flame
 Consumes the sacrifice—reveals His Name.

LOVE'S STRENGTH.

I SOMETIMES feel that I am strong to bear
 All things, beloved one, for thy dear sake,
 Even to stand aside and see thee take
 Blessings from other hands—to see thee wear
 A crown not of my weaving: if thou dare
 To enter hell, my faith it will not shake.

Brave all temptations, they I know but make
 More resolute thy will, thy soul more fair.
 When thou hast searched the universe all through,
 And failed alone to find the central thought,
 Watch where the needle points,—'twill lead thee
 true:
 Gain thou this knowledge howe'er dearly bought,
 That thou the whole art powerless to construe,
 Until by thine own centre thou art taught.

SONG.

O TOUCH me not, unless thy soul
 Can claim my soul as thine;
 Give me no earthly flowers that fade,
 No love, but love divine:
 For I gave thee immortal flowers,
 That bloomed serene in heavenly bowers.

Look not with favor on my face,
 Nor answer my caress,
 Unless my soul have first found grace
 Within thy sight; express
 Only the truth, though it should be
 Cold as the ice on northern sea.

O never speak of love to me,
 Unless thy heart can feel
 That in the face of Deity
 Thou wouldst that love reveal:
 For God is love, and His bright law
 Should find our hearts without one flaw.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

In the dark night forth going,
 Whither my soul and where?
 Whither and where not knowing,
 Forth on the storm-filled air,
 Forth on the airy ocean;
 Alone, O my soul! wilt thou dare
 To brave the wild wind's dread commotion,
 The darkening gloom of despair?

Forth in the darkness lonely,
 Lone on the open sea,
 With thee, O my soul! thee only,
 Sailing the ether free;
 While the winds of the night are raving,
 And the stars have hid their light,

I with my soul am braving
 The gloom of the deep black night.

I GAVE THEE JEWELS.

I GAVE thee jewels, priceless jewels set
 In a crown of gold; I gave thee blooming flowers,
 Plucked in an eastern land from sacred bowers;
 I gave thee love; that love can'st thou forget?
 Can'st thou wipe out the day our spirits met?
 Resign the throne and crown that once was ours?
 Yield up thy freedom to earth's tyrannous powers?
 Obliterate thy love and thy regret?
 Yea, thou hast left me; only in my dreams
 Do I behold the wonder of thy face,
 Across my cloudy sky thy spirit gleams,
 A haunting shadow in a lonely place,
 Pale as still waters lit by moon's pale beams,
 Silent as wings that flying leave no trace.

SYMPATHY.

I heard the deep low calling unto deep,
 I gazed above and saw the starry lyre,
 The constellations set, the crown of fire,
 The deep blue of night's sky, the blue of seas,
 The radiance of the moon, and heard the breeze
 Sobbing through tall straight pines; my being
 yearned
 To clasp this beauteous life; my pulses burned
 To sing again some sweet forgotten strain;
 To hear some voice echo my heart's refrain;
 This longing was the pain within my bliss,
 This was the thorn that grew 'neath every rose,
 This was the aching cord I could not miss,
 The dream that ever held me from repose.

—*The Triumph of Love.*

DEATH.

Ah! well-a-day, so soon to say farewell
 To the sad lips that answer not again;
 Does she not hear? Alas! she cannot tell,
 She will not speak to us of joy or pain,
 She will not speak, she will not breathe or sigh;
 We call in vain, the dead make no reply;
 They feel no sun, they feel no falling rain.
 We stand and weep by them a little while,
 Then in the cold dark earth we lay away
 The face that cannot weep but only smile,
 Waiting the coming of perpetual day.

—*The Cross.*

LUCY M. HEWLINGS.

LUCY M. HEWLINGS, whose maiden name was Woodward, was born in Massachusetts, of good old Puritan stock. Her ancestors, both paternal and maternal, emigrated from England in 1630. Some of their descendants were officers in the war of the Revolution, in the war of 1812, and also in the Mexican war. Lucy was next to the eldest of a family of nine children, and the eldest dying, the usual lot in families of moderate circumstances fell upon her, and to her younger brothers and sisters she gave almost parental care and affection. She early manifested a deep religious and poetic temperament. Poetry was her favorite study. The works of the great masters became familiar characters. Gifted by nature with acute perceptive faculties, knowledge came almost by inspiration. Articles from her pen, both of prose and poetry, were published before she was fifteen in local and many other papers, periodicals, magazines, etc. Very few of these writings or others that were published later were preserved. As a scholar she was considered one of the best in her class, and it was her ambition to become a teacher, but an early marriage prevented its fulfillment. She early became interested in the temperance cause, prison reform, anti-slavery, question of universal freedom, suffrage, and kindred subjects, identifying herself with them all, and in every possible way aiding and using her influence, writing and speaking publicly, as occasion demanded. Her husband, Henry Granger, and two sons were in the late war for the Union. Mr. Granger and oldest son were slain, and of the six children born to her, only one is now living. While the war was raging she wrote a lecture on "The Golden Age, or Era of Peace," and delivered it in many places with much success. She has visited inebriate homes, asylums, and prisons, in the interest of temperance and reform. She has also done commendable work as an agent and speaker for the American Home Bible Society. After her second marriage, to the Rev. George Robert Hewlings, D. D., she entered heart and soul with him into work connected with the Christian ministry. After his death and for the last decade she has resided at Atchison, Kan. In religion, she is liberal, progressive, tolerant. Amiable in disposition, affectionate, with a heart of sympathy for the sorrows of others, possessing a spirit of sublime self-sacrifice, she is now standing on the border-land of seventy, with clear memory and intellectual faculties unimpaired. And of a truth it may be written of her, that for the relief of suffering, for the suppression of evil, for the winning

of souls from sin to righteousness, for the advancement of every good cause in this world of error, "She hath done what she could." T. R. W.

THANKSGIVING.

As a flower from the sod looks up
To greet the gladsome light
That fills with fragrance its gay cup,
And makes its petals bright;
So may our hearts look up to Thee,
Oh God, our sun, our spring!
And every grateful faculty
To Thee its glad song sing!

For tables bountifully spread,
For homes, and hearts that love,
For every good that crowns our head,
For hopes that lure above;
For all the streams of good that flow
Down from Thy distant rills,
We thank Thee; for they come, we know,
From Thine eternal hills.

We thank Thee for the friends still ours;
We thank Thee none the less
For those we've had, although their powers
Our lives no longer bless.
For like a meteor in the sky,
Though they have gone from sight,
Their passing trail still greets the eye,
And makes our night-sky bright.

Teach us to hear the songs of life;
Teach us to see its beauty;
Oh make us manly in its strife,
Nor ever deaf to duty.
And since whate'er we have was given,
And still by right is Thine,
Teach us that earth is likest heaven
Through charity divine.

HEROES.

Welcome the power that after long years
Cements broken links in time's chain,
Helps us to see, through the rainbow of tears,
Restored to the ranks of the slain,
Heroes who battled for freedom and truth,
Daring dangers and righting foul wrong,
Now all clothed anew, in eternal youth,
Shout anthems of Freedom's glad song.

—After Long Years.

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A. A. Sherman

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AUGUSTUS A. COLEMAN.

AUGUSTUS AURELIUS COLEMAN is one of our most finished poets. So exquisite is his verse that it seems to belong to the polished age of Pope and Dryden, rather than to this hurried, restless day of ours. His muse relies, for her own delectation and the enchantment of others, upon beauty of thought, the true strength of poetic ideas, and not upon mere quaintness of versification or deft imitation of the popular Provencal methods. It is a matter for regret that many of Judge Coleman's most charming verses will never meet the public eye; these,—bright pictures of passing events, touches on local celebrities, sketches of evanescent moods,—are read and treasured by those who are so fortunate as to know something of the incidents which called forth the inspiration. Judge Coleman was born in Camden, South Carolina, in 1826, but came to Alabama when a small boy. Coming of a cultured family, he early evinced a taste for letters. He was graduated at Yale College, was admitted to the bar in 1848, and nine years later received the appointment of Circuit Court Judge, and a few months after was elected to the position for a term of six years. In the practice of his chosen profession he is everywhere and at all times pronounced the "Nestor of the Bar." He was one of the most active and influential of the founders of the Southern University, one of the leading institutions of learning under the direction of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Always he has been interested in the advancement of education, and has proved an earnest, helpful friend to the young men of his state and county. To him, as much as to any one man, is due the marked success of that great university. So deep a scholar, so cultured a gentleman, so superior a lawyer, so graceful an orator is he that these gifts and accomplishments have heretofore, by their brilliancy, almost submerged in their luminosity the delicate gift of poesy. But as a fair flower flourishes in a grove of majestic oaks, this gift has always grown along with his more forcible talents, making itself known always to those who seek and love the beautiful. Judge Coleman was long an esteemed citizen of Greenboro, Ala. But from this place he removed to Birmingham, Ala., the Magic City of the South, a city which is drawing into its circle much of the talent and energy of many states.

M. Y.

WE'LL TALK OF THAT WHEN NEXT WE MEET.

1.

WHEN morn awoke the sleeping flowers
Whose perfumed breath embalmed the air;

Which thrilled the budding groves and bowers
With wooing song of mated pair;
I told her of the Morn of Love
Which woke to life my sleeping soul,
And how some mystic power above
Had lost to me my heart's control:
She spoke in accents low and sweet
"We'll talk of that when next we meet."

2.

When swiftly o'er the arch of blue
The Day-God reached meridian height,
And o'er the earth such radiance threw
All Nature owned his kindly might;
I told her how that tender thought
Had grown and strengthened day by day
Until my soul its homage brought
And all my manhood owned its sway;
Her sole response in accents sweet,
"We'll talk of that when next we meet."

3.

When Night wrapped darkness round the Earth
And pinned her mantle with the stars;
When Silence hushed the laugh of Mirth
And lulled to sleep the sons of Mars;
I told her how this heart of mine
Embraced her with a sacred love
As true and pure as Christian shrine
E'er waited to the realms above
She sighed—then whispered low and sweet—
"We'll talk of that when next we meet."

4.

Morn, Noon and Night shall ne'er again
That strange mysterious sentence hear;
Love's answer must be spoken plain
Or silence for consent appear;
"When next we meet," we ne'er shall part;
Around her form my arms will steal,
Her head shall rest above my heart,
Her lips sealed up by Cupid's seal
Shall nevermore those words repeat
"We'll talk of that when next we meet."

MABEL.

1.

OUR little Mabel, darling Mabe,
Is one year old to-day;
Of little Mabel, darling Mabe,
What can we find to say;

2.

So sweet and coy are all her ways
She takes our hearts by storm;

She has the blackest, brightest eyes
And plumpest baby form.

3.

Soft curls around her shapely head
In golden clusters sweep;
And in her cheeks, so rosy fair,
Two laughing dimples sleep.

4.

Her little tongue is never still;
She carols like a bird;
Such winsome ways were never seen,
Nor sweeter sayings heard.

5.

The patter of her naked feet
Upon the oaken floor
Stirs up my soul with strains of joy
It never felt before.

6.

But time rolls on and change will come;
Sweet Spring will glide away,
And Summer's glowing blooms will yield
To Autumn's harvest day.

7.

What change shall be in Mabel dear,
This opening bud of Spring?
Will Summer's heat the bloom expand?
What fruit will Autumn bring?

8.

God bless the child with every grace,
And crown her life with charms;
And when her spirit takes its flight
Receive her in His arms!

MY CHRISTMAS GIFT.

THIS holy day which marks the birth
Of Christ, Jehovah's blessed Son,
A gift divine, bestowed on Earth,
That Life immortal might be won,
Should hallowed be by humble prayer,
With songs of praise and grateful Love,
Which listening Angels ever bear
As tokens pure, to realms above.

But only thus can man adore
The holy God-child this day born:—
Give freely to the suffering poor,
And cheer the wretched and forlorn:

The widow and the orphan bless:—
The prison-bound and sick relieve,
The hungry feed and wrongs redress,
Let *all* Love's tender care receive.

My soul cries out, "Thy will be done
In all the Earth" as thus portrayed:
But since to thee, my precious one
A gift of all my heart was made;
No other gift I offer here
Except this earnest prayer I pray
"Of thy dear Life, may every year
Be one bright, happy Christmas day!"

TO ELLEN.

UPON the valley's lap
The dewy morning throws,
A thousand pearly drops
To wake a single rose.

And often in the course
Of life's few fleeting years,
A single pleasure costs
The soul, a thousand tears.

Thus often in thine ear,
By love's pure passion taught,
A thousand hopes I breathed
To wake one tender thought.

And if within thine heart
That tender thought arise,
That one faint throbbing costs
My soul, a thousand sighs.

POETRY.

ANGELIC Statues waked to life by Thought,
From out the virgin quarry of the heart;
Soul pictures by the hand of Genius wrought,
And limbed in Beauty by the touch of Art.

HOPE.

Through rift unseen some swift-winged
Ray of light the darkest cloud will pierce; and
When the soul its deepest anguish feels, there
Comes a blessed hope, we know not whence, to
Stay the tidal flow, and the tempest-tossed
From fatal wreck preserve.

—*Na-a-man.*

JULIA A. F. CARNEY.

JULIA A. FLETCHER was born in Lancaster, Mass., April 6, 1823. She inherited patriotism from Revolutionary ancestors, being a granddaughter of Major Timothy Fletcher, of Lancaster, Mass., and of Major Moses Warren, of Jay, Maine. She has no recollection of a time when she did not express her thoughts in verse. Her older brothers and sister were wont to write down her infantile rhymes, many years before she learned to do it herself. Her earliest sorrow was the opinion of a maiden aunt, freely expressed to her mother, that "if she let that child go on writing verses, she would never be good for anything else." This advice led to a maternal injunction, worded as such injunctions often are, "Never let me see any more of your poetry." As it seemed impossible to obey the spirit of this command, the child obeyed the letter, and the next house-cleaning time revealed rolls of rhyme hidden in every nook and corner of the attic. Some of these were so pathetic as to melt the heart of the loving, though anxious mother, and the law was repealed. Several years of invalidism, the result of scarlet fever at the age of eight years, interfered very seriously with her education, but the libraries of the entire neighborhood were poured promiscuously upon the couch of "the poor sick child, who liked reading so well, and had no other amusement." At fourteen, her school compositions, chiefly in verse, were sent regularly to several papers and magazines in Boston, Mass., whose editors were pleased with the youthful effusions, and constantly encouraged her to write. When seventeen, she went to Philadelphia, where her married sister resided, and there remained two years, teaching in a private school. Returning to Massachusetts to the home of her parents, she served a summer's apprenticeship in the district school, where she attracted commendation from the committee by keeping a formerly unruly school in good order without corporal punishment of any kind. In 1844, she was elected teacher of one of the primary schools in Boston, Mass., where she continued to teach until her marriage in the spring of 1849. Meanwhile she had become deeply interested in the reform movements of the time, and often used her pen in their behalf. She was also actively engaged in the Sabbath-school, and quite well known as a writer for the little ones. Her signature of "Julia," however, though known to her friends, was usually dropped by those who copied her articles, and so it happened that those finding favor with the public went the rounds of paper, magazine, and school-book, many of them in the books from which she

herself taught, without credit, some of them marked "Anon." During her life as a teacher, she wrote many poems and sketches, most of them in aid of radical papers, and reform ideas, and also a series of Sabbath-school instruction books, which were used for many years in the Liberal Churches, until the Lesson Papers of the present day superseded the use of text-books.

In 1849, Miss Fletcher was married to Rev. Thomas J. Carney, and after a year's residence in Maine, and another in Cooperstown, N. Y., they took up their abode in what was then literally the pathless West. Here, amid the many duties of pioneer life, and the care of little children, where efficient help was unattainable, she found more prose than poetry, and for nearly twenty years her pen was seldom used. Death came to her darlings. Four little ones were taken in their infancy,—two sons were called from earth, in the first years of a happy and useful manhood. Her husband was taken away suddenly, while in excellent health, by a fall from an unruly horse; and now, solaced by the affection of the two sons and one daughter remaining, she writes little, and her thoughts naturally assume the graver tones of experience. As a writer, she has made the serious mistake of using too many signatures, not only taking parts of her real name, sometimes her husband's, but fictitious ones. This was done, partly to give variety, when under engagement to fill a certain number of columns of "Home and Fireside" department in a New York monthly, and partly as a minister's wife, who wanted to criticise the relations of pastor and people without giving offense. For the last twenty years she has written chiefly in prose, short sketches of real life, or essays upon temperance, and other serious subjects. She has never made writing a part of life's labor. In earlier life it was the recreation amid many cares, in later years, it is a sort of "fancy work, or *bric-a-brac*." Her home is in Galesburg, Ill., with her oldest son, Fletcher Carney, an attorney of that city, but she makes frequent visits to her younger son, Rev. James W. Carney, of Holyoke, Mass.

I. A. K.

DEAL GENTLY WITH THE ERRING.

DEAL gently with the erring;
 Ye know not of the power
 With which the dark temptation came
 In some unguarded hour.
 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of weakness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring;
 Oh, do not thou forget,
 However darkly stained by sin,
 He is thy brother yet!
 Heir of the self-same heritage!
 Child of the self-same God!
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring;
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace have gone,
 Without thy censure rough?
 It sure must be a weary lot
 That sin-crushed heart to bear,
 And they who share a happier fate
 Their chidings well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring,
 Thou yet mayst lead them back,
 With holy words and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
 Forget not thou hast often sinned,
 And sinful yet must be!
 Deal gently with the erring one,
 As God hath dealt with thee!

LIFE.

"Is LIFE worth living?" asks the cynic grim;
 Yes, life is Heaven! the ardent youth replies.
 And Heaven is Life! responds the Christian wise,
 Who sees in all things but the love of Him
 Whose goodness hath created earth and skies,—
 Life,—Death,—Eternity,—and given us power
 To make some worthy record every hour;
 Some humble word, some deed of high emprise,
 —Like rich man's offering, or widow's mite,—
 Made by pure motive equal in his sight.
 These make our life worth living, and our death
 Merely a ceasing of the mortal breath,
 Life's treasure-chest iron-bound by grief may be!
 Yet holds of Immortality the key.

A REPLY.

Yes, "Laugh, and the world laughs with thee;"
 God made it a joyful world;
 But if from the height of fortune
 Thou hast been in a moment hurled,
 When that same gay world hath heard thee
 Cry out from the fire or the flood,

There were ever brave hearts to venture,
 For thy rescue, their own life-blood.

The world hath scant time for weeping,
 'Tis a busy, hurrying throng—
 They may not list to the poet's plaint
 Or the singer's mournful song;
 But if, midst the rush for the crowded car,
 There cometh a cry of fear,
 There is ever a pause in the wildest din,
 And strong, helping hands are near.

Then find no fault with the sunshine,
 God made the world bright to be,
 He hath made a leaf-shelter for every bird
 And a song-bird for every tree.
 But unto the human heart the law
 Cometh for bitter or sweet;
 The measure which thou to the world doth give
 Such measure the world will meet.

If thou hast but kept thine own heart
 Loving and pure, and free
 From the selfish love of the glittering gold,
 Then the world will weep with thee;
 Or if thou hast sought for riches,
 And used them for noble ends,
 Then neither in joy nor sorrow
 Shalt thou lack true-hearted friends.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Poet of the human heart!
 Thou canst not ever know
 How dear unto us all thou art
 In weal, in work, in woe!

We tread with thee "The River Path,"
 We dwell on "Tented Beach,"
 We share 'gainst wrong thy righteous wrath
 For right thy precepts preach.

"All souls that struggle and aspire,"
 Are strengthened by thy lays;
 In "Snowbound" cot, by winter fire,
 Prayer for thy weal we raise.

For when in maze of doubt we rove,
 Ere far our feet have trod,
 We read "To worship is to love,"
 And joyful turn to God!

So when life's breakers wildest lift
 Their foam-capped crests in air;
 We softly say, "We cannot drift
 Beyond His love and care."

Thou sittest by each happy hearth,
 Thou dwellest in our hearts,
 And when, (as comes to all,) from earth
 Thy mortal form departs,

Thy words will still in every home,
 And in each place of prayer,
 Unto thy fellow-mortals come
 And benediction bear!

FAITH.

OUR Father rules! Why should we shrink in fear?
 Why should we mourn because our path is drear?
 Why heed the petty ills that line life's way?
 Mere wayside weeds, they flourish for a day;
 Immortal Life is ours! And heaven is near!

Death calls our loved; how hard, while lingering
 here,
 To lose companionship with those so dear;
 How oft reluctantly our white lips say,
 Our Father rules!

Not ever thus; from out yon starry sphere
 Cometh a voice unto the list'ning ear,
 Calling our souls, 'mid earthly cares astray,
 Unto the happier life for which we pray;
 Where all shall know, as earth-mists disappear,
 Our Father rules!

STORM AND SUNSHINE.

GOD sendeth tears in mercy! Human hearts
 Grow arid in the sunshine,—then appears
 An ominous cloud of grief,—anon our fears
 Awaken, and we watch the angry darts
 While from its folds the lurid lightning parts,
 As when the cyclone cometh. Fast it nears,
 And in a moment all the work of years,
 The forest's pride, the wealth of peopled marts,
 The homes of happy love,—in ruin lie.
 The rain descends, then with effulgent light
 The sun appears. We ask with bitter cry,
 If God still rules in love, can this be right?
 With silent tread God's seasons still pass by!
 We come again—flowers bloom, and earth is bright!

ONE BOY'S OPINION OF THE "GOOD OLD
 TIMES."

How glad I am that I wasn't a boy
 In the days of Adam and Eve!
 For weeding the garden is not good fun,
 And if I had been the oldest one,
 'Twould be lonesome, you'd better believe.

I don't believe I should ever have liked
 Their strange, old-fashioned ways;
 Then mother Eve was not "used to noise,"
 And Cain and Abel were not good boys,
 For they quarreled, the Bible says.

O dear! I don't wonder, for only think,
 There were only those two together!
 And who ever heard of two boys who could
 Agree with each other, through every mood
 And every kind of weather?

No boots to stamp with! no "very first pants,"
 To turn little boys to men!
 No drum, or whistle, or kite, or ball!
 No grandma with doughnuts! and, worse than all,
 They had no St. Nicholas then!

THE FARMER'S SONG.

I AM content—My lowly birth
 Was 'mid the toiling ones of earth,
 And since that hour, thro' care, and pain,
 And wearing toil my way hath lain.
 It is the best—both hand and heart
 Have thus grown strong to bear their part;
 True joy with toil is ever blent,
 And earnest faith—I am content!

I am content—The gay of earth
 May revel on in heartless mirth;
 The rich may idly spend their wealth;
 But manly toil brings manly health.
 Let those who will from labor flee,
 A life of usefulness for me!
 True joy with toil is ever blent,
 And earnest faith—I am content!

LOVE.

More precious far to woman's heart,
 The right to dwell from strife apart,
 The blessing of a sweet home-life,
 As mother, daughter, sister, wife;
 —*Woman's Rights and Woman's Power.*

WINTHROP MACKWIRTH PRAED.

THE place of Winthrop Mackwirth Praed is absolutely unique among the earlier poets of the nineteenth century. Born in 1802, he was the founder of that brilliant school of writers, afterwards notably represented by Locker and Dobson, and whose productions are now commonly termed *vers de société*. But while Praed has had many followers, he had no predecessor. His was the original gift. The style of verse which he established was the natural expression of his own inherent taste and talent, and not a form studiously invented, or a happy hit made while searching for some new and strange thing with which to feed the fancy of his admirers. Praed's verses might have recalled to the critics the "courtly wit" of Suckling, or the despairing humor of Prior, which, however, was but the glow of the candle in comparison with the dazzling unintermittent brilliancy of this youthful poet. Praed must also be regarded as the originator of that now familiar mould of verse, the eight-line stanza, with its alluring double rhyme, as exemplified in his description of "Laura Lily."

"The Vicar," and "Quince," are among the poems most frequently quoted as Praed's happiest efforts, but they are no better, and perhaps not as fairly representative of the poet's versatile style as some others which might be mentioned. "Second Love," "Beauty and Her Visitors," "The Chant of the Brazen Head," the legends of "The Red Fisherman," "The Teufel-Haus," and the "Bridal of Belmont" are inimitable—each in its own style. Even the horrible monster of Drachenfels sparkles with the iridescent gleams from Praed's flashing pen. His society-verse, properly speaking is, for the greater part, of that quality which does not lose its point, though fashions change and generations pass away. In short, for unalloyed wit, keenness of satire and brilliant antithesis, relieved by unexpected touches of pathos and refreshing originality, it may be safely asserted that Praed has never been excelled. His facility of expression was remarkable from childhood. He began to write verse when a schoolboy. At the age of eighteen he was one of the editors of the famous college magazine called the *Etonian*, and also its principal contributor. While at Cambridge he gave some of his best remembered work to *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* under the happy pseudonyms of "Peregrine Courtenay" and "Vyvyan Joyeuse." A third literary venture, *The Brazen Head*, was also for a time supported by the inexhaustible wit and wisdom of its poet editor. All this, however, was but the recreation of the student. Praed, in the meantime, had maintained

an honorable university career, and, leaving Cambridge, entered upon public life with lofty aspirations and every evidence of marked ability and future success; and we can only regret that the life-work of this genial, gifted, clean-hearted and high-minded man was brought to a premature end by his early death in 1839. Up to the close of his life Praed had constantly contributed, and with unabated popularity, to the English periodicals; but no collection of his verses was made during his lifetime. Twenty-four years after his death, Rev. Derwent Coleridge, his literary executor, published a long-delayed volume with a tardy tribute to the life and genius of Winthrop Praed, whose name, the biographer tells us, was "like the sound of music to the poet's contemporaries and to all by whom he was intimately known."

Several imperfect editions of Praed's poems had, before this, been published in America; and an ably edited collection of his legends, songs and society verse have since been issued in the series of "Canterbury Poets." E. H. N.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

ONCE on a time, when sunny May
Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
Upon a bank of blushing flowers:
Happy—he knew not whence or how,—
And smiling,—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow
Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
The birds were mute, the lilies faded.
But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watched his paper kite
And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye
Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute;
But Childhood's glance of purity
Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,

And proffered him a fearful cup
 Full to the brim with bitter water;
 Poor Childhood bade her tell her name;
 And when the beldame muttered—"Sorrow,"
 He said—"Don't interrupt my game;
 I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The Muse of Pindus thither came
 And wooed him with the softest numbers
 That ever scattered wealth and fame
 Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
 Though sweet the music of the lay,
 To Childhood it was all a riddle,
 And, "Oh," he cried, "do send away
 That noisy woman with the fiddle!"

Then Wisdom stole his bat and ball,
 And taught him with most sage endeavor,
 Why bubbles rise and acorns fall,
 And why no toy may last forever.
 She talked of all the wondrous laws
 Which Nature's open book discloses,
 And Childhood, ere she made a pause,
 Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on! sleep on!—oh! Manhood's dreams
 Are all of earthly pain or pleasure,
 Of Glory's toils, Ambition's schemes,
 Of cherished love or hoarded treasure:
 But to the couch where Childhood lies
 A more delicious trance is given,
 Lit up by rays from seraph eyes,
 And glimpses of remembered heaven!

JOSEPHINE.

We did not meet in courtly hall,
 Where Birth and Beauty throng,
 Where Luxury holds festival,
 And wit awakes the song;
 We met where darker spirits meet,
 In the home of Sin and Shame,
 Where Satan shows his cloven feet,
 And hides his titled name;
 And she knew she could not be, Love,
 What once she might have been,
 But she was kind to me, Love,
 My pretty Josephine.

We did not part beneath the sky,
 As warmer lovers part,
 Where Night conceals the glistening eye,
 But not the throbbing heart;

We parted on the spot of ground
 Where we first had laughed at love,
 And ever the jests were loud around,
 And the lamps were bright above:
 "The heaven is very dark, Love,
 The blast is very keen,
 But merrily rides my bark, Love,—
 Good night my Josephine."

She did not speak of ring or vow,
 But filled the cup of wine,
 And took the roses from her brow
 To make a wreath for mine;
 And bade me when the gale should lift
 My light skiff o'er the wave,
 To think as little of the gift
 As of the hand that gave;
 "Go gayly o'er the sea, Love,
 And find your own heart's queen;
 And look not back to me, Love,
 Your humble Josephine!"

That garland breathes and blooms no more,
 Past are those idle hours;
 I would not, could I choose, restore
 The fondness or the flowers:
 Yet oft their withered witchery
 Revives its wonted thrill,
 Remembered—not with Passion's sigh,
 But, Oh! remembered still:
 And even from your side, Love,
 And even from this scene,
 One look is o'er the tide, Love,
 One thought with Josephine.

Alas! your lips are rosier,
 Your eyes of softer blue,
 And I have never felt for her
 As I have felt for you;
 Our love was like the bright snow-flakes,
 Which melt before you pass—
 Or the bubble on the wine, which breaks
 Before you lip the glass.
 You saw these eyelids wet, Love,
 Which she has never seen;
 But bid me not forget, Love,
 My poor Josephine!

SONG.

"So glad a life was never, love,
 As that which childhood leads,
 Before it learns to sever, love,
 The roses from the weeds;

When to be very duteous, love
Is all it has to do;
And every flower is beauteous, love,
And every folly true.

"And you can still remember, love,
The buds that decked our play,
Though Destiny's December, love,
Has whirled those buds away:
And you can smile through tears, love,
And feel a joy in pain,
To think upon those years, love,
You may not see again.

"When we mimicked the Friar's howls, love,
Cared nothing for his creeds,
Made bonnets of his cowls, love,
And bracelets of his beads;
And gray-beards looked not awful, love,
And grandames made no din,
And vows were not unlawful, love,
And kisses were no sin.

"And do you never dream, love,
Of that enchanted well,
Where under the moonbeam, love,
The Fairies wove their spell?
How oft we saw them greeting, love,
Beneath the blasted tree,
And heard their pale feet beating, love,
To their own minstrelsy.

"And do you never think, love,
Of the shallop and the wave,
And the willow on the brink, love,
Over the poacher's grave?
Where always in the dark, love,
We heard a heavy sigh,
And the dogs were wont to bark, love,
Whenever they went by?

"Then gayly shone the heaven, love,
On life's untroubled sea,
And Vidal's heart was given, love,
In happiness to thee;
The sea is all benighted, love,
The heaven has ceased to shine;
The heart is seared and blighted, love,
But still the heart is thine!"

—*The Troubadour.*

CONSTANCY.

But till ye mean your hopes to die
Engrave them not in water.

—*Ibid.*

LUCY H. WASHINGTON.

LUCY H. WALKER was born in Whiting, Vermont, and is descended from New England ancestry dating back two hundred and fifty years. Her paternal lineage is traced to Deacon Philip Walker, of Rhoboth, Massachusetts, one of the founders of that earliest commonwealth, as he was also one of the chief actors in the bloody drama of King Philip's War. On her maternal side her descent is from Samuel Gile, one of the eleven first settlers of Haverhill, Mass., in 1640. From her mother she inherited a love of the beautiful in nature, and an ear and soul attuned to song. Her early educational advantages were such as the common school, select school and academy of her native state afforded. At fifteen she commenced teaching, and for three years following alternated the occupations of "school ma'am" and student. Her first printed verses appeared at the age of fourteen. With active intellect and ambitious characteristics, she resolved to enter upon a wider course of study, and became a pupil of Clover Street Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., where she was graduated with honor in 1856. The institution was under the care of Mrs. C. A. Brewster (*née* Bloss) an author and a notable educator of her time. Among her teachers were Miss C. A. Comstock, for many years past in charge of Canandaigua Seminary, and Miss Sarah B. Hill, an aunt of Miss Frances E. Willard on her mother's side. In the seminary Miss Walker's talent met cordial recognition, and the aid of her muse was often invoked for special occasions. After graduation three years were devoted to teaching, and she was, previous to her marriage, Preceptress of the Collegiate Institute at Brockport, N. Y.

Her husband, Rev. S. Washington, a graduate of The University of Rochester and of Rochester Theological Seminary, has, during his professional life, served prominent churches in both eastern and western states, and is now pastor in Port Jervis, New York. During their residence in Jacksonville, Ill., in 1874, Mrs. Washington was made a leader in the "crusade" movement of that city, and in response to the needs of the hour was brought into public speaking, as she expresses it, "greatly to my own surprise."

Her persuasive methods, Christian spirit and eloquent language made her at once an effective speaker, acceptable to all classes. Her first address in temperance work, outside of her own city, was given in the Hall of Representatives in Springfield, Ill. She says: "I gathered all my courage to face the music and the audience, and resolved that it should be my 'last public appearance.'" Of

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S. H. Washington

this address, the *State Journal* said: "Representatives' Hall was crowded last evening to its utmost capacity, with an intelligent audience. Mrs. Washington, upon invitation, spoke for nearly an hour, with an eloquence which not only commanded the rapt attention of her hearers, but served to inspire new zeal in the cause of temperance in this city. * * * It is no disparagement to other able speakers who have presented their views to large audiences here, to say that Mrs. Washington's was the best address that has yet been delivered." Commendatory press reports brought her to more extended public notice, led to repeated and urgent calls, and opened a door to service which has never been closed.

During the succeeding years she has, in various official capacities, been largely engaged in W. C. T. U. work, having given addresses in twenty-four states, and extended her labors from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In the great campaigns for Constitutional Prohibition in Iowa, Kansas, Maine and other states, Mrs. Washington has borne a helpful part; indeed, her sword marks are almost everywhere manifest where a clear and cogent voice has rung out the battle cry of, "Down with the saloon, up with the home." In difficult emergencies her electric utterances have been decisive of interests great and imperiled. The heart of the National W. C. T. U. doth safely trust in her, and the end is not. With equally vigorous body and mind, Mrs. Washington has yet much history to make. The threefold gifts of choice speech, a rare pen, and unique administrative talent, are hers already. May the rich years to come be even better than those past, which have been so usefully and happily devoted to the sacred cause of "God and home and native land."

She is the mother of four children, a son and three daughters, all thoroughly educated, and worthy of the parents who have so planned for their care as to enable their mother to devote much time to public work.

In 1878 Mrs. Washington published "Echoes of Song," a volume of two hundred pages, embracing selections from her poetical writings from early girlhood. Her themes are marked by wide diversity, from songs of, and for children, to those which deal with the most profound aspects of life. An edition of one thousand copies of "Echoes of Song" was quickly sold. She has subsequently added to her repertory many contributions of merit, which, with selections from her first volume, are now published under the title of "Memory's Casket." Her poetical writings have been songs springing by the wayside, reflections upon or records of the varying incidents of an active and eventful life.

F. E. W.

WORK TO DO FOR JESUS.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

THERE is work to do for Jesus,
Yes, a glorious work to do,
For a harvest fully ripened,
Rich and golden, lies in view.
With a prayer to God, our Father,
Let us all the work pursue,
For our risen Lord is calling,
And the harvesters are few.

CHORUS.

Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,
And the harvest is in view,
There's a great work everywhere to do;
There is work to do for Jesus,
And the harvesters are few,
There's enough work for all to do.

There is work to do for Jesus,
And we hear the Savior say,
"Why art standing here so idle,
At the noontide, on the way?
Even now I will accept thee;
With the rest thy wages pay;
Go and labor in My vineyard,
Till the closing of the day."

CHORUS.

Yes, there's work to do for Jesus,
Who will answer to the call?
See the vintage is abundant,
There is work to do for all.
God commands that we should labor,
Though the task our hearts appall,
For he claimeth our life-service,
Till the shades of death shall fall.

SEEK JESUS.

"Those that seek Me early shall find Me."

SEEK Jesus, seek Jesus,
In childhood and youth,
For they that seek early shall find.
His word hath declared it,
How precious the truth,
The promise how loving and kind.

CHORUS.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus,
For they that seek early, shall find Him;
He is the true way,
O do not delay,
Seek Jesus, O! seek Him to-day.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus,
Ere evil days come,
When thou canst no pleasure obtain,
Lest weary and fainting,
And longing for home,
Ye wander, and seek Him in vain.

CHORUS.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus,
While yet He is near,
And He, thy Good Shepherd will be;
His arms shall enfold thee,
From danger and fear,
His life He hath given for thee.

CHORUS.

Seek Jesus, seek Jesus,
While He may be found,
His love, and compassion are free,
And He will receive thee,
Where true joys abound,
For Jesus is seeking for thee.

TO A BROWN THRUSH.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful, forest bird,
Dost thou tarry to sing unto me?
Gladly thy clear woodland voice is heard,
Trilling so wild and free.

Hast thou paused in thy flight, on this oaken tree,
Ere far o'er the fields thou shalt roam,
To carol a welcoming song for me,
To make brighter my western home.

Dost thou come, sweet bird, with thy cheering song,
From some feathered throng on high?
Dost thou gather the hues of thy graceful form,
From the light of a western sky?

O linger, dear bird, 'neath my window awhile,
There is power in thy mellow tone
To banish the tear, which, displaced by a smile,
Will return, if thou leav'st me alone.

Alas! thou hast flown, far away, far away;
Still my heart will remember thee long;
Remember, at parting, thou seem'dst to say,
"Gather fragments of sunshine and song."

DAWN.

In amber slippers, the princess Dawn
Trips out on the eastern sky.

Queen Night with her sable trail sweeps on
As the king of Day draws nigh.

Thus on, and on, 'neath changing skies
Their ceaseless march they keep;
The king with his stern commands to rise,
The queen with her wand of sleep.

The charming grace of her star-lit face
The king can never have seen,
Though he follows on at a kingly pace,
Fair Dawn comes ever between.

THE DYING YEAR.

'Tis the last lone hour of the dying year,
And the winds are sighing, low and drear,
As they toss the sleet, half snow, half rain,
In a farewell dirge, 'gainst the window-pane,
As I listen to hear the gladsome shout,
"The New Year in, and the Old Year out."

No one grieves for the Old Year's death,
As they wait for his latest, failing breath;
For now, that his glory and prime are o'er,
He may go, as the years have gone before,
Where the bells of Time are joyfully rung,
O'er the birth of the New Year, fresh and young.

Yet gladly we hail thee! bright New Year,
With words of welcome, and songs of cheer;
When spring time, summer, and autumn are past,
Old winter shall grizzle thy beard at last,—
And thou, when thy glory and prime are o'er,
Shall go, as the years have gone before.

The years they come, and the years they go,
While Time, with a tide of ceaseless flow,
Is bearing us over life's changing hours,
Now under the shadows, now 'mid the flowers,
But ever anon, toward Eternity's shore,
Where Time, with his changes, shall come no more.

SUN.

And thou, great glorious orb of day,
Through Heaven's arch hast sped thy way,
Sole parentage of light.
Thy couch with crimson thou hast dressed,
And seemingly hath sunk to rest,—
Thou too, dost welcome night.

— *Twilight*

WILLIAM THOMSON MCAUSLANE.

DR. MCAUSLANE, a native of Glasgow, where he was born in 1832, is well known throughout the west of Scotland as a hymn writer, and author of religious and descriptive poems. He was for many years connected with the daily newspaper press as a reporter and sub-editor, and since 1875 has been secretary to a benevolent institution. His principal works are "Gospel Songs" and "Summer Musings and Memories Dear." Many of his pieces have been set to music by Mr. Sankey and other composers, and they have received the highest commendations from the late Rev. Doctor Ray Palmer, Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and other competent critics, including the editors of several of the leading magazines and newspapers. The hymns are truly evangelical, expressing in simple and felicitous verse the saving truths of the Gospel. They are tuneful, tender, and full of feeling. In "Summer Musings and Memories Dear" Dr. McAuslane describes much of the glorious scenery for which Scotland is famous, and among other prose articles gives reminiscences of deceased relatives and a sketch entitled "The Auld House," containing inimitable word pictures or character etchings that would have delighted Charles Lamb. N. T.

A WORD.

ONLY a word! How good a thing
A word may prove when fitly spoken!
A wounded spirit it may heal,
And soothe a heart when well-nigh broken.

A word fresh courage may impart,
To battle on when strength would fail us;
A word may warn of danger near,
When lurking foes wait to assail us.

A word may check the wild career
Of man, by vice or folly driven;
Arrest him in his downward flight,
And change his course from hell to heaven.

O Brother, let not lack of love,
Nor coward fear, thy soul possessing,
Restrain a timely, friendly word
Which may be fraught with life and blessing!

'Twas by a word the worlds were framed,
A word is still all things upholding;
The entrance of a word gives light,
New beauties to the mind unfolding.

A word makes wise, a word makes glad,
Peace-giving is and purifying,
Sustains and cheers when trials come,
And comforts in the hour of dying.

O, what a word of power was His—
Disease and death His voice obeying—
Who in His love came down to earth,
For us aside His glory laying!

O, that each soul now dead in sin
Would hear that voice and live forever,
Thenceforth devoting every power
To glorify the Great Life-Giver!

A DREAM.

I DREAMT that I was young again,
With Helen by my side,
As fair as when, in early life,
I claimed her as my bride.

The slender form, elastic step,
The glossy dark-brown hair,
The trustful look, the artless ways
That won my heart, were there.

Methought that tears were on her cheek;
I sought her grief to stay
With soothing words, with love's bright beams
To chase each cloud away.

Her little hand was locked in mine,
Her head was on my breast;
How welcome seemed that sorrow then
To be in turn so blest!

Now years have fled and changes come,
But mutual love remains;
While gracious, treasured gifts from God
Have stronger made its chains.

Affection's chains extend to heaven,
O, 'midst celestial bowers,
May we our loves of earth renew,
May endless joys be ours!

MORNING AT BRODICK ARRAN.

FAIR Brodick Castle by the sea
'Mong green embowering woods appears;
Behind, in bold sublimity,
Goatfell its graceful form uprears.

An altar to the Great Supreme
 It looks, whence vapors slowly rise—
 Chased by the morning's glowing beam—
 Like clouds of incense to the skies;
 While mutely hills around combine
 To own their Master's power Divine.

How sweet, this early summer's day,
 While Nature vocal is with joy,
 To Shirag's steep to take my way,
 Or Rosa's vale or quiet Glen Cloy!
 By murmuring rivulet to stray,
 Less happy scarce than when a boy
 I sported on the gowany brae,
 No cares to trouble or annoy;
 Or scented first the wild blue-bell
 In some remote, romantic dell!

How sweet to hear the brooklet sing,
 To mark the primrose by its brim!
 The butterfly is on the wing,
 The glad birds chant their matin hymn;
 The hawthorn fragrant makes the air,
 And, gazing on the peaceful scene,
 From earth so bright to sky so fair,
 With not a cloud to intervene.
 All things beneath, around, above,
 Proclaim my God a God of love.

But storms will come, and thunders loud
 The echoes of the glens awake;
 And guilty fears can seize the proud,
 And make the boldest rebel quake.
 'Tis vain to speak of mercy then,
 For justice stern the soul pursues
 And satisfaction seeks. But when
 Believingly the sinner views
 Mercy and truth in Jesus meet,
 Pardon is found and rest is sweet.

AT THE COAST.

FAIR is the scene by mount and lake
 When morning dawns or evening falls,
 When Nature's voice to worship calls,
 And mercies adoration wake.

Fair are yon broad, empurpled hills;
 Fair, in the light of opening day,
 Those waters where the sunbeams play;
 The amphitheatre that fills

The eye and heart; the circuit round
 Of earth and sky, of sea, and shore
 With woods and mansions garnished o'er,
 And heights the distant view that bound.

Sweet is the scene when rushing train
 And steamer, with its foam-marked way,
 Back to the Coast, at close of day,
 The loved ones safely bring again.

What pleasant greetings at the pier!
 What happy meetings round the hearth!
 When heavenly joys are found on earth,
 Foretastes our pilgrim souls to cheer.

How sad a stranger's lot! To him
 How changed the aspect all things wear,
 Who in those pleasures has no share,
 For whom no well-known faces beam!

Yet he can inwardly rejoice
 Who, 'midst the walks of Nature, knows
 An Elder Brother with him goes,
 And in her music hears a Father's voice.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

JESUS! Thy name a joy imparts
 Too deep to be exprest;
 It brings relief to burdened hearts,
 It gives the conscience rest;
 It chases doubts and fears away,
 It lights death's vale of gloom,
 And with the beams of heavenly day
 Irradiates the tomb.

Let Law and Justice cause alarm
 As each asserts its claim;
 Their rising terrors soon disarm
 At mention of Thy name.
 For Thou hast answered each demand,
 And answered it for me;
 And boldly I may take my stand,
 And urge this mighty plea.

Should clouds of sorrow o'er me lower,
 And earthly friends remove,
 Thy name an all-sustaining Power
 And Comforter will prove.
 Thou art an ever-living Friend,
 And with Thee hopes are given
 Of bliss renewed, no more to end,
 With loved ones now in heaven.

At thoughts of Thee, O Savior dear,
 My heart's affections swell;
 Though faltering tongue and grateful tear
 May feelings feebly tell.
 Yet, Lord, Thy name and cause I love,
 To serve Thee is my joy.
 O let me, in Thy realms above,
 Resume my sweet employ!

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Edward J. Valentine.

EDWARD A. U. VALENTINE.

EDWARD A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE was born in Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., on January 19, 1870, and has therefore, we may reasonably hope, the greater part of his life, and consequently of his biography, in the future. Of good old Quaker stock on his father's side, and descended in the maternal line from English ancestors of clear brain and ready wit, we should hardly have looked for the appearance of a young poet in the family were heredity an infallible explanation of what one is and is to be. Perchance far back on one side or the other sleeps his poetic progenitor, but while brains have not been lacking on either hand, of late no bard has sung his lays from this branch of the family tree.

The beautiful country of Central Pennsylvania is one well calculated to quicken a love of nature and to win the sensitive spirit to sweet communion with itself. Most of the years of Edward Valentine's boyhood were spent there, with but a short interval at boarding school. He had rather a changing and interrupted course of study, having been, as he himself aptly puts it, "the shuttle-cock for a half-dozen or more pedagogic battledores." But what was lacking in regularity of study and mental discipline was partly counterbalanced, as has often been the case with both poets and novelists, by a varied and constant reading, and when, later, he entered college at Haverford, where many of his Quaker kin has preceded him, his tastes and inclinations were definitely fixed. He sought, naturally, among his fellow-students those most in sympathy with such pursuits as his own, and was oftener found in the library than on the campus. It may have been owing to this as well as to a natural delicacy of constitution that his physician forbade his completion of the course and sent him to the sea-side, where he has grown familiar with its beauties as in childhood he was with those of the mountains and valleys of his native state.

He has written prose tales, some of which are characterized by much imagination and originality of treatment, but he takes more naturally to verse; he has contributed to various periodicals and is becoming known far beyond the circle of those to whom at first his poems gave pleasure and who will watch with interest his later development. Of singularly winning appearance and manner, and gifted with a rich imagination, our young singer has probably much of real success before him.

Mr. Valentine is at present residing in his native town.

P. D. N.

LOVE AT FISHING.

Put one arm here, and with the other fling
 The silken string,
 Steel hook, and gadfly bait into the cool,
 Transparent pool,
 And drive love's prattle tiptoe 'cross the lip,
 Or let it turn to language-gaze, and sip
 Its honey from a stillness. Watch the dip
 And glimmer of the cork, and how they slip—
 The scarlet fish—below the water, like
 The thoughts that strike
 Athwart the mind. How else could lovers wish
 Than thus to fish?
 Though I have cut no strand of yellow hair
 To spin my silken cord from what you wear,
 In long warm tresses over face, to stare
 Through quaintly; nor a golden hook to snare
 The water's fruit! or more than this cool nook,
 With that one look
 Between the willow branches at the sky
 From where we lie,
 Edged round with ribbon grasses tangled in
 The lover's knots, as if they meant to win
 Love hither by a meaning that is kin;
 For nature holds love's thought and origin!

That bird dropped down upon the pool's near hem
 Like a red gem,
 Shook off the hand, and left a vision glint,
 That faint song-print—
 Just gone. . . . Mark how the fishes flit and chase,
 Lit to a passion, 'cross the water's face—
 So like the minutes moving in the space
 Of this one day. What are the words they trace
 Therein? . . . That bird flew to its nest just now
 Upon the bough.
 The stooping sun trails long red fingers through
 The grass. The dew
 Slips off the willow leaves. It cannot be
 The day is over, and the fish still free—
 Except the fish of happiness that we
 Have caught; with love's gold ring for you and me!

ANDROMEDA.

HERE where life found me, let me rest and shed
 These tears, here in thine arms perform woe's rite;
 A tear for each keen heart-throb in that night.
 That night! O, Perseus, there I sat where spread
 A thick black sea whose wave seemed blood instead
 Of purple wine a-foam for Zeus. No light!
 A sky to wilder eagles in their flight.
 Dense, drear as life was then. My sunken head

Bound by its hair—like fillets for my death—
 And bare, dull bosom felt the sudden stroke
 Of heavy, whirling spray dank as the breath
 Of manes glooming, when the sea beneath
 Smote angry fists, till life—sense falling broke
 About me, gods!—I swooned, and thus awoke.

SONNETS ON THE MOON.

I.

O, DISTANT land whose lips have never swelled
 With dulcet bird-notes to the purpled space;
 Whose bruised bosom never felt the grace
 Of nestling love-warm flowers, nor proudly welled
 With life-milk in thy stony veins, nor held
 Wide arms to striving man, gazing with face
 Grief-drawn, at Time, who, chaunting, wings apace
 'Mid hurlèd spheres to swell their chimes of Eld;
 What thoughts are wildly stirred when downward
 bent

Thy face, where jealous gloom and pallor vie,
 Seek Matron Earth soft voicing lullaby,
 While fangèd pain with bitter claw has rent
 Thy argent breast, and snake-cold purpose sent
 By fate aye dooms thy life's eternity!

II.

What profits that the softly fingering light
 Holdeth thy naked mountain peaks and vales
 While ever at Night's ebon tripod fails
 The plea to silence? Wherefore mould on sight
 Such tear-realms—fit for souls who bear the blight
 Of joy's divorce to make their soundless wails
 With straining lips!—that dragon grief assails
 Through envious spheres—perchance, who cursed
 the sight

Of thy lost charms and meted the sad course
 When, queen, thou led'st the mystic solemn dance,
 Melting the soul with lyric passion-force
 Till star-tears fell from Empyrean eyes.
 Now, fate-hushed, doomèd to this Gorgon-trance,
 Thou mutely guard'st life's untold mysteries!

FROGS.

YE earnest little choir of the pond,
 Lost in its tangling grasses, how ye pelt
 The air with low delicious notes that weld
 The sense to spirit in a silver bond,
 And urge its powers to a shape beyond
 The homely touch of earth, which kindly dealt,
 Yet from the spirit's tender mood is felt
 At times so keen! I never shall have conned

Too well the fluent subtleties that thrill
 Your tiny tender throats. Some hot despair
 Makes tremble through your lamentation—till
 To man and his estate, a prophet song.
 Ye nature's wild Cassandras, that ye bear
 To us who move with laughter to the wrong!

ROWING.

LONG, straining strokes with a formless oar,
 The soundless flow of a severed stream,
 A darkness dead, and a hidden shore,
 And the blind, blind sight of a conscious dream.

A broken strain of an opera air
 From out the lips of a faint, far wave,
 The burning breath of its golden care,
 And the wondering dull of a spaceless grave.

AUTUMN.

LET joy play on her richest organ—one
 Whose pipes are human throats, our hearts the keys,
 Till up the Bethel-stairs of cadences
 The winged words flit the unison
 Of one celestial thought of praise—a throne
 Where God may rest, to our disburdened ease,
 For from the crystal homestead of the breeze
 The mason Sylphs obey the Solomon
 Of Life, and rear the temple of these days,
 For men to worship in—enriched with gold
 No rust corrupts, whose incense-clouded space
 Rests over sunbeam rafters, hewn with skill,
 From forests in the sun. Pray and behold,
 For soon the Winter's gathering armies will
 Arise to leave no stone to show the place!

ON THE VERGE.

STANDING where the sunset embers,
 Crumbling, fall adown the skies,
 Autumn muses and remembers,
 Bending stern regretful eyes.

The imperious purple burning
 From her cheek hath waned away,
 And her bosom feels but yearning
 For the golden yesterday.

Though her kingdom fall asunder
 Through seditious winds and frost,

And the drums of Winter thunder
And she sees that all is lost;

Yet her royal pride ensureth
That none whisper word of scorn:
Haggard, baffled, she endureth,
With a spirit upward borne.

Eyes that love her grieve serenely
At the pathos of it all—
In her bounty free but queenly
Now unbending in her fall.

Summer suns the soul surrender
Unto sense's every spell;
Autumn, sunk in all her splendor,
Lights the invisible.

THE PINE TREE.

O LET me sing the pine tree—I who know!
I am a dear disciple at his feet,
Familiar with his many moods; can tell
Each wingèd thought within his swarthy brow,
The owl that governs all his midnight dreams,
The dove the spirit of a holier peace,
The raven wrapped in melancholy's weeds,—
And each bird-thought has power on his mind,
With all the flock of fancies—come—and gone.
He is a demigod, the darling of the stars.
They stray from space to woo him, amorous
As seraphim with blood white-hot their loins,
And even the maiden moon forgets her vows,
To fondle him all night upon her lap,
And run her pearly fingers through his hair
(The while Endymion wakes upon the hills.)
He has the goodly gift of prophecy.
It comes with whirlwind, with the fire of storms.
He rends his beard! He strikes his knotted brows!
The dew drips from his face in giant drops!
He shouts the desolation of the world.
The secrets in the caverns of mid air!
O Pine Tree! God sends down His word to you
By his own eagle, from His throne in heaven.

PEACE.

I pressed the shrine
In prayer to Love, and on the troublous seas
The moon was builded for an ark of peace.
I bade my feathered heart go search for sign.
It went, but bore me nothing which might tell
Of passion ceased; at last a lily-bell.

—June.

LAURA S. R. MCCARTHY.

LAURA SEGAR ROGERS was born in Lewis county, New York. Her father, a gentleman of talent and of courtly manners, was Thomas Rogers, a Quaker, and a lineal descendant of John Rogers, the martyr. The early years of the little Laura were enthusiastically devoted to the one object of acquiring an education, which was begun in the public schools, continued at Lowville Academy, and finished at the Albany Normal School. While still very young she engaged in the profession of teaching, the last six years of which were in the city of Rochester, attended, like those previous, with marked success. In 1878 Miss Rogers was married to Mr. Edward McCarthy, a gentleman of extensive reading and literary instincts, then a practicing attorney in the village of Lowville. Soon after her settlement in her new home, Mrs. McCarthy, with the coöperation of her husband and a few friends, began an organization called the "Lowville Literary Club," which prospered remarkably until the autumn of 1884, when it united with a new society, whose object was the study of "The History of Art," and of which Mr. McCarthy was the chosen president. In April, 1890, Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy removed to a lovely home in Constableville, Lewis county, where they at present reside.

As an author, from childhood Mrs. McCarthy has shown a decided capacity and love for original composition. She began writing in rhyme at nine years of age, and during her life as a teacher many of her essays and poems on educational topics were solicited for publication, and she often composed the declamations, dialogues and dramas rendered by her pupils on the rostrum. Up to about four years since, her many contributions in prose and verse to different local papers were printed without signature, or merely over initials or an assumed name, and it is only within the short time mentioned that her full name has been given to her published articles, and her courage been sufficient to offer them to the city press, after that press had begun copying her work from the village journals. Many of the leading city papers of the state, and two magazines, have since contained poems from her pen. A busy life is that of our author housekeeper, a life shadowed by delicate health, which yet does not prevent her from taking up her pen with real delight and frequently singing for us sweet songs of sunshine and tears, of life and death. May many years pass before her pen shall be laid down, and her hands folded.

R. N. W.

THE BANSHEE.

FROM A LEGEND.

How weird the night in Erin's sky!
 The moaning wind sweeps restless past;
 The stars are farther, colder grown;
 The struggling moon withdraws aghast,
 'Mid ghostly shrouds; and ominous
 The lapwing's cry in strange unrest;
 And ceaseless sobs Killarney's wave,
 A shadowy presence o'er her breast!
 What bodes sweet nature's saddened key—
 The night, so charged with mystery.

In festal halls of mansion fair
 Soft astrals glow, and tapers glance
 Where Erin's gallant youth and pride
 To harp's sweet notes pursue the dance;
 When, quickly, from the unheeding throng
 Our lady turns and speeds apart
 To open casement, (lonely grown),
 With startled mien and throbbing heart,
 And outward leans, and scans the night
 Where trembling shadows mock the sight.

What doth the hapless lady find?
 What pales her lip and dims her eye?
 O'er dulcet sounds of mirth within
 She heard—she hears—the Banshee's cry!
 That phantom dread and wan—beholds
 In moonlight dim, 'neath shad'wing wall!
 Ah! well she knows the warning sprite,
 The portent of the Banshee's call;
 "In death's dark halls will straight appear
 Some loved one from thy household dear."

The night has fled Killarney's vales,
 And bright and peaceful shines the day;
 And fair the lordly mansion stands
 By loveliest lakelet's languid play.
 But gloom hath veiled those halls, for now
 Our lady weeps in piteous woe;
 By sudden stroke her noble heir
 In clasp of death lies cold and low!
 And where the Banshee's cry arose
 They lay him for his last repose!

THE STAR IN THE EAST.

God hung His starry signal low
 O'er loved Judea's plain;
 The orient erst beheld its glow
 Where magi gazed, with reverent brow,
 And in its shining train
 With feet unwearying, followed far
 To worship 'neath the wondrous star.

Now hovering o'er a manger-bed,
 It lit the cavern gloom
 Till, resting on an Infant's head,
 Around and far the glory spread;
 And earth seemed all in bloom
 With hues celestial; and above
 Rapt seraphs bent their gaze of love!

Hosannahs rent the vibrant air,
 And knees were bended low
 To Jesus, born of virgin fair,
 To Christ, the Babe without compare—
 Heaven's signet on His brow.
 And wide the joyous tidings rolled!
 Messiah comes, so long foretold!

Oh, star of hope—white star of peace
 Ushering a holier day,
 With beams of blessing never cease
 To guide our feet, and bring release
 From error's darkened sway;
 Blend earth with heaven in radiance wide
 As comes each welcome Christmastide!

THE RAIN.

It comes at length—the blessed rain;
 Each drop a liquid Kohinoor,
 Yet thousand fold the diamond's worth—
 God's priceless boon to suffering earth,
 To just and unjust, rich and poor.
 Oh, glorious baptism of the rain!

Cool crystal draughts—from drouth and heat
 Redeeming all our fainting life,
 How grateful flows their healing power!
 How beautiful in this glad hour
 The blackened cloud with thunder rife!
 What music in the rain-drops beat!

Blest miracle, so old, so new;
 Blest answer to a people's prayer:
 The angel of the summer rain
 Descends, and whispers; "Not in vain
 Ye ask the Father's love and care,
 I come and prove His promise true."

MOON.

Beneath the wave the new-born moon
 In hiding bathes her silver form,
 While mournful grows the silver west
 With lingering beams but faintly warm.
 —*Summer Night.*

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Julietta Estelle Mathis

JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

IN transcribing to canvas the beauties of a landscape, however beautiful may be the result, we cannot catch the fragrance, the music, the glory of earth and sky, nor the warmth and glow of the sunshine. We have but a suggestion. Akin to this is the outlining of a life pulsing with love and enthusiasm, staunch in truth, high in purpose, deep in justice, broad in charity. The space allotted to this biography forbids any careful or extended analysis of the intensity of her soul, mind and heart-life, and we must simply look at Mrs. Mathis as a character full of sentiment, full of the poetry of life, full of the sweet, rosy dreams even of youth, full and overflowing with wit and unfailing mirth, enthusiastic and buoyant, tender, thoughtful and withal equally devoted to everything that relates to practical daily living.

Born at Glen Falls, N. Y., her inheritance was musical and literary talent from both father and mother, as well as good sinew and fibre, physical, mental and moral. Her father, the Rev. Charles P. Clarke, of New England, was a gifted theologian. Her mother was a daughter of the Rev. Nicholas White, of Brooklyn, a descendant in a direct line of the Rev. Perigrine White, the first child born to the Pilgrim Fathers after the landing of the *May Flower*. In early girlhood Miss Clarke married Mr. F. L. Prescott, who belonged as a descendant to the historical family. Her father being an Episcopal clergyman, Mrs. Mathis received a generous education, perhaps more ideal than practical. At an early age she developed a gift for rhyming and evinced an intense and passionate love for fairy tales and allegories. Later, as the careless and exuberant joy of her girlhood wore away, and the increasing weight of sorrow came with the years settled upon her, she found in the gift of poetry a rest and relief. Left a widow with children, a son and daughter and an adopted niece, without an income sufficient for their needs, Mrs. Mathis necessarily sought some suitable avenue of support for herself and family. She did not make a business of literature, although her journalistic work and some of her poems were not without compensation. To another talent, however, she turned, and that was music. Her high and powerful soprano voice, sweet, pure and dramatic, decided her choice of profession. Her children being delicate Mrs. Mathis resolved to leave the stern climate of Illinois and go to California, settling in Santa Barbara, where she has been successful as a writer and musician, beloved as a friend, admired as a mother. Maternity was her religion,

music her ruling passion. Her son, Mr. Frank C. Prescott, is a promising young lawyer of Los Angeles. Her daughter, so idolized for her sweetness and rare beauty, has been called to the home above. Although nurtured in the conservative doctrines of the church, breathing with every breath the orthodox beliefs, Mrs. Mathis' analytic mind and independent thought have led her into the broad fields of Unitarianism, where she devoutly recognizes the Universal Father, and therefore a universal brotherhood. In literature she has always used her full name, Juliette Estelle Prescott, but having lately married Mr. J. A. Mathis, she will hereafter be known as Mrs. Juliette E. Mathis.

A. R. H.

HONEYSUCKLES.

OH! honeysuckles, rare and sweet, clambering to
the eaves,
Whisper again the tale he told under your shining
leaves!
The humming birds were listening,
Their sun-kissed wings were glistening,
And jeweled flies were floating in the trembling,
golden air
That summer day, so long ago, the day he called
me fair.

Your breath to-day upon my cheek brings back the
precious time
When life was young and love was sweet, and both
of these were mine;
When humming birds and crimson flowers,
When honeyed words beguiled the hours,
When neither he nor I could see beyond your circling
vine,
Or feel beyond the glad bright love that bound his
life and mine.

I hear again the songs we sung under your golden
hearts—
Songs we'll never sing again if life's sweetest hope
departs.
Even the thought of them has brought
The sudden tears to eyes where naught
In all the years of fond love light can ever glow
again;
Only the tears are in their gray, as gray skies filled
with rain.

Only dull pain, in place of hope—ah tell me, I
beseech,
Your strange glad secret, honeysuckles, why you
strive to reach
That fair heaven so far away,
So vainly climbing day by day,

Though now you are as far as ever from yon cloudy
height,
You struggle ever upward still, in darkness and in
light.

Upward, through all the summer's drought and
fiercely scorching heat;

Upward through all the icy storms that so tempestu-
ous beat

On your defenceless, swaying head,
With groping tendrils still outspread,
Stripped of glory, almost dead, April finds you, and
behold!

At her warm, tender, mystic touch, your elfin horns
of gold.

Ah! think you any coming year can ever to me
bring

Any sweet second spring to burst my heart to blos-
soming?

The songs I sang ere break again
From my pale lips the very same.

Can the cold heart be made to bud and blow and
bear again

The fruits of joy and love and peace, in place of
tears and pain?

Ah! tell me, is there any hope or any reason why
My life should be more barren than the raven's God
hears cry?

Your golden glow and scarlet show
Would trick a weaker brain, I know,
Into a faith so fair it might light up the darkest
gloom

Into a sure belief, as sweet as even your crimson
bloom.

A MESSAGE.

WHAT does he think, I would like to know;
And does he dream how, I watch and wait
For the years to pass, that drift so slow,
That bring him at last, although so late?

Does he ever feel I look and long
For the coming time that gives to me
That clinging hand, whose pressure strong
Is always felt, and ever shall be?

Does he know I sit and dream of him,
And yearn so to meet him, face to face,
Wond'ring if distance or time will dim
My mem'ry quite—my image erase?

How can he know? but will he believe
I love as I do him, no other;

That lip, cheek and brow wait to receive
Only his kiss, my only lover?

Does he guess I love him hour by hour,
Day by day, and year by year; that each
Singing bird or swaying flower
But one sweet lesson my heart can teach?

Do visions come to him how I sit
Alone in shadows, watching for what
May never come, while wild swallows flit
Past me, over me, heeding me not?

For I am so still, they do not know
But even I am stone, like the wall
I lean against; they twitter as though
I could not hear what they said at all.

If you could take my message to him,
O vain swallows, that dip in the sea!
O skimming swallows! my eyes grow dim
Thinking of what that message might be.

Would you be faithful, carry it where
No ear but his own heard what I said?
Perhaps he'll never know (and despair)
How faithful I was till I am dead.

Dead! I think I should know if he came
To look his last on the face of one
Who loved him in life and death the same,
Till duty and doubt and pain were done.

Oh! tell him, then, swallows, what you've seen,
But this, no more, enough it will be
He knew me well, he'll know what you mean;
Be swift, sweet swallows, tell him for me.

ONE AMBITION.

AMBITION plays inconsequential part
In that arena circumscribed, my heart
And life, save this of perfect fealty;
I would be loyal, O my Friend, to thee!

This the one attribute I hold most dear,
This one attainment doth to me appear
Of all best worth the striving of my soul;
For this of virtues crowns the sacred roll.

When at the last this mortal strife shall end,
Oh say of me, all ye who would defend,
One grace of hers all other gifts transcends,
She was in all things faithful to her friends.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD was born at Westfield, New Jersey, in 1857, of Welsh-English parents. The Lloyds, one of the most ancient of the noble families of Wales, have from remotest times counted among their kin famous Cymric bards, both musicians and poets. None who are familiar with the songs of the American representative of his race will deny that he worthily sustains the fame of its genius. Having, at the age of nineteen, sufficiently profited by the excellent educational advantages afforded by New England schools, he chose for his life work the profession of medicine, and entered upon a course of preparatory study. Fortunately for literature this plan was not destined to be successful, the sudden death of his preceptor, Dr. Troll, so much interfering with his arrangements that he decided to remove to Kansas and devote himself to making a home in the then "New West." This endeavor meeting at first with flattering success, Mr. Lloyd soon after married Miss Marie Elizabeth Emerson, a young lady of unusual beauty of person and character, who had been his fellow-student under Dr. Troll. Prospects were bright for the young poet and his lovely wife, but the deceptive and capricious Kansas climate brought disaster to them as to hundreds of others. Repeated seasons of drought proved too much for the brave young home-makers, and they removed to Iowa as a temporary location. In 1883 an hygienic college was incorporated near Mount Eagle, Tennessee, and Mr. Lloyd became one of its managers. The institution did not prosper, for though well equipped, and with competent faculty, it was not on a sound financial basis. It therefore seemed expedient that Mr. Lloyd should secure more remunerative occupation. With this in view he removed to Florida. The change proved an unfortunate one. Palatka was the point chosen for permanent location. The season was a sickly one, and Mrs. Lloyd succumbed to the influence of the deadly malaria of the country. The beautiful, patient, loving wife, after a few days' illness, died. The heart-broken husband and father, left with his two motherless children in a strange land, thought longingly of his boyhood's home. He returned with his children to Westfield, where, in its familiar scenes and among appreciative friends, he finds rest and leisure for his literary work. Mr. Lloyd is distinctively an American poet. His verse reflects the sky and atmosphere of his country, and catches the keynote of its winds, waves and forests. It has in an eminent degree the subtle, elusive, yet distinct quality of national character which marks the true folk-song of old countries.

M. H. A.

MY DEAD.

AND you are dead, my beautiful, beloved,
My inmost love, my sweet, dark, gentle friend;
No more the light from your brown eyes, so soft,
Shall be the radiance of my humble home;
No more your voice shall welcome back from toil;
No more your soft, brown, clinging tress shall frame
With glinting, silken charm your sweetest face;
No more that head upon my breast shall lie,
With fragrant breath perfuming all my beard—
Soul-beautiful, I would have died for thee!

No more!—I mind we often talked of death,
How that our final change was like a sleep
In which we dreamed ourselves away, away,
Into the stream that sparkled in the sun,
Into the breeze that whispered in the pine,
The bud, the blade, the inconstant flower,
The mobile cloud that dappled heaven's dome,
The lightning's flame that split the leafy oak,
The soft blue haze that hid in sylvan shades,
Away, away, till we were wholly gone;
Forming new life within a hundred lives;
Held fast within the circles infinite;
Unconscious, oft, that we had lived before;
Oftimes unknowing we were living still;
Absorbed into the members of the Whole—
Nirvana.

Ah! It was not wise to weep,
We said, in this short life so strangely sweet,
(I have not wept) or make a moan at death
(I have not moaned), but calmly, healthfully,
With conscious joy, we each should pluck the
blooms
Within our reach; and calmly, restfully,
Each one, when tired, should fall in sleep in peace,
Without regret or fear, as knowing well
The worth and worthlessness of life.

O sweet,
O wise, without regret or fear you slept;
And I—looked calmly on your dying face,
And I looked calmly in your open grave;
Calmly I go to reap the fruits of life,
Within the precious hours I keep awake,
This brief, swift-changing time that I am *man*,
Until I too shall sleep.

O love, O sweet,—
Perchance within our dreams to meet!—mayhap
To kiss and flow together in the stream,
To laugh and murmur 'neath the mossy stone,
To drift and eddy in the placid pool,
Our eyes in bubbles smiling side by side;

Mayhap to rise, sun-lifted, in the steam,
To float above the green, beneath the blue,
To fall in dancing drops upon the corn,
To flash in forking flames athwart the night,
Or call, or whisper, in the whirling wind.

It may be I shall swell the piping throat
That sings beside some sylvan nest, while you
May warm the breast that warms the spotted eggs;
Just as I sang, erstwhile, in wildwood home,
When you, at eve, were with our nesting babes—
Ah well! Farewell! My lips repeat our lore:—
Be brave, be wise, be happy—this is *life*—
You taught in death, I live to teach it true;—
Soul-beautiful! beloved! I would have died
For thee! I would have *lived* for thee.

AN INVITATION.

I.

COME go with me, my soft-eyed dove,
O dearest love, and sweetest love,
The painted woods, in red and gold,
Are waiting thee and me, O;
Through mottled groves we two will walk,
Where waters talk, bright waters talk,
And tinted leaves and springing moss,
A carpet weave for thee, O.

II.

Upon the rocks we two will sit,
While shadows flit, and sun-rays flit,
And down the glen the woodbines burn
Upon the pine tree's green, O;
And I will watch thy lovèd face,
Its gentle grace, its winsome grace,
With earnest dreams and throbbing thoughts,
Too deep for words, I ween, O.

THE VALLEY OF SILENCE.

BEYOND lies a valley of silence,
Clear night without tempest or star,
Naught holding but darkness, and stillness,
And calmness that nothing can mar.

We go to that valley of silence,
Days happy, or sad, bear us on,
Repose in that valley of silence,
When joyance and sadness are done.

Peace, peaceful that valley of silence,
Full of great words ever unsaid,
Pure silence, clear calmness, real resting—
Sweet echoless vale of the dead.

JAMES THOMAS WARD.

JAMES T. WARD was born at Georgetown, D. C., August 21, 1820; educated at Columbia Academy, Washington, D. C., and Brookville Academy, Maryland; received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Adrian College, Michigan, 1871, and F. S. Sc. (Society of Science, Art and Literature, London, England), 1888. He entered the ministry in 1840, connecting himself with the Maryland Annual Conference, and continued in the active work until, by reason of partially declining health, he located at Westminster, Maryland, in 1866. During this period, he was appointed to some of the most prominent churches in his Conference district, and was for eight years of the time pastor of a church in Philadelphia, founded by Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, whom he succeeded in 1848. In 1868, by unanimous action of the trustees he was elected president of Western Maryland College, and continued in the position until 1886, when he resigned the college presidency and was immediately elected president of the Westminster Theological Seminary, which office he now holds. His connection with these institutions, and the wisdom and prudence which he displayed in their management, have made him prominent as a public educator. For nearly a quarter of a century he has been brought into close daily contact with large numbers of young people, and it is safe to say that no man has ever, by the force of his personal character, exerted a more healthful influence upon the young.

From his earliest boyhood Mr. Ward has been a great lover of books, and has collected a library of over 3,000 volumes, many of them of rare value. His general reading has been very extensive, and few men have larger or more intimate acquaintance with the best authors of ancient and modern times.

Dr. Ward is a preacher of marked ability. His manner is earnest and sympathetic; his sermons clear, logical and forcible, showing him to be one of the most careful and profound Bible thinkers of the present day. As a writer he has been prominently known for a long time, having been a frequent contributor to many of the church and other periodicals. His style is graceful, easy and refined, and his writings are free from the strained effort, so often observed in the productions of less capable writers. His fondness for poetry was shown at a very early age, and he commenced writing verses when quite a boy. A number of his hymns have been set to music, and one of them, entitled, "The Meeting Place," is sung in many congregations. While a variety of subjects are treated in the writ-

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J. J. Ward

ings of Dr. Ward, the Bible has been the chief source of his inspiration, and his poems always abound in religious sentiment. He sees God in all things, admires his works, recognizes his providence, loves and adores him. And out of his own rich experience, as a Christian, flows much of the sweetness of his utterances. With an evenly cultured mind and heart, the development of more than sixty years of orderly and well-directed application, with favoring external circumstances and fine natural endowments, Dr. Ward possesses the highest qualifications for literary and theological work.

J. W. H.

DECORATION DAY.

FRESH flowers we bring to deck the graves,
Where rest the bodies of our braves
All silent beneath the sod—
Their spirits with their Maker, God.

More than a score of years have pass'd,
Since through our land war's trumpet blast
Called living thousands to contend
For rights, and liberty defend.

Their country's honor deemed at stake,
Great sacrifices they must make:
Loved scenes at home they must exchange,
For dreary march, and camp-life strange.

The exchange they made: forth to the field,
Willing if need be, life to yield,
They went. For years the conflict raged,
And they in fearful strife engaged.

Ah! in that strife how many fell!
What scenes occurred too sad to tell!
E'en brothers oft with brothers fought,
And grief to many a home was brought.

And when at length the strife was o'er,
Though battle sound was heard no more,
Wounded and dying round us lay,
Like wrecks when storm has passed away.

Strew flowers upon the graves of all
Who in the contest fell; and call
For Heaven's best blessings to abide
Upon the land for which they died.

We have our country: God be praised!
North, East, West, South, our banner's raised;
And peace through all our states to-day
Has full and unmolested sway.

As brothers should, so now we meet,
With patriot hearts, in concord sweet,
And o'er the graves of those we love,
Devotion to our country prove.

And let us here as Christians pray,
That wars may cease with us for aye;
And on our own and every shore,
May peace abound forevermore.

WHY SAD?

WHY art thou sad, O soul!
Has God, forsaken thee?
Though clouds around thee roll,
Bright is the canopy.

There shines the sun, and gives,
E'en through the clouds, some light,
And God forever lives,
And we are in His sight.

Clouds hide us not from him,
Nor Him from us, if we
Have faith in the Supreme,
And light in His light see.

Hope thou in God, O soul!
And yield not to dismay;
Clouds that around thee roll,
Ere long will pass away.

And even while they last,
They are with blessings fraught,
As the experience past
Of every saint hath taught.

As, shining after rain,
The sunlight sweeter is,
So, if thy faith remain,
Will God increase thy bliss.

His wisdom scans our need,
His love that need supplies;
And e'en His chastenings lead
Souls upward to the skies.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

THE world of books is a wonderful world,
Embracing all facts and fancies;
And through it the mind may be rapidly whirl'd,
As the car of thought advances.

But not too rapidly should we go,
If we would behold its beauties,
And learn the lessons we need to know
To fit us for life's great duties.

The traveler through it, if he be wise,
Will pause at every station,
And take due time for his mental eyes
To make full observation.

How many the lessons he may thus learn
For future profit and pleasure!
Each answering some good, in turn,
For hours of business or leisure.

But the best of all in this world of books
Is the Book that God has given,
To guide the soul, through all life's crooks,
To an endless home in heaven.

LINES.

THE world, not of nature around us,
All beautiful, grand and good;
Nor the race to which God hath bound us,
And for which His Son shed his blood:

But the world as opposed to its Saviour,
And loving and dwelling in sin,
Showing ever, in all its behavior,
Its antagonism to Him:

This world is the enemy, clearly,
Against which the soul is to fight—
To wage the long conflict severely,
From day-dawn to coming of night.

It marshals its wealth, fame and pleasure;
It claims the dominion of soul;
It makes its demands without measure,
Asserting its right to control.

And all merely flesh-born will love it,
And servilely bow at its shrine;
But those born of God, live above it,
And seek the Unseen and Divine.

Faith in these, through the grace that's in Jesus,
'Neath love's glorious banner unfurl'd,
From sin, death and misery frees us,
And victory gives over the world.

Then, if we be true to our duty,
And fight faith's good fight, every one,
We shall soon "see the King in His beauty,"
And "sit down with Him in His throne."

JAMES SUMNER DRAPER.

MR. DRAPER'S biographical sketch might be an extensive one, as his long-continued and active life affords much material of interest and value. He is descended in the seventh generation from James Draper, an emigrant from Yorkshire, England, who settled in Dorchester, Mass., about 1635. He was born in Wayland, Mass. (then East Sudbury) August 18, 1811. His marriage with Emeline A. Reeves of that town occurred August 18, 1834. She deceased August 4, 1876. Four sons and one daughter were born of that marriage, all of whom are now living. Agriculture, supplemented by land-surveying, has been his employment, and his residence continues in his native town. Strictly speaking he has no *literary* career to narrate, his education being the result of the common schools of Wayland, Mass. His mental aptitudes have impelled him towards the new, rather than the old; hence he has been found constantly in the ranks of pioneers in thought and action,—and though not always escaping criticisms of heresy-hunters, he has yet maintained a solid reputation for integrity, as witnessed by the responsibilities entrusted to him by the public. The results of his ability to write poetical composition have been retiring and cloistered rather than public; no published volume of his works have been attempted. Versification began with him at an early age; and all through his mature years he regarded his ability as somewhat of a special endowment, for the use of which he can claim no merit.

He has commenced a new decade of years (the ninth of his life) with apparently as good promise of its completion as when he began that just closed.

E. S.

"DIES IRE."

I.

"O, DAY of Wrath! In that dread day,
Both Psalmist and the Sybil say
That earth shall melt in flames away.

II.

"Ah me! what trembling then will be,
When every eye the Judge shall see
Descend to make strict scrutiny!

III.

"The last shrill trump will wondrous sound,
Through the sepulchral regions round,
Startles the dead from sleep profound!

IV.

"Nature and Death, as they arise,
And press unto the grand assize
Behold with overwhelmed surprise.

V.

"The Book of Doom is opened then;
Wherein, with an unerring pen,
Are writ the deeds of sinful men."

NON DIES IRÆ.

I.

O, PEACEFUL, blessed, glorious day,
(Our deepest inspirations say),
When earth shall change and pass away.

II.

O, what rejoicings then will be,
When we our Father's face shall see,
In realms of immortality!

III.

When at some wondrous, sweet-toned sound,
Soul to its upper home shall bound
With peace serene and joy profound!

IV.

Meeting beneath those fairer skies
The good, the pure, the just, the wise,
With grateful hearts in glad surprise!

V.

The past, with beauty clad, will then
Be pictured with unerring pen;
And God be seen the guide of men.

"I THINK I AM LIKE THE PINE TREE."

A BROAD horizon round me sweeps,
O'ercapped by azure-crystaled space,
That down among the tree-tops creeps,
Fringing the wondrous arch's base;
Where fairy, lace-like branches blend
With varying tints—or dark or bright,
And all a pure enchantment lend,
To human hearts, through human sight.

There, on the verge, erect in form,
Conspicuous rise the lofty pines;
Pointing to heaven, alike in storm
And when the sun-god brilliant shines.
Their soft, perennial verdure fills
With rich perfume the bird-home bowers;

Through summer heat and wintry chills,
They solace grief-worn, weary hours.

When tempests sweep across the sky,
Their graceful arms majestic weave,
Attuned to music, deep and high
As ocean strand and billows wave.
Or when by gentle breezes stirred,
Quivers each needle-covered limb,
What sweetly soothing strains are heard,
Like breathing tones of seraphim.

I love the Pines! My life they teach
To be with vital verdure clad;
Erect with noble aims to reach
For joys that make each moment glad;
My little, trembling note to raise
Amid the universal choir;
And thus to swell pæanic praise,
And bear my aspirations higher.

GOING TO SLEEP.

Two tireless little feet all day have trotted
Across the parlor floors;
Two hands have wrought, what mind has slyly
plotted,
Mischief behind the doors.

Two magic, crystal orbs, with watch unceasing
Their glance on all have flung;
Two rose-red lips their merry chattering, teasing,
In bird-like notes have sung.

Now o'er those orbs the drowsy lids are closing
Bidding adieu to light;
And lips, while hands and feet lie still, reposing,
Have whispered their "Good night."

O, blessed hour, when soft-winged Sleep, de-
scending,
Brings a desired release
To toil-worn mortals, all their trouble ending
In sweet oblivious peace.

For he who ever guides the sunlight's setting,
And gently veils the earth,
That deep repose may bring that self-forgetting
Prelude to newer birth,

Will ever guard the tender infant's slumber,
And send his angel bands,
The midnight watch and dawning hours to number
With star-tipped wands.

MATTHEW JAMES HARVEY.

MATTHEW JAMES HARVEY was born in Epping, Rockingham county, New Hampshire, October 14, 1821, the youngest of three brothers. His father, James Harvey, was a farmer, and descended from Sir Thomas Harvey, who came from England to this country at its early settlement, married an American lady, and settled in Taunton, Mass. The subject of this memoir was a relative of the late ex-Governor Matthew Harvey, also of John D. Philbrick, Principal of Connecticut State Normal School. Mr. Harvey's mother was Lois Folsom Ladd, connected by consanguinity with the late Lewis Cass, American statesman and Minister of War under General Jackson, Plenipotentiary to France, and Secretary of State under Buchanan, and also with Frances Folsom, ex-President Cleveland's wife, and W. L. Ladd, a celebrated banker of the firm of Ladd & Tilton, Portland, Oregon. Mr. Harvey's education was very limited. He was taken from the common district school at the age of fourteen years to assist his father on the farm, which occupation he has since followed. In youth he was Captain of a company of infantry in the Fourth Regiment of the old New Hampshire militia, a Justice of the Peace for many years, a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives and one of its active members. He is quite extensively known as an agricultural writer; has published a number of agricultural essays in the New Hampshire Reports of the State Board of Agriculture; also, has been an agricultural correspondent of several newspapers. He began writing poems in early life, a considerable number of which were published in the Boston *Cultivator*, edited for many years by the late venerable Otis Brewer.

Mr. Harvey's married life has been singularly felicitous. He married Susan Frances Thompson, of Lee, New Hampshire, a woman of culture and most kindly disposition, and has been the father of seven children, of whom one is not, for God took him. This was a grief that more keenly affected Mr. Harvey than any other.

Mr. Harvey in his youth was a handsome man, of fine physique. His blue eyes have a merry twinkle in them yet. He is five feet eight inches in height. Of a great spirit and highly sensitive, he has taken life harder than he ought. He is no mean speaker, and has won and held the esteem of many of his distinguished townsmen. He has seen his mansion on Red Oak Hill reduced to ashes, but another beautiful home, like a phoenix, has risen, and is now the seat of a generous hospitality. E. G. A.

OCTOBER.

THOU monitor of Winter's reign,
His snow-draped car approaching fast,
Of all akin to Summer's train,
Thou art the last.

Through orient windows of the morn,
The sun looks forth with regal blaze,
What glorious tints the fields adorn!
To meet his gaze.

Thy pallet spread with magic dyes,
The forests painted by thy hand,
Stand glowing 'neath thy dark blue skies,
Throughout the land.

As red fires o'er the mountains creep,
Glow maple's leaves in forest shade,
Like banner's flame, up leafy steeps,
In war arrayed.

'Midst gold, and red and emerald hue,
The walnut stands in sombre brown,
Where boys shake when their task is through,
The brown nuts down.

Pay mistress of the laboring swain,
Who laughs as soon as thou art born,
For he knows thou wilt load his wain,
With golden corn.

The tall elm sheds its amber shower,
Down at the quaint old farm house door,
Where stands glad Mirth at evening hour
Till husking's o'er.

TO A GRASSHOPPER.

My knocking startles thee old seneschal.
Here comes thy head out of thy tiny cave!
What desolation has this house befall?
Where is the owner, fled, or in the grave?

Now answer me without discourtesy!
Although we two are strangers, face to face
I have some questions to propound to thee,
Now answer me as in thy master's place.

The mighty frosts and winds of chill October
Hurl the sere leaves in eddies round the door,
While the slant sun with face bedimmed and sober
Casts in the broken light upon the floor.

At eve no blaze lights up the hearth-stone cold,
Where the lone cricket grates his sluggish note;

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Ida May Davis.

No antique clock the plodding hours doth hold,
Nor striking, tolls them from its brazen throat.

From hills of brown, the fields come sloping down
To the old yellow farm-house by the way;
The landscape wears the distant mountain crown,
Humped, like a camel's back, with boulders gray.

The fields are bare, no harvest team is there,
No crowing cock or busy labor's sound,
No lowing cattle claim the farmer's care,
With other details of his daily round.

Did affection blissfully abide,
And Beauty walk these floors with stately trail,
And sporting children rocking-horses ride,
Or flew their colored kites with graceful sail?

Did here the father yield his favorite son
For Death's dread raffle, upon southern soil
Where battle's wager, oft was lost, or won,
And patriot bones were trod by clumsy toil?

Or was hence borne the remnant of the race,
To the rough-walled ancestral lot,
Where moss the unpretentious stones deface,
Briars cling, and sumachs flame, on that "neg-
lected spot."

All day when thou hast basked upon the pannel,
And seekest thy retreat at coming night,
And looking inward from thy archèd kennel
On many a ghostly, foul, unhallowed sight;

The carnival of witches where each hag,
Vies with each other in their magic play,
As Tam o' Shanter on bespattered Mag,
Saw through the windows of Kirk Alloway;

Canst thou not say, thou old grasshopper gray,
Thou chirpest not as in the August sun,
Thy memory reaches back but for a day,
Chill winter comes apace and thou art done!

But shortly thou and I must pass away,
I have, perhaps, a little longer span,
Both have the existence of a day.
A grasshopper thou art, I a clodhopper man.

Now fades the sunshine from the waning day
A storm's chill omens fill the hazy sky
Of one less taciturn I'll seek my way,
So old grasshopper, I bid thee good-bye!

IDA MAY DAVIS.

IDA MAY DAVIS is a native of Lafayette, Indiana, but has lived since early childhood in Terre Haute. Her maiden name was DePuy, her father being of French descent, transmitting to his daughter much of that vivacity and humor for which the Gallic race is noted. Mrs. Davis's opportunities of education were good and were well improved in her girlhood. Her poetic disposition manifested itself from her earliest years. Poetry has always seemed to be the natural garb of her thoughts, and the form of verse is as easy under her hand as prose. At the age of seventeen Mrs. Davis began to publish her compositions, which were well received by the periodical press. She has contributed many excellent poems to the papers and magazines of the Central and Rocky Mountain states, and her productions have been republished and complimented in the West by lovers of lyric song. She is a member of the "Western Association of Writers," established in 1886. Mrs. Davis's accomplishments do not, however, end with the poetic Muse. She is also a devotee of art, in which she has achieved a distinct success. In manners, wit and person, Mrs. Davis is the pride of many friends. Still in possession of her youth and beauty, she charms the social group and the literary circle as much by her vivacity and graces as she elicits their applause by the beauties of her poetic numbers. In the near future she expects to publish a volume of her productions.

The poems of Mrs. Davis are almost purely lyrical in sentiment and form. Her Muse dwells much with the beauties of nature and those brief passages of life which constitute its gems and treasures. Her verses are flecked in every part with happy fancies and delicate touches of human nature. The flight is never long, but the upward and the downward curve—the flutter of the wing and the outburst of melody—are such as befit the song-bird on happiest voyage through the air.

J. C. R.

BENEDICTION.

THE scented fields that made the summer's splendor,
Are laid in rustling seeds and stubble dry;
The cuckoo's notes, so weird and yet so tender,
Sink into echo, and in silence die.

With wistful eyes we look where lupines gleaming
Stand palsied by the breath of sudden frost,
And think how one more year of song and dreaming
In shadows of the leafless wold is lost.

—Not lost while all the stars above are bending
 Their silent watches through unfathomed space,
 And spheres of light upon the hills descending
 To see this change in chastened nature's face.

Some joys seem dead that made existence splendid,
 Like golden threads that broke beneath the strain,
 Ere yet the beauty of the web was ended,
 And warp and woof could not be wrought again.

More kinship swims in warm tears shed together
 Than in communion of all mirthful song;
 Lo, in these silver days of tranquil weather
 We weave the silken ties that bind us strong.

Give thanks for sun and dew and love and flowers,
 For dawn and eve; for life and labor's quest;
 Thanks for our meed of youth, for rapturous hours,
 For folded hands and—best of all—for rest.

A MEMORY.

THE rose's heart is red, so red,
 The thrush's song is sweet, so sweet;
 The river lies a flame of blue,
 The morn is golden and complete.

I hear a voice amid the reeds,
 Alike no other melody;
 My name across the echoing wold
 On wings of wind is borne to me.

I reach out—ah, my rose-red dream!
 Gray shreds of gauze in ocher light
 Spread slow along the water's trail,
 Into the olive veil of night.

More swift is thought than flight of time.
 I dreamed this moment it was I
 Who, smiling, tossed her brown hair back,
 And to the song made glad reply.

It must have been the friendly hand
 The evening breeze laid on my brow.
 I smooth my locks—the soft light melts,
 I know my head is snow-white now.

O memory, thy magic thrills
 Touch brain and heart so tenderly!
 Thy song, low sougning thro' the trees,
 Brings back my youth once more to me.

Why mourn, when I have but to look
 At eve, adown the purple lane,
 And feel the cool wind's light caress,
 To live the vanished days again?

AFTERGLOW.

I HEARD a half-song long ago,
 A sweetly tender strain;—
 I've listened oft to music low
 For it to come again.

Amidst the busy crowd one day, .
 'Mid many a song and laugh,
 I heard one 'mongst the voices gay
 Sing through the other half.

My eyes were filled with sudden tears—
 I listened to the end;
 Ah, I had waited many years
 For that familiar friend.

I dreamed of rest once long ago,
 But woke too soon to pain;
 'Twill come again, some time, I know,
 Like that long-sought refrain.

I had no thought life was so bright
 Until this day was born;
 I dreamed the other half last night,
 And you came in this morn!

THE ROSE.

I, THE rose, am glad to-day,
 Slumbering in the summer heat.
 I heard my Lady, joyous say,
 "I'll wear this rose of fragrance sweet,
 When I my guests invited meet."
 Ah, kindest fate, that I should grace
 Such beauty as my Lady's face;
 And she will place me, soft caressed,
 With lingering touch upon her breast.
 * * * * *
 Strange fingers plucked me yester night,
 'Mid swiftly falling drops, dew-bright.
 They said an uninvited guest,
 Greeting my Lady, bade her rest.
 She lay in fair and fleecy white,
 With smiling lips. Thro' pale moonlight,
 They measured steps, with sound suppress,
 And laid me softly on her breast,
 And kissed her cheek so ivory white.
 I, the rose, am sad to-night.

CHANSON.

(After Swinburne.)

If I were Robin Redbreast
 And you were Jenny Wren,
 No morrow e'er before us,
 The golden sunlight o'er us,
 Against my heart your head pressed,
 What songs we'd carol then—
 If I were Robin Redbreast
 And you were Jenny Wren!

If you were nectar's sweetness
 And I the cup of gold,
 We'd quaff in amber showers
 The perfume of May flowers,
 And drink to joy's completeness
 And dare love to grow old—
 If you were nectar's sweetness
 And I the cup of gold.

If I were mignonette, love,
 And you the dew's soft kiss,
 Then joy would be unending,
 Then smiles and tears be blending
 Upon our cheeks all wet, love;
 What rapture could we miss—
 If I were mignonette, love,
 And you the dew's soft kiss?

If you were rosy morning
 And I were purple night,
 I'd flash through moonlight gleaming
 And overtake you dreaming,
 Your head with stars adorning,
 I'd stay time in its flight—
 If you were rosy morning
 And I were purple night.

EVENING SONG.

FAREWELL, sweet day;
 In perfect rhythm thy thoughts and mine
 Have blent in song, this day divine;
 And ere the rapture of thy spell
 Dissolves, I turn to thee and say,
 Sweet day, farewell!

Farewell, sweet day;
 For I would rather part from thee
 With every chord in harmony,
 Than meet thee in the cold gray light
 Of morrow's morn. Thus, glad I say,
 Sweet day, good night!

AMOS BRYANT RUSSELL.

AMOS BRYANT RUSSELL, who has written mostly under the *nom de plume* of "Erasmus," is the son of a Baptist clergyman, and himself a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was born in Woodstock, N. H., February 24, 1825. He is descended from Revolutionary stock, his great-grandfather and his brother having been soldiers in the Revolutionary war. The genealogy of the family has been traced back to the Bedford family in England, of which the late Lord John Russell was a branch. After having engaged in several pursuits in life he studied for the ministry, and was admitted to the New Hampshire Conference in 1855, at which time his literary work commenced. In July, 1847, he was married to Miss Ruth Stillings Watson, whose father was also a soldier in the last war with Great Britain, and was also of English extraction. Mr. Russell has written largely; his prose writings, which are chiefly of a religious nature, are very numerous, and his poems collected together would fill a large volume. His inspiration is largely drawn from nature, which in his native town afforded ample means for developing poetic talent wherever it was in any degree possessed. He is one who finds "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything." Hard labor on his father's farm through his earlier years, was a great hindrance to an early development of literary ability and afforded little leisure for poetic thought. His upright, sterling character commands the respect of all, outside of, as well as within, his own social and religious circle. He is earnest, sincere and independent, needing only to clearly see his duty and the right, to work steadily for its accomplishment, unheeding the obstacles to be overcome, asking no personal reward, only seeking that good may result to mankind and the cause he represents be honored; yet withal, he is gentle and charitable toward weak human nature. Energetic and persevering, he has often been chosen by his church authorities to lead a forlorn hope, and rarely, if ever, have the results been disappointing. C. H. M.

"PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING."

If the shadows of the evening
 Did not darken into night,
 Then the golden lamps of heaven
 Would not shine so clear and bright.

If there were no clouds to gather,
 And their drapery unfold,

Then the sun could not in setting,
Paint them o'er in red and gold.

If no steps were set in music,
And no rests the time prolong,
Then the time would have no pathos,—
Lacking this might spoil the song.

If no winds or stormy weather
Came to purify the air,
There would be no healthful pleasure,
And no skies be bright and fair.

If there were no vale of sorrow,
Were our faith not tried by fire,
And the dross of vile affection
Laid upon the burning pyre,

For the crown we'd have no fitness,
No abode with saints of light;
Purified must be our garments,
All our robes made clean and white.

"God is love," and whom he loveth
He will keep from every pain;
He the cleansing blood applieth
And makes free from sin's dark stain.

When within the vale of shadows,
There's no fear with love enthroned;
Though the mist hangs o'er the river,
Blest are they by Jesus owned.

AN INDIAN SUMMER.

A WAVE of summer's overflow,
A fugitive which went astray,
That on its passage lost its way;
A prelude to an autumn dirge,
An interlude on winter's verge,
A narrow space 'twixt flower and snow,
An after thought, an after glow,
A smile upon the waning year,
A ray to shine through nature's tear,
When Sol sends down his mildest rays
Upon us on these autumn days.
It beams with hope, and clouds with fear
This Indian summer of the year.

A REVERIE.

'NEATH lowering clouds and falling rain,
I sit in reverie,
While just outside the window pane
Are visions fair to see,
Which waken all my latent powers
And clear my mental sky;

And yet the sad and pensive hours
Will stay, I know not why.

I think of seasons yet to come,
With joy or grief to see,
I think of flowers yet to bloom
Which will not bloom for me.
I think when time and scenes are fled
And summer comes no more,
Where shall I be when I am dead,
My earthly conflicts o'er.

Shall I when my last hours shall come
And soul from body riven,
Be borne by angels to the home
Prepared for me in heaven?
Out of my reverie I wake
And lift my hope above
To Him who will my spirit take
Because my "God is love."

SOME TIME.

THE heart abounds in hope,
That, some time, drawing nigh,
The anxious eye will ope
On clear, unclouded sky,
When winds and storms are o'er,
And shadows fall no more.

Some time, not far away,
Life's battles will be won,
And there will dawn a day,
When never-setting sun
Will gild the golden shore
Where night shall be no more.

From toil, and care, and sin,
Some time we hope to rest,
And have a home within
The mansions of the blest,
Forever to abide
Where holy men reside.

Some time we hope to see
The Saviour face to face—
A love which thought of me
Upon His features trace,
When there before His throne,
He all His saints shall own.

Some time we hope to wear
A coronet all bright,
Bedecked with jewels rare,
A diadem of light,
Which never fades away,
But shines through endless day.

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Eugen C. Dolson

EUGENE C. DOLSON.

EUGENE C. DOLSON was born July 2, 1860, in Cato, Cayuga county, N. Y., and is still a resident of that vicinity. He is well educated, and, after leaving school, was for several years engaged in teaching. Poetry, however, has been his life study. Notwithstanding his early and continued devotion to poetry, Mr. Dolson never attempted to publish a line of verse prior to the twenty-third year of his age. Poems under his signature first appeared during the year 1883 in *Gems of Poetry*, a monthly magazine, conducted at that time by the late John Dougall of New York City, and he has since been a contributor to some of our best known papers and periodicals. Mr. Dolson is an enthusiastic student of early English literature. There is scarcely a poet in the language between the times of Chaucer and Cowley whose works, if obtainable in this country or England, he does not possess. Among the earlier writers of that age he places Surrey in the front rank for his success in redeeming the national taste from the rude style of his immediate predecessors, Skelton and Hawes. Mr. Dolson's sixteenth century studies have in no way affected his own manner of composition. His style, though perhaps a little influenced by Matthew Arnold, is well individualized. J. E.

PAST AND PRESENT.

DEEP in history of our nation's past,
One fateful era claims remembrance yet;
Backward through vanished years my thought I cast
On men, whose worth the land will not forget;—
Down through the thirty years which intervene
Since hope's faint light in clouds of war expired,
When that first shot from Sumter's walls was fired,
The signal note of many a battle scene.

Yes, from that hour dividing lines were drawn,
And mighty armies gathering near and far,
A frenzied and resistless tide, swept on
And madly closed in fratricidal war.
Quick to the mustering call our noblest braves
Pressed wildly onward, through th' infuriate roar;
But ah! what thousands who returned no more,
Sleep their last sleep in unknown Southern graves!

'Tis May-time! loveliest month in all the year!
The grass on many a nameless mound grows green,
Flowers blossom, notes of gladness greet the ear,
And scarce a trace of war's dark work is seen.

The fair Southland, once swept with sword and fire
In that wild raid of Sherman to the sea,
To-day with pride beholds her bondman free,
Her homes secure, our league of states entire.

As day's clear light dawns out of darkness, after
The mourner's sorrow smiles of joy return;
Hearts broken once are glad with song and
laughter,

And it is well; for who would always mourn!
The land again united, South and North,
Survives the awful ordeal of the past,
And in new glory stands, arisen at last
From doubtful strife to rank of power and worth.

Soldiers sleep on! Peace to your sacred dust!
No worthier tribute of a love sincere
Our country could bestow, than hold the trust
To deck with flowers your graves from year to
year,
Your noble deeds to keep in memory,
And stamp secure at last on history's page,
A beacon star, to shine from age to age
In light undimmed through all the years to be.

A WINTER'S NIGHT.

'Tis a winter's night and the pitiless rain,
Is driving against my window pane;
I sit by the firelight's dying glow,
And the forms that before me rise, I know,
Are ghosts of a summer of long ago.

Again in my waking dreams I stand
At twilight down by the wave-washed strand,
And clasped in my own a jeweled hand.

Apart from a throng of dancers gay,
From the lighted halls we have strolled away
Together down by the ocean side
To plight our vows in the eventide;
Soft winds from over the starlit sea,
Fan my brow with a dreamy wave,
Of life and love and the years to be
Hides all else in oblivion's grave.
Oh, night of all nights in the vanished train
Of my years of checkered loss and gain;
Shall a dear girl's voice, like some far off chime
Ring clear on mine ear through the lapse of time?
Shall that form once clasped in the pale moonlight
Come to me out of her grave to-night?
Ah, yes; not even the snows that hide
Her silent tomb on the bleak hillside,
Nor a wide expanse of trackless sea
Can sever my loved and lost from me.

I have left behind the joys that crowned
 A summer time in my life's dead past;
 Have wandered over the world and found
 My home in a stranger's land at last.
 Though faint seem memory's pictures when
 Through the day I stand in crowds of men,
 My heart keeps sacred their image bright
 For the cheerless gloom of a winter's night.

TWO EPITAPHS.

How oft in record of the lives of men
 That silence speaketh well,
 A meaning deep, which words of tongue or pen
 Were all too weak to tell.

I wandered once beyond the city's bounds,
 In thoughtful mood alone,
 Among a churchyard's consecrated mounds
 With grass long since o'ergrown.

'Twas autumn, and the bitter northern blast
 Had spent its icy breath
 On tree and flower and o'er all nature cast
 The withering blight of death.

The reddening autumn leaf, the crumbling tomb,
 Mute symbols of decay,
 Did plead how spring-time flowers and beauty's
 bloom,
 Shall pass betimes away.

I paused to mark ambition's pompous pile,
 To scan the mouldering stone,
 Whose moss-grown message still would seem awhile
 To mock oblivion.

And saw how chiseled there, to ape the great,
 The flatteries not his due
 Did now in loftiest phrase commemorate
 Virtues he never knew.

Thus musing doubtful o'er the import unjust
 Of this presumptuous stone,
 Its teaching false where truth was looked for most,
 I slowly wandered on.

As one exiled to lands beyond the sea,
 In curious mood had stayed
 To scan some meaning wrapt in mystery,
 Once more my steps delayed.

A granite shaft, to baffled hope a token,
 Loomed through the twilight gloom,
 With mighty base, but top abruptly broken;
 This was Ambition's tomb.

No word engraven above the proud unknown,
 Such as fair friendship lends,

But the rent summit of a massive stone
 Spake where all language ends.

Lo, what strange contrast in two graves, methought,
 But were their inmates known,
 How much alike in this, that both had sought,
 A goal which neither won.

One whose inscription overreached his fame,
 Was passed unheeded by,
 While the cleft monument without a name
 Might yet demand the eye.

O unjust flattery! thy vain desire
 Avails thee not; else why
 Should we one sleeper's dust the more admire,
 Where both forgotten lie?

Man's works are his best epitaphs; how vain
 Were praise engraved in stone,
 As chance and circumstances his deeds ordain,
 Even thus shall he be known.

BLOOM AND BLIGHT.

I WANDERED alone in the woods to-day,
 By a path we knew in the years gone by,
 When trees were green with the leaves of May
 And wild flowers blossomed to greet the eye.

What a chance since then my life has known,
 Why even the world seems changed somehow;
 You were with me then; I am now alone;
 'Twas springtime then, it is autumn now.

Springtime and autumn, love and death—
 One after the other, bloom and blight—
 'Tis eternal law that the morning's breath
 Shall be swallowed up in the gloom of night.

TWO DREAMS.

IN the winter time, when the nights were long,
 And the storm-clouds rolled in a ghostly throng
 Over a moonless waste of sky,
 She dreamed of a night in the summer time
 When a vow and a kiss and a wedding chime
 Would brighten her life while the years went by.

'Tis summer time and the flowers have come;
 The bird's glad song and the insect's hum
 Float on the air as the zephyrs blow,
 But she sees in her dreams at eventide,
 A marble shaft on the cold hillside
 Where a grave is buried deep in the snow.

SINGLE POEMS.

TOO LATE.

A SONG.

Joy stood upon my threshold mild and fair,
 With lilies in her hair;
 I bade her enter as she turned to go,
 And she said, "No."

Fortune once halted at my ruined porch,
 And lit it with her torch;
 I asked her fondly, "Have you come to stay?"
 She answered, "Nay."

Fame robed in spotless white before me came;
 I longed her kiss to claim;
 I told her how her presence I revered.
 She disappeared!

Love came at last—how pure, how sweet!
 With roses at her feet.
 I begged her all her bounty to bestow—
 She answered, "No."

Since then Joy, Fortune, Love and Fame
 Have come my soul to claim;
 I see them smiling everywhere,
 But do not care.

FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS.

—*Dreams After Sunset.*

THE WIFE'S LOVER.

I HAVE a lover, I. 'Tis long indeed
 Since from my husband's lips sweet praises came,
 Since all my pains have earned one small thanks'
 meed,
 Or one poor fault of mine gone free from blame:
 But then my lover! All I do is best;
 No plan, no deed, but makes him new surprise
 That I should be so skilled, so kind, so wise;
 Whether I work or sport or sit at rest,
 That way I am dearest, he most proud of me—
 Only that sometimes he will take a spite
 At some light task he deems for me not light,
 And, gently tyrannous, have me let it be,
 Well, he forgets: we have been wed so long:
 But in my heart I have him, who but he?
 My lover in whose eyes I did no wrong.

I am not lonely quite though day by day,
 Evening by evening, I am thus alone.
 My lover never has quite gone away,
 Who talked with me—ah, in how dear a tone!
 Who looked at me whene'er he spoke or I,
 And when he looked 'twas softly: not a word,
 However light, I spoke him fell unheard;
 Even he'd speak for sake of my reply.
 Ah, I remember, though to him 'tis naught,
 How in the earlier years he could not find,
 With me not near, a pleasure to his mind;
 How, hurrying home, from room to room he sought
 For me, me sole, me he could never spare,
 Me whom he needed for his every thought,
 Whom his heart needed as his life the air.

A star may long have perished, yet its beam,
 Reaching our world, shine and exist to us:
 Our happiness, however spent it seem,
 Exists to me, sending its brightness thus.
 'Twill last, I think, for all my life-time yet
 And keep me from the darkness I might know
 If in this world there were no long ago;
 If, being his wife, I could like him forget.
 I might be wearier (life's a drowsy round),
 I might be lonelier, might shed foolish tears,
 But for the love, the lover, of far years,
 But that some trifling thing, a scent, a sound,
 A gift he gave me then, a book we read,
 Brings all that *was* anew, and I have found,
 Though he forgets, the lover whom I wed.

He will remember when it is good-bye.
 His hand that tenderly will hold mine fast
 Will be again my lover's while I die;
 And afterwards when he recalls the past,
 I know 'twill be as though through all our life
 I had been what I used to be to him,
 As though our sunshine never had grown dim
 And I had been his love as well as wife
 Always. He'll think 'twas always; he'll, I gone,
 Forget I wearied him and pleased him ill,
 Forget, not the old love, but this long chill.
 Reading, through tears, my name upon my stone,
 He'll think he misses me, as though I had been
 Some one he always needed, prized, now, still.
 'Twas once, and he'll forget the while between.

I have not lost my lover; no, not lost;
 No more than lilies have been lost whose root
 Is in the earth while the dead leaves are tost
 On chilly gusts and autumn is afoot;
 Within the root where live the bud and leaf,
 And in one's heart of memory the flowers
 Live on that were abloom in happy hours.
 I have my lover; I make little grief;

I have my lover, him who took my youth,
 And kept it very happy some years long;
 But youth has waned: yet in my heart too strong,
 For I desire youth's happiness, in sooth,
 Of being loved and praised, and that's gone by.
 Well, I am merry at the true, true, truth:
 Not lonely, I! I have a lover, I!

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

A SONG FOR THE PERIOD.

"Oh! weave us a bright and cheerful rhyme
 Of our land where the fig tree grows,
 And the air is sweet in the New Year time
 With the breath of the new-born rose."
 This message rang while the engine roared
 By the wharf at the city's feet,
 Where the white-winged birds of trade lay moored
 In a vast, unnumbered fleet.

It filled my ears as we moved away,
 And the iron wheels rolled on,
 From the noisy town and the sobbing bay,
 For the wilds of Oregon,
 Where the mountain cloud and the mossy sod
 Are kissed by the self-same rills,
 And the torrents beat like the pulse of God
 In the hearts of the ancient hills.

And I sang of the broad and generous fields
 That were fresh with a promise rare—
 Of the mother-breast that sweetly yields
 All life to the people's prayer,—
 But my song grew sad with a minor tone
 From the souls of the outcast poor
 Who asked for work and received a stone,
 As they tramped o'er the lonely moor.

Then I sang of a land whose faith was sealed
 By the blood of the brave and great—
 Of the strong, fierce bird, and the starry shield
 That guarded the halls of State,—
 But the eagle watched o'er the idle gold
 That was heaped on the rich man's floor,
 While the gaunt wolf leered at the toiler's fold,
 And howled by the poor man's door.

I cannot join with the old-time friends
 In their merry games and sports,
 While the pleading wail of the poor ascends
 To the Judge of the Upper Courts,—
 And I cannot sing the glad, free songs
 That the world around me sings,

While my fellows move in cringing throngs
 At the beck of the gilded kings.

The scales hang low, from the open skies
 That have weighed them, one and all,—
 And the fiery letters gleam and rise
 O'er the feast in the palace hall,
 But my lighter lays shall slumber on
 The boughs of the willow tree,
 Till the King is slain in Babylon,
 And the captive hosts go free.

JAMES G. CLARK.

A DAY IN JUNE.

THE day came through the orient gates
 With showers of gold and joy supreme;
 The trembling ecstasy of light
 Fell on the dew with diamond gleam;
 The flowers had on a conscious look
 That this old earth was born anew,
 And each through sheen of crystal took
 An added grace or fairer hue.

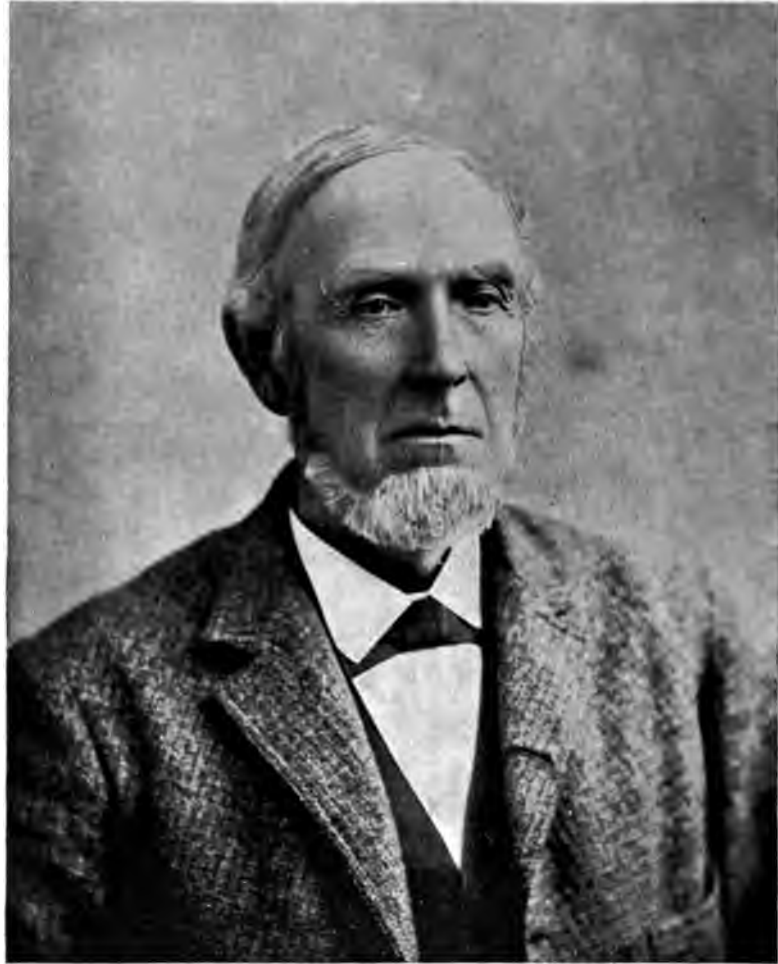
I did forget for that brief day
 The heavy wisdom of the years,
 Forget that Eden's gates were closed
 And all the language born of tears;
 Forgot this life that hems us round,
 And all the endless depths of space;
 Forget the weird philosophies
 And gloomy milestones of the race.

I only know your image there
 Within the temple of my heart,
 That all its frozen pulses thrilled
 And warmed with love in every part.
 I only knew my hand in yours
 With perfect faith and trust sublime,
 Unmeasured by the wealth of speech
 Or melody of any clime.

I only saw by some new light
 That opened to the grand unknown,
 My soul had struggled through the night,
 The long tryst of the years had flown.
 I only saw, as travelers see,
 From some far hight a passing glance,
 How fair the after-life will be,
 With love the soul's inheritance.

I bind the memory of that day
 Upon my heart to give me rest,

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Mr. J. A. Harvey

And watch the seasons pass away
 While I am most divinely blest.
 Decembers may be cold, and crisp
 The frost beneath my weary feet;
 But over all this June day lives
 With thrilling rapture all complete.

I guard my eyes when others speak
 Of broken joys and love's decay,
 For fear their light would some time lead
 To this rare treasure hid away,
 This fragment of a life to be
 That gleams beyond the distance far,
 That shines through all the darkened years,
 And guides one homeward like a star.

Then welcome happy, happy June,
 When all the harps of heaven play,
 And angels, passing through the bloom,
 Walk with us in the common way;
 The while our hearts within us burn
 With glowing hopes and high emprise,
 And earth transfigured to our view
 Beams with the joys of paradise.

MATTIE R HAVENS.

SOME DAY.

SOME day, some day of days, threading the street,
 With idle, heedless pace,
 Unlooking for such grace,
 I shall behold your face!

Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May
 Or winter's icy chill
 Touch whitely vale and hill;
 What matter? I shall thrill

Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
 And for a moment there
 I shall stand fresh and fair
 And drop the garment care;

Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
 How, face to face, each soul
 Will slip its long control,
 Forget the dismal dole

Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea.

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
 The past with all its fears,
 Its silence and its tears,
 Its lonely, yearning years,
 Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

THE NEW WIFE AND THE OLD.

DARK the halls, and cold the feast,—
 Gone the bridesmaids, gone the priest;
 All is over,—all is done,
 Twain of yesterday are one!
 Blooming girl and manhood gray,
 Autumn in the arms of May.

Hushed within and hushed without,
 Dancing feet and wrestler's shout;
 Dies the bonfire on the hill;
 All is dark and all is still,
 Save the starlight, save the breeze
 Moaning through the graveyard trees;
 And the great sea-waves below,
 Pulse of the midnight beating slow.

From the brief dream of a bride
 She hath wakened, at his side,
 With half-uttered shriek and start,—
 Feels she not his beating heart?
 And the pressure of his arm,
 And his breathing near and warm?

Lightly from the bridal bed
 Springs that fair disheveled head,
 And a feeling, new, intense,
 Half of shame, half innocence,
 Maiden fear and wonder speaks
 Through her lips and changing cheeks.

From the oaken mantel glowing
 Faintest light the lamp is throwing
 On the mirror's antique mould,
 High-backed chair, and wainscot old,
 And, through faded curtains stealing,
 His dark sleeping face revealing.

Listless lies the strong man there,
 Silver-streaked his careless hair;
 Lips of love have left no trace
 On that hard and haughty face;
 And that forehead's knitted thought
 Love's soft hand hath not unwrought.

"Yet," she sighs, "he loves me well,
More than these calm lips will tell.
Stooping to my lowly state,
He hath made me rich and great,
And I bless him, though he be
Hard and stern to all save me!"

While she speaketh, falls the light
O'er her fingers small and white;
Gold and gem, and costly ring
Back the timid lustre fling,—
Love's selected gifts, and rare,
His proud hand had fastened there.

Gratefully she marks the glow
From those tapering lines of snow;
Fondly o'er the sleeper bending
His black hair with golden blending,
In her soft and light caress,
Cheek and lip together press.

Ha! that start of horror! Why
That wild stare and wilder cry,
Full of terror, full of pain?
Is there madness in her brain?
Hark! that gasping, hoarse and low,
"Spare me,—spare me,—let me go!"

God have mercy! Icy cold
Spectral hands her own enfold,
Drawing silently from them
Love's fair gifts of gold and gem,
"Waken! save me!" still as death
At her side he slumbereth.

Ring and bracelet all are gone,
And that ice-cold hand withdrawn;
And she hears a murmur low,
Full of sweetness, full of woe,
Half a sigh and half a moan:
"Fear not! give the dead her own!"

Ah! the dead wife's voice she knows!
That cold hand, whose pressure froze,
Once in warmest life had borne
Gem and band her own hath worn.
"Wake thee! wake thee!" Lo, his eyes
Open with a dull surprise.

In his arms the strong man folds her,
Closer to his breast he holds her;
Trembling limbs his own are meeting,
And he feels her heart's quick beating:

"Nay, my dearest, why this fear?"
"Hush!" she saith, "the dead is here!"

"Nay, a dream,—an idle dream."
But before the lamp's pale gleam
Tremblingly her hand she raises,—
There, no more the diamond blazes,
Clasp of pearl, or ring of gold,—
"Ah!" she sighs, "her hand was cold!"

Broken words of cheer he saith,
But his dark lip quivereth,
And as o'er the past he thinketh,
From his young wife's arms he shrinketh;
Can those soft arms round him lie,
Underneath his dead wife's eye?

She her fair young head can rest
Soothed and childlike on his breast,
And in trustful innocence
Draw new strength and courage thence;
He, the proud man, feels within
But the cowardice of sin!

She can murmur in her thought
Simple prayers her mother taught,
And His blessed angels call,
Whose great love is over all;
He, alone in prayerless pride,
Meets the dark Past at her side!

One, who living shrank with dread
From his look, or word, or tread,
Unto whom her early grave
Was as freedom to the slave,
Moves him at this midnight hour,
With the dead's unconscious power!

Ah, the dead, the unforgot!
From their solemn homes of thought,
Where the cypress shadows blend
Darkly over foe and friend,
Or in love or sad rebuke,
Back upon the living look.

And the tenderest ones and weakest,
Who their wrongs have borne the meekest,
Lifting from those dark, still places,
Sweet and sad-remembered faces,
O'er the guilty hearts behind
An unwitting triumph find.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

CURRENT POEMS.

THE BALLAD OF MELICERTES.

IN MEMORY OF THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

DEATH, a light outshining life, bids heaven resume
Star by star the souls whose light made earth
divine.

Death, a night outshining day, sees burn and bloom
Flower by flower, and sun by sun, the fames that
shine

Deathless, higher than life beheld their sovereign
sign.

Dead Simonides of Ceos, late restored,
Given again of God, again by man deplored,
Shone but yestereve, a glory frail as breath.

Frail? But fame's breath quickens, kindles, keeps
in ward,

Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

Mother's love, and rapture of the sea, whose womb
Breeds eternal life of joy that stings like brine,
Pride of song and joy to dare the singer's doom,
Sorrow soft as sleep and laughter bright as wife,
Flushed and filled with fragrant fire his lyric line.

As the sea-shell utters, like a stricken chord,
Music, uttering all the sea's within it stored,
Poet well-beloved, whose praise our sorrow saith,
So thy songs retain thy soul, and so record
Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

Side by side we mourned at Gautier's golden tomb:
Here in spirit now I stand and mourn at thine.
Yet no breath of death strikes thence, no shadow
of gloom,

Only light more bright than gold of the inmost
mine,

Only stream of incense warm from love's own
shrine.

Not the darkling stream, the sundering Stygian ford,
Not the harm that snffles and severs as a sword,
Not the night subduing light that perish,
Smite, subdue, divide from us by doom abhorred,
Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

Prince of song more sweet than honey lyric lord,
Not thy France here only mourns a light adored,
One whose love-lit fame the world inheriteth.
Strangers too, now brethren, hail with heart's
accord

Life so sweet as this that dies and casts off death.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

—*The Athenæum*.

WHERE THE TROUT LIE.

LAST night it rained. Here on the bank
A splashing shower the willows throw
With every breeze; the grass, sprung rank,
Sparkles with drowning drops; I know
No fresher, brighter green can be
Than here, no such luxuriancy.

The stream flows fast, with clamorous sound,
O'er stepping-stones that towered dry
Last night; the sifting sun was found
Its pouring wavelets, through their sky
Of low-hung leaves, and flecks them bright
With shifting fragment of warm light.

My line is cast, but languidly.

The red-specked, wary creatures may
Hide them or curvet safe, for me.

I watch a squirrel scamper, play;
A woodchuck whistles—he that knows
Where the sweet clover blushing grows.

Yonder the bilberries swell red,
And blackberries are everywhere
Whitely abloom; and young ferns spread
The rain-wet earth. The day is rare,
And I could know no care nor ill
Here where the trout lie heedful, still.

EMMA B. OPPER.

—*Harper's Weekly*, September 9, 1891.

ÆNIGMATA.

I WANTED the sweep of the wild wet weather,
The wind's long lash and the rain's free fall,
The toss of the trees as they swayed together,
The measureless gray that was over them all;

Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken;
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry—
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,
The answering sob of a broken sky.

What could they tell us? We see them ever—
The trees and the sky and the stretch of the land;
But they give us a word of their secret never;
They tell no story we understand.

Yet haply the ghost-like birch out yonder
Knows much in a placid and silent way;
The rain might tell what the gray clouds ponder,
The winds repeat what the violets say.

Why weeps the rain? Do you know its sorrow?
Do you know why the wind is so sad—so sad?
Have you stood in the rift 'twixt a day and a morrow,
Seen their hands meet and their eyes glow glad?

Is the tree's pride strung at its top's abasement?
 Is the white rose more of a saint than the red?
 What thinks the star as it sees through the casement
 A young girl lying, beautiful, dead?

BARRY PAIN.

—*The London Speaker*

THE CHIME.

(Translated by George Du Maurier.)

THERE is an old French air,
 A little song of loneliness and grief—
 Simple as nature, sweet beyond compare—
 And sad—past all belief!

Nameless is he that wrote
 The melody—but this much I opine:
 Whoever made the words was some remote
 French ancestor of mine.

I know the dungeon deep
 Where long he lay—and why he lay therein;
 And all his anguish, that he could not sleep
 For conscience of a sin.

I see his cold hard bed;
 I hear the chimes that jingled in his ears
 As he pressed nightly, with that wakeful head,
 A pillow wet with tears.

Oh, restless little chime!
 It never changed—but rang its roundelay
 For each dark hour of that unhappy time
 That sighed itself away,

And ever, more and more,
 Its burden grew of his torn self a part—
 And mingled with his memories, and wore
 Its way into his heart.

And there it wove the name
 Of many a town he loved, for one dear sake,
 Into its web of music; thus he came
 His little song to make.

Of all that ever heard
 And loved it for its sweetness, none but I
 Divined the clew that, as a hidden word,
 The notes doth underlie.

That wail from lips long dead
 Has found its echo in this breast alone!
 Only to me, by blood-remembrance led,
 Is that wild story known!

And though 'tis mine, by right
 Of treasure-trove, to rifle and lay bare—
 A heritage of sorrow and delight
 The world would gladly share—

Yet must I not unfold
 For evermore, nor whisper late or soon,
 The secret that a few slight bars thus hold
 Imprisoned in a tune.

For when that little song
 Goes ringing in my head, I know that he,
 My luckless lone forefather, dust so long,
 Relives his life in me!

PETER IRBETSON.

—*Harper's Magazine, August, 1891.*

TIMOTHY.

TIMOTHY grows in the tangle tall
 Between the road and the gray stone wall;
 From its long green stalks upreaching high
 Its long green fingers point to the sky;
 And some turn purple, and some look tanned
 To a ruddy brown, like a sunburned hand,
 Bending and beckoning, to and fro,
 As the breeze runs by through the clovers low,
 And the redtop ripples, feathery-fine,
 And the daisies shake, and the buttercups shine,
 Stirring whenever the light wind blows,
 Under the warm sky Timothy grows.

Timothy goes where the blown grass bows,
 Sturdily trudging behind the cows,
 His hard little feet are red and bare,
 And his brown face laughs 'neath his tow-white hair.
 As blue are his round eyes, boyish-quick,
 As the ripe blue berries he stops to pick;
 And his few front teeth are sharp and small,
 Like the chipmunk's he chases along the wall.
 And whistling and following over the hill,
 While the cow-bells clink in the evening still,
 Where in the tangle his namesake grows,
 Under the bright sky Timothy goes.

HELEN GRAY CONE.

—*St. Nicholas, September, 1891.*

THE GIRLS OF NINETY-ONE.

THEY tell me 'twas the fashion,
 Oh, long and long ago,
 For girls to look like lilies white,
 And sit at home and sew.
 Forth strode their sturdy brothers,
 On many a gallant quest;
 But the maids behind the lattice
 Their weary souls possessed.

To-day the times have altered,
 And pretty Kate and Nell
 Are playing merry tennis—
 In sooth, they do it well.

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A. B. Russell

They ride across the country,
They climb the mountain-side,
And with oars that feather lightly,
Along the rivers glide.

If they've not yet been to college,
They are going by-and-by,
To shake the tree of knowledge,
Though its branches touch the sky.
For all their Greek and Latin,
And poring over books,
With faces smooth as satin,
They'll keep their dainty looks.

Do you want a happy comrade,
In study or in fun?
Be sure you'll find her quickly
'Mid the girls of Ninety-one.
She'll keep that bright head steady,
Unharm'd in any whirl,
And not a lad will love her less
Because she is a girl.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

—*Harper's Young People*, July, 1891.

PRINCE ELECAMPANE OF THE GOLDEN PLUME.

WHEN the midsummer wanes and the fields are loud
With pipes of crickets, and bees a-boom;
When the blackberries ripen along the hedge,
And the grass is brown at the thickets' edge;
When the rose that reigned by the roadside gray
Has flung her crown to the winds away,
He comes to rule with a lordlier sway,
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The dust rolls up in a curling cloud;
He reck's not the mimic white simoom.
He laughs in his scorn of the passers-by,
Who, trudging, scan with a vacant eye
His shape superb, in its splendor drest,
The sunbeams gilding his radiant crest,
And the fire of youth in his royal breast,
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The burdocks under his feet are bowed.
They crouch and cower to yield him room.
He turns from the reaching, venturous vine,
The daisies that dim in his shadow shine.
He nods with an arrogant, easy grace
To the breeze that timidly fans his face.
He is lord of the realm for a little space,
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The thistle he woos,—she is flushed and proud,
As she leans to her lord in the fragrant gloom.

His heart is haughty, his hopes are bold,
The blood in his veins is a wine of gold.
He lifts his face to the cloudless sky,
And the summer wanes, and the days flit by,
And he scarce remembers that he must die!
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The asters shine in a starry crowd,
The goldenrod breaks to her perfect bloom,
And the sumach marshals his banners red,
And crowns her queen in the prince's stead.
He feels, astonished, his strength decline,
He fails, he droops, by the blackberry vine,
And cold in his veins is the ebbing wine,
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume.

The spiders spin him a silvery shroud,
The bees go buzzing abroad his doom,
He trails in the dust his shriveling crest,
And the faithless thistle laughs with the rest.
His reign is over, his splendor is spent;
He yields up his life and his crown content,
And the loyal breezes alone lament
Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume!

MARGARET JOHNSON.

—*St. Nicholas*, August, 1891.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BORN FEBRUARY 22, 1819; DIED AUGUST 12, 1891.

AT Daybreak, with no earth-born shadow near
To cloud the sight, the Singer, loved and dear
To Britain and Columbia passed away
To brighter Spheres of never-ending Day.

Poet and Prophet evermore thou art:
My verse-thoughts raise the Soul to things above:
Kindle within the breast faith, hope and love,
Till man to God and man acts well his part:
For he who to his God is true must be
True to himself and all humanity.

Lowell! above thy grave, still wet with tears,
This tribute to thy head and heart I lay:
Would we had met, yet we will meet one Day
To know and love each other 'mid the brighter
Spheres.

JOHN FULLERTON.

—*For The Magazine of Poetry*.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

THOU fond chameleon of man's varied thinking—
A pet of Peking's radiant virgin queen—
A fetish, Fatme wears o'er robe of faint rare
green—

A chain, that Gretchen's prayers were chastely linking—

A splendor-feast, when Madrid's maids are winking—

A sun-burst, where brave warriors bathe in sheen—

A wonder, while Dread's winds blow high and keen—

A flash, while God's glow-glances have been sinking—!

Thou marvel mouth, fair tuned to twenty tongues—

The nations' lores are by thy lyre enhanced—

Thou magian who had hell and heaven entranced

To give thee Angel-blooms, or Satan's thongs!

O Saltus! when the world will think on thee,

Thy songs will win their praises lastingly.

EDITH LENORE MONTEFIORE.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

FORETASTE.

I.

FEAST not on promised joy with too great greed;
Anticipation will but make thee feed

On thy sweet joy, whose volume, growing less,
May cheat thine hope when it is thine indeed;

II.

Nor dread too much the face of threaten'd woe;
'Tis dry-lipp'd fear that bids it loom and grow;

Nor multiply its image in thy tears,
But face it boldly as thou wouldst a blow.

W. WILSEY MARTIN.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

A CULPRIT.

SLEEP fell upon me as I watched the stream.

A deer swam by unnoting and unnoted;

Then came a hound, soft-eyed and clarion-throated,

And I—I flogged him,—for he spoiled my dream,

CHARLES HENRY LÜDERS.

—*Lippincott's, August, 1891.*

THE MORNING.

SUNLIT and golden, fairy queen,

The earth-world and skies adorning;

Beautiful and bright in its shining sheen,

Is the winsome maid, the morning.

ISAAC W. SANBORN.

—For *The Magazine of Poetry*.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

Quotations will be found on page 121 of Volume III.

1. Marmion, Sir Walter Scott.
2. Tirocinium, William Cowper.
3. The Vanity of Human Wishes, Samuel Johnson.
4. Hamlet, William Shakespeare.
5. Brother Benedict, Alfred Austin.
6. The Faerie Queene, Edmund Spenser.
7. Hudibras, Samuel Butler.
8. Ode to the Nightingale, John Keats.
9. Manfred, Lord Byron.
10. In Memoriam, Alfred Tennyson.
11. Pearls of the Faith, Edwin Arnold.
12. Essay on Man, Alexander Pope.
13. The Earthly Paradise, William Morris.
14. Virtue, George Herbert.
15. Old Age and Death, Edmund Waller.
16. Aurora Leigh, Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
17. Jocoseria, Jochanan Hakkadosh, Robert Brown-
ing.
18. Hymn to the Flowers, Horace Smith.
19. Proverbial Philosophy of Tolerance, Martin F.
Tupper.
20. No More, No More, Lewis Morris.
21. The Pimpemel, Celia Thaxter.
22. Quatrains, J. W. DeForest.
23. Ballade of Queen Anne, Andrew Lang.
24. Immortality of Love, the Curse of Kehama,
Robert Southey.
25. Hymn Before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni,
Samuel Taylor Coleridge.
26. Intimations of Immortality, William Words-
worth.
27. The Hermit, James Beattie.
28. The Deserted Village, Oliver Goldsmith.
29. What Makes a Hero? Sir Henry Taylor.
30. "Down to Sleep," Helen Hunt Jackson.
31. Burns, Fitz-Greene Halleck.
32. The Death of the Flowers, William Cullen
Bryant.
33. Epitaph on Elizabeth, Ben Jonson.
34. The Passions, William Collins.
35. A Health, Edward Coates Pinkney.
36. My Wife and Child, Gen. Henry R. Jackson.
37. Betrayed, Francis Saltus.
38. Truth, Lizette Woodworth Reese.
39. "My Songs are All of Thee," Richard Watson
Gilder.
40. The Last Leaf, Oliver Wendell Holmes.
41. Lalla Rookh, Thomas Moore.
42. Beyond, Charlotte Fiske Bates.
43. Love and Time, Robert Buchanan.
44. A¹ Song in Season, Algernon Charles Swin-
burne.

45. Bitter-Sweet, First Episode, Josiah Gilbert Holland.
46. Implora Pace, Bayard Taylor.
47. Meridian, Edmund Clarence Stedman.
48. Como, Joaquin Miller.
49. Thou and I, Theodore Tilton.
50. The Wanderer: Palmgenesis, Robert Bulwer Lytton.

PRIZE QUOTATIONS.

THE editor of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY announces herewith the prizes, amounting to one hundred dollars, offered in connection with "Prize Quotations." The prize winners are as follows:

| | | |
|-------------------------|---|----|
| 1. James H. Webb | } | 50 |
| 2. Ella A. Dietrich | | |
| 3. Henry A. Durston | } | 49 |
| 4. Mrs. Jennie C. Hall | | |
| 5. Mrs. Lizzie C. Baker | } | 48 |
| 6. Abbie J. Beede | | |
| 7. Capt. H. S. Moore | } | 47 |
| 8. Phoebe A. Holder | | |
| 9. Mrs. Savilion Arnold | } | |

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RUSSELL, AMOS BRYANT. Miscellaneous poems.

DOLSON, EUGENE C. Miscellaneous poems.

NOTES.

DAVIS. "A Ghost o' the Past." The following is a proclamation made at the Market Cross of Inveray, Scotland, less than one hundred years ago: "Ta hoy. Te tither a-hoy? Ta hoy three times . . . an' to hoy. Whist. . . . By command of his majesty, King George, an' her grace, te Duke o' Argyll: If anybody is found fishing aboon te loch, or below te loch, afore te loch, or ahint te loch, in te loch, or on te loch, aroun' te loch, or about te loch, she's to be persecutit wi' three persecution; first sh's to be burnt, syne she's to be drownt, an' then sh's to be hangt—an'; if ever she comes back she's to be persecutit wi' a far waur death. God save the king an' her grace te Duke o' Argyll."

IBID. "Frae Robbie's Cot" was written on receiving a daisy pulled within ten feet of the cottage where Robert Burns was born.

POWELL. "The Norse Mother." An old Norse legend tells how a child fell down a precipice and was dashed to pieces among the rocks; but his mother gathered the fragments to her heart, and rocked and sung him whole again.

GRISWOLD. "We're Going Home To-morrow." This poem is here given as it was originally written. Afterwards it was rearranged and set to music in the form so popular to those familiar with the Moody and Sankey collections. The following extract will be more readily recognized:

We're going home,
No more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow,
No more to wear
The brow of care,
We're going home to-morrow.

CHORUS.

We're going home,
We're going home to-morrow,
We're going home,
We're going home to-morrow.

CARNEY. The most famous of Mrs. Carney's poems, "Little Things," can be found in Vol. I., No. 2, MAGAZINE OF POETRY, together with its history.

IBID. "Deal Gently with the Erring" was written in the autumn of 1844, by request of one of the editors of *The Orphan's Advocate*, who left with a relative at whose house Miss Fletcher was visiting, a request for "A short poem, just to fill a vacant corner." Upon returning from an examination of applicants for a vacant school, she was met by this new call upon her mental powers. "But I have not a thought left in my brain," she replied. "Oh, yes, you have, Julia," pleaded her friend, placing writing materials by her side. "Miss Fellows wanted it so much, and she looked so tired, working and writing for those friendless little ones. Now lean back in this rocker and shut your eyes, and the thoughts will come." And the thoughts did come. The previous evening she had read a sermon entitled, "Peter's Denial," by Rev. E. R. Chapin, of New York. The impression of sympathy for the tempted left upon her mind was quickly embodied in words, not intended for music, but which was copied from the paper for which they were written into others all over the land, were soon after, with slight alterations to suit the music, made use of in several standard hymn books, some of which are still in use. Yet to this day it occasionally appears as "original," with some fancy signature attached. Its constant use in the Prison

Reform meetings led to the mistake of its issue as "words by a prisoner," by Oliver Ditson & Co. This mistake occasioned her husband much annoyance, and he always afterward objected to its being published with its author's name. The beautiful lines, "Speak Softly," by another author, were not written until many years afterwards.

Mrs. Carney's poem, "My Angel Name," has also gained wide celebrity, but owing to lack of space, could not be included with the selections given. In a letter to the editor, Mrs. Carney writes: "When on a bed of sickness, as all supposed of death, I first read the beautiful poem, "My Angel Name." Coaxing from my husband the pencil and paper which had been forbidden by the physician, and raised slightly from the pillows, I wrote the lines with the same title, which (copied by my husband, at my solicitation), appeared in a Boston magazine soon after."

IBID. "Life" was originally written to compete for the prize offered by the publisher of THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY for the best sonnet. That it did not secure the prize reflects in no way upon the poem, for among the hundreds sent it was a difficult task to choose the winner.

SALTUS. "Too Late" was written by Francis S. Saltus just before his death, and is the last his pen traced. The father of Francis Saltus is to have a monument of Scotch granite and bronze erected over his grave in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, the design of which was taken from this poem.

IBBETSON. "The Chime." The lines are supposed to be sung by a mediæval prisoner who can't sleep; and who, to beguile the tediousness of his insomnia, sets any words that come into his head to the tune of the chime which marks the hours from a neighboring belfry. "I tried to fancy that his name was Pasquier de la Marière, and that he was my ancestor," wrote Mr. Ibbetson in a few lines explaining the meaning and origin of the poem.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

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INDEX OF COMPLETE POEMS.

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------|----------------|-----|-------------------------------------|----------------|-----|
| Above Lines, On the | Stanhope | 254 | Browning, Robert | Dick | 385 |
| Ænigmata. | Pain | 487 | Brown Thrush, To a | Washington | 450 |
| Ænon. | Spencer | 83 | Builders of Ruins. | Meynell | 177 |
| After Death in Arabia. | Sir E. Arnold | 206 | Bunker Hill, 1775. | Brown | 309 |
| Afterglow. | I. M. Davis | 474 | Burial Ode, A | Oberholtzer | 325 |
| Afternoon in Summer. | Ketchum | 44 | Burial of Sir John Moore, The | Wolfe | 251 |
| Algeria. | M'Gregor | 342 | Burns Rescue, The | Badger | 53 |
| Albert Sidney Johnston. | Sherwood | 22 | Bushnell, To Horace | Goodwin | 74 |
| Alcott, Louisa May. | H. H. Robinson | 201 | Butterfly Hatched in February, To a | Harlow | 235 |
| Ambition, One | Mathis | 462 | Cardinal Manning, To | Meredith | 116 |
| American Boy, The | Hewitt | 214 | Carmen Bellicosum. | McMaster | 107 |
| Among the Hyacinths. | Werner | 32 | Carry, The | S. W. Mitchell | 287 |
| An Autumn Morning. | Mason | 47 | Changed Perspective. | Lowell | 119 |
| Andromeda. | Valentine | 455 | Changes. | Lytton | 184 |
| Annetta, To | Esling | 424 | Chanson. | I. M. Davis | 475 |
| Appeal, An | Mountcastle | 223 | Cherry Tree, The | Badger | 54 |
| April Clouds. | Griffith | 169 | Chess-Board, The | Lytton | 184 |
| Arbor Day. | Harper | 362 | Childhood and his Visitors. | Praed | 444 |
| Army Haversack, The | Sherwood | 24 | Children, My | Manville | 332 |
| Army of the Potomac, The | Sherwood | 22 | Child's Voice, A | Griffith | 169 |
| Arnold, Matthew | Andrews | 253 | Chilson, Mary | Griffith | 168 |
| Art Thou Thinking of Me? | Mountcastle | 223 | Chime, The | Ibbetson | 488 |
| Atlantic Trip, An | Osgood | 119 | Christmas. | Ward | 127 |
| August. | Manville | 330 | Christmas Gift, My | A. A. Coleman | 440 |
| Autumn. | Valentine | 456 | Christmas Hymn. | Richardson | 199 |
| Autumn. | Mountcastle | 220 | Clay to the Rose, The | Dorr | 17 |
| Autumn Leaves. | Spencer | 80 | Clear Shining After Rain. | Pierce | 396 |
| Autumn Sunset, An | Brown | 309 | Cloudy Morning in the Country, A | Washburn | 318 |
| Baby-Land. | Cooper | 12 | Coast, At the | McAuslane | 452 |
| Back From the Darkness. | Gilder | 118 | Coleridge. | Allston | 112 |
| Ballad of Melicertes, The | Swinburne | 487 | Come for Arbutus. | Oberholtzer | 325 |
| Bartholomew, Brother | Guiney | 107 | "Come unto Me, and I will give you | | |
| Battle-Call of the Antichrist, The | Crofton | 67 | Rest." | Richardson | 200 |
| Battle-Hymn of the Republic. | Howe | 245 | Common Blessings, The | Griffith | 168 |
| Battle Prayer. | Ketchum | 44 | Compensation. | Deletombe | 66 |
| Bayard Taylor, To | Stedman | 117 | Constancy. | Munkittrick | 317 |
| Banshee, The | McCarthy | 458 | Contented Mind, A | Sylvester | 383 |
| Banville, Theodore de | Gosse | 399 | Conundrum of the Workshops, The | Kipling | 129 |
| Beatrice. | Dixon | 128 | Coy. | McArthur | 256 |
| Beautiful Isle of the Sea. | Cooper | 11 | Craik, Dinah Muloch | Boynton | 387 |
| Beau Nash's Picture at Bath, On | Brereton | 254 | Creation. | Clymer | 434 |
| Bees, The | Trench | 255 | Creation. | Lüders | 256 |
| Belated Blossom, A | Mason | 48 | Creeds and Deed. | Griswold | 429 |
| Benediction. | I. M. Davis | 473 | Crumbs of Bread. | Wilson | 120 |
| Beside Love's Bier. | Duke, Jr. | 56 | Crying for the Moon. | A. M. Dowd | 387 |
| Better Land, The | Marvin | 72 | Cry of Cain, The | Crofton | 68 |
| Be True to the Dreams of Thy Youth. | Badger | 54 | Cry of the Nations, The | Werner | 33 |
| Bibliomaniac's Prayer, The | Field | 264 | Culprit, A | Lüders | 492 |
| Bird's Carol, A | Cooper | 12 | Cup of Nature, A | Munkittrick | 317 |
| Blanco White. | S. Coleridge | 112 | Dahlgren, Ulric | Sherwood | 27 |
| Blind. | Munkittrick | 316 | Darwin. | M. Collins | 255 |
| Bloom and Blight. | Dolson | 480 | Dawn. | Bellamy | 96 |
| Bloomfield, On | White | 256 | Dawn. | Werner | 32 |
| Blossoms Above a Tomb. | Barlow | 411 | Dawn. | Washington | 450 |
| Boy, My | Walton | 335 | Daybreak, At | Bellamy | 95 |
| Brevities. | Kent | 225 | Day in June. | Havens | 482 |
| Bridgeman, Laura | Griffith | 167 | Day to Come, A | Meynell | 179 |
| Broken Fan, A | Ivory | 314 | Dead, My | Lloyd | 463 |
| Brook and the River, The | A. Moore | 170 | Dead Camellia, The | Oberholtzer | 324 |
| Brook, By the | Harlow | 235 | Dead Woman, To a | Bunner | 118 |
| Browning, Robert | Moulton | 253 | | | |

| | | | | | |
|--|-----------------|-----|---|------------------|-----|
| Dead Worker, The | Bell | 212 | Foretaste. | W. W. Martin | 492 |
| Deal Gently with the Erring. | Carney | 441 | Forward. | Arlo Bates | 163 |
| Death. | Landor | 118 | Four Winds, The | Richardson | 199 |
| Death. | Luttrell | 254 | Frae Robbie's Cot. | A. H. Davis | 413 |
| Death. | Colman | 254 | Fred's Mother. | S. M. B. Piatt | 282 |
| Death. | Landor | 254 | Frogs. | Valentine | 456 |
| Death of Cleopatra, The | Manville | 331 | Galilee, On | Richardson | 196 |
| Death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, On the | Marston | 253 | Garden, In the | Gustafson | 306 |
| Decoration Day. | Ward | 467 | Garden, In the | Dickinson | 241 |
| Definition. | Bangs | 255 | Gates Unclasped, The | Ivory | 315 |
| Descent of the Angel, The | S. M. B. Piatt | 282 | Gather the Grains. | Griffith | 169 |
| Destiny. | Sir E. Arnold | 208 | Gem, A | M'Gregor | 342 |
| Diamond, The | Trench | 255 | Ghost o' the Past, A | A. H. Davis | 412 |
| "Dies Irae." | Draper | 468 | Ghosts. | Munkittrick | 317 |
| Difference, The | Aldrich | 117 | Gift of Spring, A | Barlow | 405 |
| Dirna Gae Oot Frae the Farm. | A. H. Davis | 414 | Gift, The | A. Webster | 344 |
| Discovery, The | E. A. Jenks | 371 | Girls of Ninety-one, The | Sangster | 488 |
| Dolce Far Niente. | Baxter | 41 | Gladstone. | McKinnin | 195 |
| Doubt, A | S. M. B. Piatt | 280 | Glorious Song of Old, That | Sears | 245 |
| Dream, A | McAuslane | 451 | God and Woman. | Barlow | 411 |
| Dream, My | D. B. Collins | 347 | God Bless us Every One. | Riley | 6 |
| Dreaming. | Efnor | 366 | God Knows Best. | Bradlee | 349 |
| Dreamland. | Powell | 419 | God's Almoner. | Badger | 55 |
| Dying Year, The | Washington | 450 | Going to Sleep. | Draper | 469 |
| Easter Monday. | Clymer | 434 | Golden Sweets. | G. W. Webster | 232 |
| Eden. | C. Scott | 95 | Golden Organ, The | Griffith | 168 |
| Elder Lamb's Donation. | Carleton | 126 | Goldfinch, The | Powell | 423 |
| Ellen, To | A. A. Coleman | 440 | Good Ale. | Still | 384 |
| Embarrassment. | Saltus | 263 | Good-Bye. | S. M. B. Piatt | 282 |
| Empty Arms. | Walton | 335 | Good Night. | Deletombe | 66 |
| Epigram on the "Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner." | S. T. Coleridge | 255 | Grande Ronde Valley, The | E. Higginson | 129 |
| Epigram on Sleep. | Wolcot | 120 | Grandmother and Baby. | S. T. Williams | 50 |
| Epitaph on Dr. Johnson. | Jenyns | 394 | Grasshopper, To a | Harvey | 470 |
| Epitaph on General Gordon. | Tennyson | 120 | Grave of Love, The | Clymer | 434 |
| Epitaph on Soame Jenyns. | Mahany | 394 | Gray Day, A | Munkittrick | 317 |
| Equanimity. | Wheeler | 120 | Greenwood Men. | C. L. Cleaveland | 179 |
| Ermine, The | Trench | 255 | Greeting, A | Esling | 424 |
| Etching, An | Munkittrick | 317 | Griggsby's Station. | Riley | 9 |
| Et In Arcadia Ego. | Duke, Jr. | 55 | Guest, My | S. L. Morris | 417 |
| Evening. | Deletombe | 66 | Hammock, In the | Leggett | 359 |
| Evening Song. | I. M. Davis | 475 | Harvest, After | Leggett | 355 |
| Evening South-Wind, The | Swafford | 219 | Hast Thou Been Tempted? | Hull | 86 |
| Eventide. | Leggett | 359 | Haunted. | Munkittrick | 317 |
| Evolution. | Munkittrick | 317 | Haunted Battle-Field, The | Swafford | 218 |
| Expression. | Griswold | 429 | Hayne, Paul Hamilton | Lawless | 116 |
| Failure. | Arlo Bates | 162 | Hayne, Paul Hamilton, To | Marston | 385 |
| Fair Friendship Raised his Placid Mask. | Adams | 117 | Hearing the Battle. | S. M. B. Piatt | 280 |
| Faith. | Carney | 443 | Heart that Lacks Room, The | A. Webster | 344 |
| Fall Cricket, The | Brown | 310 | Heart and Nature, The | Lytton | 185 |
| Falling Stars. | Trench | 255 | He. | W. W. Martin | 398 |
| Family Jars. | Birdseye | 118 | Helen Hunt Jackson, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Julia Ward Howe, To | Vannah | 387 |
| Famous Sonnet of Arvers, The | Latimer | 130 | Heredity | Arlo Bates | 163 |
| Farmer's Song, The | Carney | 443 | Hermione; or, Differences Adjusted. | Buchanan | 149 |
| Farther. | J. J. Piatt | 291 | Her Secret. | Munkittrick | 317 |
| Fate. | Cheney | 118 | Hesperides. | Swafford | 218 |
| Field Lark, To a | S. T. Williams | 50 | Hidden | S. T. Williams | 50 |
| Firelight Dream, A | Stevens | 326 | Hildegarde | M. H. Bates | 174 |
| First Farewell, The | Lytton | 184 | Hold Your Own. | A. Moore | 170 |
| First Sight. | Gosse | 387 | Holmes, Oliver Wendell, | Whittier | 116 |
| Fire. | Dorr | 17 | Homeward. | A. Moore | 170 |
| Flower Asleep, The | Barlow | 411 | Honeysuckles. | Mathis | 461 |
| Flower of a Dream, The | J. J. Piatt | 294 | How far from Heaven. | Dickinson | 236 |
| Flowers without Fruit. | Newman | 29 | How the Cumberland went Down. | S. W. Mitchell | 286 |
| For All. | Mason | 48 | Hundred Years to Come, A | Spencer | 79 |
| Forbearance. | Lytton | 184 | Husband and Wife at Lord's. | Barlow | 407 |
| Forest Stream is Choked with Yellow Leaves, The | Spencer | 83 | Ideal, The | Coates | 397 |

- If I had Seen You Lying Still and White. M. H. Bates 175
- If I should see the King go by. Sherwood 24
- If Love were Life. Mason 48
- I Gave Thee Jewels. Clymer 435
- I Know not When. Bellamy 96
- Immortelle, An Manville 331
- Impromptu, An S. L. Morris 417
- Indecision Oberholtzer 324
- Indian Summer. Powell 423
- Indian Summer, An Russell 476
- Inquisitive Boy, An Cooper 15
- Interview with the Spring Wind, An Oberholtzer 325
- Into the Likeness. Rude 90
- Invitation, An Lloyd 464
- Invocation. Ferris 241
- Inward Voice, The H. H. Robinson 201
- It Might Have Been. Walton 335
- "I Think I am Like the Pine Tree." Draper 469
- "I Too!" Woolson 59
- I Want You So. Goode 298
- Jen. Washburn 319
- Jester's Plea, The Locker-Lampson 39
- Jacobite Toast. Byron 118
- Josephine. Praed 445
- July. Henry 397
- June. Riley 3
- June and December. Walton 335
- June Lily, A Munkittrick 316
- Kathleen Mavourneen. Crawford 112
- Katie, the Belle of Glenco', Gustafson 306
- Keats, John, To F. H. Williams 116
- Keats. G. Martin 430
- Keats' Greek Urn. Preston 336
- Kenilworth. Harlow 232
- Kentucky Belle. Woolson 60
- Kiss, A O'Reilly 119
- Klamath, The Wells 230
- "Knee Deep! Knee Deep!" Stockard 388
- Knowledge and Wisdom. Lytton 185
- Kossuth, Louis Kerr 226
- Laborer, The Gallagher 338
- Laburnums. W. W. Martin 256
- L'Addio Penseroso. C. Scott 92
- Lake Spirit's Song, The Hewitt 217
- Lament, A Arlo Bates 162
- Lament for Sir Philip Sidney. Roydon 384
- Lamplighter, The Washburn 319
- Lanier, Sydney Hubner 263
- Langley Lane. Buchanan 151
- Last, At the Dorr 18
- Last Eve of Summer. Whittier 125
- Last of the Reapers, The Werner 31
- Last Relic, The Brown 310
- Late May. Ketchum 43
- Late, Too Saltus 481
- Lazarus, Emma, To Cross 385
- Leaves. S. L. Morris 419
- Lenore. Stanley 73
- L'Envoi. Buchanan 152
- Leoline. Lytton 186
- Let the Toast Pass. Sheridan 247
- Life. Carney 442
- Life. Goodwin 74
- Life-Lesson, A Riley 5
- Life's Labor, A Werner 34
- Life-Stream, The E. A. Jenks 371
- Life's Story. A. Moore 173
- Light. Bourdillon 112
- Lilies, The Dickinson 241
- Lincoln. Rude 89
- Lines. Ward 468
- Lines. G. W. Webster 231
- Lines. Deletombe 262
- Lines. Gallagher 338
- Lines. Efnor 367
- Little Boy that Went Away, The A. H. Davis 414
- Little Brown Hands. Krout 107
- Little Jack Two-Sticks. Manville 330
- Little Myrtle. W. W. Martin 125
- Little Orphant Annie. Riley 6
- Little Saint, My Washburn 318
- Living Sorrow, A Griswold 426
- Lodore. Harlow 235
- Long Ago. Maxwell 262
- Lone Flower in February, To a Efnor 368
- Longfellow. M. J. Mitchell 386
- Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth Cone 253
- Lord Ronald's Wife. Buchanan 150
- Lost Hours. Duke, Jr. 56
- Lost Kiss, The Riley 5
- Love. W. W. Martin 398
- Love at Fishing. Valentine 455
- Love Cannot Die. Mace 388
- Love-Leaf, A Ivory 315
- Lover's Messenger, A. Arlo Bates 161
- Love's Outcast. A. Moore 170
- Love's Strength. Clymer 434
- Love's Way. W. W. Martin 119
- Lowell, James Russell Fullerton 491
- Lullaby, A A. H. Davis 413
- Lump of Coal, A Munkittrick 316
- Mabel. A. A. Coleman 439
- Madame de Damas, Learning English, To Walpole 254
- Madonna, My H. H. Robinson 201
- Magic Bark, The Clymer 432
- Maid and Matron. Bell 212
- Maiden Longings. G. Martin 430
- Maiden's Offering, The Griswold 426
- Maple Leaves. Aldrich 117
- Mariner, The Hayne 118
- Maryland. Randall 109
- Matter and Mind. Kent 224
- Matrimonial Duet, A Lewis 119
- Maud's Answer. Gustafson 305
- May Flower, The Spencer 80
- M. B. M. Duke, Jr. 56
- Memory, A I. M. Davis 474
- Memory of H. H., To the T. W. Higginson 117
- Memory of John Howard Payne, In Goode 297
- Memory of Sydney Dobell, To the Blackie 115
- Memoriam, In Bradlee 350
- Merrythought, The Johnson 399
- Message, A Mathis 462
- Message of Victory, The A. Webster 344
- Metempsychosis. Arlo Bates 162
- Midnight Charge, The C. Scott 91
- Midst, In our M. H. Bates 176
- Midsummer Day, A Cooper 12
- Midsummer Invitation. M. B. Benton 252
- Milton. Wordsworth 252
- Milton. Longfellow 252
- Milton. Myers 115
- Minstrel, The Cranch 263
- Miracle, The Bowen 118

| | | | | | |
|--|--------------------|-----|--|-----------------|-----|
| Mirage. | J. J. Piatt | 294 | One of Many. To | A. Webster | 344 |
| Mirth. | Barnes | 366 | One Happy Woman. | S. M. B. Piatt | 285 |
| Miserere. | Baxter | 41 | Only Waiting. | Marvin | 71 |
| Mocking-Bird, The | Shoemaker | 263 | On Poetry. | Townshend | 120 |
| Modern Poet, The | Meynell | 179 | 'Ostler Joe. | Sims | 378 |
| Modesty. | Bangs | 255 | Our Circle. | A. Moore | 173 |
| Moonlight on the Mountains. | Stanley | 72 | Over The River. | Wakefield | 110 |
| Morning. | Gustafson | 306 | "O Wind that Blows out of the West." | Dorr | 16 |
| Morning. | Bellamy | 96 | Paestum. | Esling | 425 |
| Morning at Brodick Arran. | McAuslane | 451 | Painting a Poet. | Barker | 303 |
| Morning in September, A | J. J. Piatt | 294 | Palm Sunday. | Mahany | 261 |
| Morning Miracle, A | Dickinson | 238 | Pansy. | Renfrew | 262 |
| Morning Song, A | Leggett | 356 | Parnell, Fanny | Wetherbee | 77 |
| Morning Street, The | J. J. Piatt | 293 | Past and Present. | Dolson | 479 |
| Morning, The | Sanborn | 492 | Patience in Art. | C. F. Bates | 118 |
| Mortgage, The | Hull | 85 | Path Through the Clover, The | Goode | 298 |
| Mother and Poet. | E. B. Browning | 377 | Peace, | Furber | 84 |
| Mother-Love. | Cooper | 12 | Peace Good Will. | Sir E. Arnold | 207 |
| Mother, My | McKinnie | 195 | Peerless Patti, The | Badger | 54 |
| Mothers of the West, The | Gallagher | 337 | Perfect Through Suffering. | Russell | 475 |
| Mother's Grave, At | Dickinson | 237 | Perseverance. | Hardy | 255 |
| Mountain, On the | Mason | 252 | Pessimist and Optimist. | Aldrich | 117 |
| Mountains, The | Hewitt | 214 | Picture, A | Drabble | 127 |
| Mower in Ohio, The | J. J. Piatt | 292 | Picture, A | Barlow | 411 |
| Mr. Gray, To | Warton | 112 | Pictures. | L. Morris | 119 |
| Music. | M. J. Mitchell | 256 | Pillar of the Cloud, The | Newman | 28 |
| Music. | Olmsted | 119 | Pine Tree, The | Valentine | 457 |
| Music in Nature. | Munkittrick | 316 | Pinewood Sonnet, A | C. L. Cleveland | 180 |
| Must we Then Meet as Stragglers? | Cooper | 12 | Plain Language from Truthful James. | Harte | 108 |
| My Mind to me a Kingdom Is. | Byrd | 383 | Plaint of the Muse in the "Media." | Crofton | 68 |
| Mystery, A | Deletombe | 65 | Poe, Edgar Allan, To | S. H. Whitman | 386 |
| Mystical Death. | Clymer | 433 | Poem, A. | Bradlee | 349 |
| Mystic Bed, The | Stanley | 73 | Poem, A | Bradlee | 350 |
| Name of Jesus, The | McAuslane | 452 | Poetry. | Goodwin | 74 |
| Nature's Nestlings. | Jefferey | 246 | Poetry. | Flanders | 320 |
| Newman, John Henry | Fullerton | 127 | Poetry. | A. A. Coleman | 440 |
| Newman, John Henry | Henderson | 385 | Poet's Apology, A | C. W. Coleman | 256 |
| New Time Rolling On. | Barker | 300 | Poet's Song, The | Mason | 48 |
| New Wife and the Old, The | Whittier | 485 | Popularity. | Aldrich | 255 |
| New Year Thoughts of 1890. | Nourse | 353 | Possession. | Lytton | 185 |
| N. H., To | Barlow | 411 | Poulain, The Prisoner | A. Webster | 343 |
| Nice Correspondent, A | Locker-Lampson | 38 | Prairie Tree, The | Barnes | 365 |
| Nineveh. | M. H. Bates | 174 | Premonition. | Stevens | 326 |
| Night. | Bradlee | 350 | President, The | McKinnie | 195 |
| Nightingale, The | Trench | 255 | Press and Fast Mail, The | McKinnie | 193 |
| Night Ride, A | Arlo Bates | 162 | Primrose Time, In | S. M. B. Piatt | 279 |
| Night Sketch, A | Arlo Bates | 163 | Prince Elecampane of the Golden Plume. | Johnson | 491 |
| Night's Silence. | Dickinson | 241 | Private Soldier, The | McKinnie | 195 |
| Non Dies Ira. | Draper | 469 | Psalm of Death, A | S. W. Mitchell | 287 |
| No More. | Willson | 161 | Purest Joys, Our | Griffith | 169 |
| Norse Mother, The | Powell | 420 | Purification. | Clymer | 434 |
| No Sect in Heaven. | E. H. J. Cleveland | 247 | Purpose. | C. L. Cleveland | 180 |
| Nothin' to Say. | Riley | 111 | Pursuit. | Scollard | 120 |
| Obine Song, An | C. L. Cleveland | 183 | Quaker Graveyard, The | S. W. Mitchell | 286 |
| October. | Harvey | 470 | Quatrain. | Esling | 425 |
| Oh, Gentle Sleep. | M. H. Bates | 176 | Quatrain. | Burton | 118 |
| Old-Age Echoes. | W. Whitman | 261 | Quatrains. | C. L. Cleveland | 180 |
| Old Elm, The | Wetherbee | 78 | Quatrain, The | Sherman | 117 |
| Old Garden, The | Wetherbee | 77 | Quatrain, The | C. F. Bates | 117 |
| Old Man and the Spring Leaves, The | J. J. Piatt | 293 | Questioning. | Manville | 331 |
| Old Man's "Yesterday," The | E. A. Jenks | 372 | Questions of the Hour. | S. M. B. Piatt | 282 |
| Old Sergeant, The | Willson | 156 | Raising of the Ban, The | Baer | 128 |
| Old Wife, The | Brown | 308 | Rain, The | McCarthy | 458 |
| Old Wooden Church in The Grove. | Ketchum | 44 | Reading the Milestone. | J. J. Piatt | 293 |
| O Love Delay. | Scollard | 388 | Reception of the Poet Wordsworth at | Talfourd | 385 |
| One Boy's Opinion of the "Good Old Times." | Carney | 443 | Oxford, On the | | |

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|----------------|-----|---------------------------------------|------------------|-----|
| Recognition. | Arlo Bates | 163 | Song of Urlan. | Gustafson | 307 |
| Recollection. | Richardson | 196 | Song of the Wind, The | Clymer | 435 |
| Recompense. | Manville | 331 | Song for the Period, A | Clark | 482 |
| Redbreast, The | Lüders | 391 | Sonnet. | Duke, Jr. | 386 |
| Red Rose, A | Sherman | 120 | Sonnets in Shadow. | Arlo Bates | 163 |
| Remorse. | Rollins | 120 | Sonnets on the Moon. | Valentine | 456 |
| Renouncement. | Meynell | 178 | Soul of Beauty, The | Goodwin | 74 |
| Reply, A | Carney | 442 | Soul's Reflection, The | Duke, Jr. | 56 |
| Restitution. | Swafford | 219 | Southern Vengeance, A | Barlow | 406 |
| Return, The | E. A. Jenks | 371 | Sprig o' Heather, To a | Harper | 362 |
| Rest. | Talman | 360 | Spring-Time, The | Oberholtzer | 324 |
| Rest, At | Dorr | 18 | Star, A | Sherman | 120 |
| Revelry in India. | Dowling | 251 | Star in the East. | McCarthy | 458 |
| Reverie, A | Russell | 476 | Star in the Well. | Mason | 47 |
| Reverie, A | M'Gregor | 342 | Star, To a | Stevens | 329 |
| River and Sea, The | Barlow | 408 | State, In | Willson | 158 |
| River of Oblivion, The | Barnes | 365 | Stevenson, Robert Louis, To | R. B. Wilson | 254 |
| Rock Me to Sleep. | Allen | 382 | Stir of Wings. | Furber | 84 |
| Romola—Self-Exiled. | Ivory | 314 | St. John's Eve. | Dorr | 399 |
| Rondeaux of Cities. | Grant | 391 | Stop the Clock. | S. M. B. Piatt | 285 |
| Rondelet, A | Graham | 264 | Storm and Sunshine. | Carney | 443 |
| Roses, My | Wells | 229 | Strangers, The | Tabb | 264 |
| Rose, The | I. M. Davis | 474 | Summer in Winter. | Scollard | 120 |
| Rossetti, Dante Gabriel | Preston | 116 | Sunday Morning. | Werner | 33 |
| Rowing. | Valentine | 456 | Sunnyway. | C. L. Cleaveland | 180 |
| Ruskin, To | Harger | 386 | Sunset. | Ketchum | 43 |
| Sacrifice. | Knight | 118 | Sunset Breeze, To the | Whitman | 126 |
| Saltus, Francis S. | Eilshemius | 396 | Superstition. | G. Martin | 430 |
| Saltus, Francis S. | Montefiore | 491 | Surrender. | Ivory | 315 |
| Sayings. | Lowell | 119 | Sweet Genevieve. | Cooper | 11 |
| Sea Mosses. | Rude | 90 | Swift Ships, The | S. T. Williams | 50 |
| Season, My | G. W. Webster | 231 | Swiss "Good-Night," The | Griffith | 167 |
| Seeds in the Air. | Newman | 29 | Tear, A | D. B. Collins | 348 |
| Seek Jesus. | Washington | 449 | Tears. | Lytton | 186 |
| September. | S. W. Mitchell | 287 | Tetrastich. | Jones | 118 |
| Serenade. A | M'Gregor | 342 | Texas June, A | Efnor | 367 |
| Settler's Wife, The | Mountcastle | 220 | Thanksgiving. | Hewlings | 436 |
| Shadow Boat, A | Arlo Bates | 162 | Theatre, In a | Werner | 32 |
| Shakespeare. | M. Arnold | 252 | There is no Death. | McCreery | 110 |
| Shakespeare. | R. Browning | 115 | There is no Death. | Nourse | 354 |
| Shakespeare. | Sherwood | 21 | There was a Rose. | S. M. B. Piatt | 280 |
| She and He. | Sir E. Arnold | 206 | They are the Living, We are the Dead. | Walton | 335 |
| She is Not Dead. | A. H. Davis | 413 | •Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot. | Swinburne | 115 |
| Sheridan. | Esling | 424 | Thoughts in Separation. | Meynell | 178 |
| Sick Person's Prayer, A | Bradlee | 350 | Three Kisses. | C. Scott | 91 |
| Sight of Angels, The | J. J. Piatt | 294 | Thyme-Leaved Sandwort, The | H. H. Robinson | 201 |
| Silence. | Goodwin | 74 | Tiger, The | Trench | 255 |
| Sin. | Von Logan | 119 | Timothy. | Cone | 488 |
| Since Our Souls Crossed. | Bell | 213 | Tired. | S. T. Williams | 49 |
| Skeleton in the Cupboard, The | Locker-Lampson | 37 | Tom. | Woolson | 59 |
| Sleep. | Munkittrick | 316 | To-morrow. | Spencer | 80 |
| Sleeping Heart, O | Dixon | 388 | Too Late You Came. | Duke, Jr. | 56 |
| Snake, The | Trench | 255 | Touchstone, A | Lüders | 119 |
| Snow Storm, A | Richardson | 199 | Tragedy of the Night, A | S. M. B. Piatt | 282 |
| Somebody's Pride. | C. Scott | 95 | Trailing Arbutus, The | Wetherbee | 78 |
| Some Day. | Phelps | 485 | Transferred Malady, The | J. Benton | 398 |
| Some Morning Roses. | S. T. Williams | 49 | Tree of State, The | Rude | 89 |
| Some Time. | Russell | 476 | Trial. | Griffith | 169 |
| Song. | A. Webster | 347 | Triflers, To | Buchanan | 155 |
| Song. | Clymer | 435 | Triumph. | Cone | 398 |
| Song. | Præd | 445 | True Charity. | Rude | 90 |
| Song. | Meynell | 177 | True Royalty. | S. L. Morris | 418 |
| Song. | Sir F. Arnold | 208 | Trust. | Butts | 247 |
| Song. | Coates | 262 | Truth. | Arlo Bates | 162 |
| Song, A | Riley | 4 | Truth. | Kent | 224 |
| Song, A | Tennyson | 261 | Turn of the Road, At the | Holmes | 125 |
| Song to Cool My Lady, A | Bell | 213 | | | |
| Song of the American Girl. | Hewitt | 214 | | | |

| | | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------|-----|-----------------------------------|----------------|-----|
| Twenty-one | Dorr | 17 | Where the Rainbow Went. | M. L. Jenks | 396 |
| Twilight. | Spencer | 83 | Where the Trout Lie. | Opper | 487 |
| Twilight. | A. M. F. Robinson | 264 | Whisper, The | A. Webster | 344 |
| Two Dreams | Dolson | 480 | White Mountains, The | Bradlee | 350 |
| Two Epitaphs. | Dolson | 480 | Whitman, Walt | Matthews | 116 |
| Two Hunters. | S. M. B. Piatt | 281 | Whitman, Walt | Buchanan | 385 |
| Two Idyls. | Baxter | 42 | Whitman, Walt, To | Goodale | 254 |
| Two Sonnets. | G. W. Webster | 232 | Whittier, John G., To | Carney | 442 |
| Tying Threads. | Nourse | 353 | Whittier's Eightieth Birthday. | Stedman | 386 |
| Tyranny. | Lippmann | 129 | Who Bides His Time. | Riley | 4 |
| Uncaged. | Rude | 89 | "Who Shall be Greatest?" | Bradlee | 349 |
| Uncertainty. | Mason | 48 | "Why Fall the Leaves?" | Wells | 230 |
| Unchosen. | Arlo Bates | 162 | Why Sad? | Ward | 467 |
| Unconsecrated Grave, An | Crofton | 68 | "Widow's Mite, The" | Locker-Lampson | 38 |
| Under the Daisies | Griswold | 425 | Wife's Lover. | A. Webster | 481 |
| Unmarked Festival, An | Meynell | 178 | Wild Honeysuckle, The | Freneau | 108 |
| Unrest. | Wells | 229 | Wild Strawberry, The | Brown | 308 |
| Valley of Silence, The | Lloyd | 464 | William Tecumseh Sherman—David D. | | |
| Verge, On the | Valentine | 456 | Porter. | McKinnie | 194 |
| Veterans, The | Badger | 53 | Window, At my | S. L. Morris | 418 |
| Vexations, | Newman | 28 | Winds of June, To the | Mason | 399 |
| Visit from St. Nicholas, A | C. C. Moore | 382 | Winter's Night, A | Dolson | 479 |
| Vive La France. | Fisher | 111 | Winter's Temple. | G. W. Webster | 231 |
| Voice from Afar, A | Newman | 28 | Witch in the Glass, The | S. M. B. Piatt | 281 |
| Voices. | Nourse | 354 | Without One Kiss. | Roberts | 388 |
| Voyagers, The | Flanders | 320 | With Pipe and Flute. | Dobson | 387 |
| Warnings. | Newman | 28 | Woman's Birthday, A | S. M. B. Piatt | 280 |
| Water-Lilies. | Furber | 84 | Woman's Complaint, A | Goode | 297 |
| Water-Lily, To a | Harlow | 235 | Woman's Promise, A | S. M. B. Piatt | 119 |
| Weary. | Spencer | 80 | Woodbines in October. | C. F. Bates | 118 |
| Webs we Weave, The | S. T. Williams | 50 | Woodman, Spare That Tree. | G. P. Morris | 248 |
| We're Going Home To-morrow. | Griswold | 426 | Woods, In the | Wallace | 120 |
| We'll Talk of That When Next we Meet. | | | Woods of St. Leon, In the | G. Martin | 430 |
| | A. A. Coleman | 439 | Word, A | McAuslane | 451 |
| Western Windows. | J. J. Piatt | 291 | Word for Shakespeare, A | Leggett | 356 |
| What He Saw at the Ball. | Goode | 299 | Wordsworth, To | H. Coleridge | 115 |
| What is the Reason? | E. C. Dowd | 397 | Work Done for God Can Never Die. | | |
| What Shall it Profit? | Howells | 261 | Marvin | 71 | |
| When Bessie Died. | Riley | 5 | Washington | 449 | |
| When Christians All are One. | Marvin | 71 | Ward | 467 | |
| When June Shall Come Again. | Edmonds | 253 | O'Reilly | 119 | |
| When Lesser Loves. | Dorr | 18 | S. W. Mitchell | 288 | |
| When My Dreams Come True. | Riley | 4 | Talman | 360 | |
| When the Frost is on the Punkin. | Riley | 9 | Campbell | 255 | |
| When They go Silently. | Barker | 300 | Bell | 213 | |
| When the Mists have Rolled Away. | Barker | 300 | Gustafson | 304 | |
| | | | Zlobane. | | |

INDEX OF QUOTATIONS.

| | | | | | | | | |
|------------------|----------------|-----|---------------|----------------|-----|----------------------|----------------|-----|
| Absence. | Ingelow | 102 | Conscience. | Lowell | 375 | Fame. | Locker-Lampson | 39 |
| Advice. | Ingelow | 101 | Constancy. | Praed | 446 | do | Ingelow | 99 |
| do | Lytton | 189 | Content. | Ingelow | 101 | do | Willson | 161 |
| Affliction. | Burns | 105 | Coquetry. | Lytton | 187 | do | Scott | 245 |
| Afterwhiles. | Riley | 10 | Courage. | Scott | 243 | Farewell. | | |
| Afton River. | Burns | 105 | do | Scott | 243 | do | Locker-Lampson | 40 |
| Agassiz. | Lowell | 374 | do | Scott | 244 | do | Lytton | 187 |
| Age. | W. Scott | 245 | Creeds. | Lytton | 188 | Fate. | Locker-Lampson | 40 |
| Ambition. | Lytton | 188 | Critics. | Lowell | 374 | do | Lytton | 187 |
| America. | Werner | 34 | Cuckoo. | Ingelow | 100 | do | Lytton | 190 |
| do | Willson | 161 | Custom. | Ingelow | 99 | do | Lowell | 376 |
| American Flag. | Martin | 431 | Death. | Riley | 10 | Fear. | Ingelow | 101 |
| Ancestors. | Lowell | 374 | do | Locker-Lampson | 39 | Flowers. | Bellamy | 97 |
| Anticipation. | | | do | Burns | 106 | Folly. | Scott | 244 |
| | Mitchell | 288 | do | A. Bates | 164 | do | Lowell | 376 |
| April. | Baxter | 42 | do | A. Bates | 164 | Footstep. | Scott | 243 |
| do | Furber | 84 | do | Kent | 225 | Freedom. | Lytton | 187 |
| do | Pyle | 397 | do | Scott | 242 | Friendship. | Burns | 105 |
| Aristocracy. | Burns | 105 | do | Scott | 244 | Garfield. | Ketchum | 44 |
| Art. | Newman | 29 | do | Piatt | 285 | Garrison. | Lowell | 375 |
| Atheist. | Burns | 105 | do | Harper | 362 | Genius. | Lytton | 189 |
| August. | Cooper | 15 | do | Lowell | 373 | God. | Newman | 30 |
| Autumn. | Walton | 335 | do | Clymer | 435 | do | Werner | 34 |
| Beauty. | Ingelow | 99 | Deceit. | Ingelow | 99 | Greece. | Newman | 30 |
| do | Scott | 243 | do | Lytton | 188 | Grief. | Ingelow | 102 |
| do | Ivory | 315 | do | Scott | 243 | do | A. Bates | 164 |
| do | Lowell | 374 | Deception. | Mitchell | 288 | do | Scott | 244 |
| Beetle. | Riley | 10 | Deliverance. | Scott | 247 | Happiness. | Ingelow | 98 |
| Bells. | Wetherbee | 78 | Desire. | Lytton | 188 | do | Lytton | 188 |
| Benignness. | Ingelow | 101 | Despondency. | Burns | 105 | Hate. | Lowell | 378 |
| Betrayal. | Scott | 243 | Destiny. | Lowell | 376 | do | Martin | 431 |
| Birthday. | Dorr | 21 | do | Lowell | 373 | Heritage. | Lytton | 188 |
| Bible. | Scott | 245 | do | Martin | 431 | Heroes. | Hewlings | 436 |
| do | Scott | 245 | Devil. | Mitchell | 288 | Honor. | Burns | 106 |
| Blonde. | Woolson | 62 | Dining. | Lytton | 189 | Hood, Thomas | Lowell | 375 |
| Book-Lore. | Newman | 29 | do | Lytton | 189 | Hope. | Woolson | 62 |
| Bravery. | Scott | 244 | Discontent. | Mitchell | 288 | do | Lytton | 188 |
| Britain. | Burns | 106 | Divinity. | Brown | 313 | do | Coleman | 440 |
| Burns. | Harper | 362 | Dolls. | Gustafson | 307 | Horse. | Woolson | 65 |
| do | Leggett | 359 | Doubt. | Ingelow | 97 | Humility. | Ingelow | 98 |
| Careless Speech. | Scott | 244 | do | Lytton | 188 | Husband to the Wife. | | |
| Chance. | Lytton | 187 | do | Martin | 431 | Inconstancy. | Robinson | 202 |
| do | Lowell | 376 | Drum. | Riley | 10 | do | Woolson | 62 |
| Change. | Webster | 347 | Dreams. | Flanders | 323 | do | Scott | 243 |
| do | Lowell | 376 | Drink. | Burns | 106 | Indecision. | Scott | 244 |
| Channing. | Lowell | 374 | Echo. | Ingelow | 102 | Indifference. | Burns | 105 |
| Charity. | Lowell | 374 | Eloquence. | Ingelow | 99 | Individuality. | Scott | 244 |
| do | Locker-Lampson | 40 | Ems. | Lytton | 100 | Inheritance. | Ingelow | 97 |
| do | Hull | 86 | England. | Newman | 29 | Inhumanity. | Burns | 105 |
| do | Burns | 105 | do | Lowell | 376 | Insensibility. | Gallagher | 341 |
| Cheerfulness. | Ingelow | 98 | Ennui. | Lytton | 190 | Introspection. | Burns | 105 |
| Chief. | Scott | 244 | Enthrallment. | Ingelow | 100 | Joy. | Ingelow | 101 |
| Children. | Ingelow | 98 | Entirety. | Ingelow | 102 | Judgment. | Arnold | 211 |
| do | Lowell | 374 | Evolution. | Brown | 313 | July. | Baxter | 42 |
| do | Lowell | 376 | Eyes. | A. Bates | 164 | June. | Lowell | 374 |
| Christmas. | Scott | 243 | Excuses. | Lytton | 189 | Justice. | Lytton | 189 |
| Circumstance. | Lytton | 188 | Expectancy. | Scott | 242 | Keats. | Lowell | 375 |
| Citizenship. | Lowell | 375 | Expiation. | Mitchell | 288 | Knowledge. | Ingelow | 98 |
| Companions. | Scott | 243 | Failure. | Ingelow | 100 | do | Piatt | 285 |
| Concealment. | Lytton | 190 | Faith. | Piatt | 285 | Language. | Lowell | 375 |
| Conscience. | Lytton | 187 | do | Lowell | 375 | Leisure. | Ingelow | 98 |

| | | | | | | | | |
|--------------|----------------|-----|-----------------|----------------|-----|------------------|----------------|-----|
| Letters. | Lytton | 189 | Music. | Byron | 392 | Poetry. | Ingelow | 97 |
| Liberty. | Burns | 105 | do | Carlyle | 392 | do | Ingelow | 98 |
| Life. | Locker-Lampson | 40 | do | Chaucer | 392 | do | Burns | 105 |
| do | Mitchell | 288 | do | Collins | 392 | do | Abbey | 123 |
| do | Lowell | 376 | do | Collins | 392 | do | Coolbrith | 123 |
| Locker. | Locker-Lampson | 39 | do | Collins | 392 | do | Craig-Knox | 123 |
| Loss. | Ingelow | 100 | do | Congreve | 392 | do | Herbert | 123 |
| do | Burns | 105 | do | Dryden | 392 | do | Ingelow | 123 |
| do | Lytton | 187 | do | Dryden | 392 | do | Ingelow | 123 |
| Love. | Arnold | 208 | do | Eliot | 392 | do | Jackson | 123 |
| do | Badger | 55 | do | Eliot | 392 | do | Lang | 123 |
| do | A. Bates | 164 | do | Frere | 392 | do | Simpson | 123 |
| do | Burns | 106 | do | Gray | 392 | do | Tennyson | 123 |
| do | Burns | 106 | do | Henry | 392 | do | Fox | 124 |
| do | Burns | 106 | do | Keats | 393 | do | Gunnison | 124 |
| do | Buchanan | 155 | do | Keats | 393 | do | Gifford | 124 |
| do | Carney | 443 | do | Kisfauldy | 393 | do | Gifford | 124 |
| do | Ferris | 241 | do | Lamb | 393 | do | Levy | 124 |
| do | Ingelow | 99 | do | Lathrop | 393 | do | Noyes | 124 |
| do | Ingelow | 100 | do | Leland | 393 | do | O'Shaugnessy | 124 |
| do | Ingelow | 100 | do | Leland | 393 | do | Pierce | 124 |
| do | Lowell | 373 | do | Longfellow | 393 | do | Smith | 124 |
| do | Lytton | 188 | do | Longfellow | 393 | do | Spencer | 124 |
| do | Lytton | 190 | do | Longfellow | 393 | do | Thomson | 124 |
| do | Martin | 431 | do | Longfellow | 393 | do | Wyeth | 124 |
| do | Mitchell | 288 | do | Milton | 393 | do | Buchanan | 155 |
| do | Piatt | 285 | do | Milton | 393 | Possibility. | Ingelow | 101 |
| do | Robinson | 202 | do | Moore | 393 | Prayer. | Robinson | 202 |
| do | Scott | 242 | do | Moore | 393 | Prejudice. | Woolson | 65 |
| do | Scott | 242 | do | Moore | 393 | Price. | Lowell | 374 |
| do | Washburn | 319 | do | Moore | 393 | Pride. | Lytton | 187 |
| do | Woolson | 65 | do | Shakespeare | 393 | do | Scott | 244 |
| Love, Wedded | Robinson | 202 | do | Shakespeare | 393 | do | Efnor | 368 |
| Maidenhood. | Lytton | 187 | do | Shakespeare | 393 | Probity. | Scott | 245 |
| Man | Newman | 29 | do | Armstrong | 394 | Purity. | Lytton | 188 |
| do | Woolson | 65 | do | Præd | 394 | Realization. | | |
| do | Ingelow | 99 | do | Pope | 394 | | Locker-Lampson | 40 |
| do | Burns | 106 | do | Pope | 394 | Regret. | Lytton | 187 |
| Manhood. | Burns | 106 | do | Rogers | 394 | do | Ivory | 315 |
| March. | Baxter | 42 | do | Shakespeare | 394 | do | Ingelow | 99 |
| Marmion. | Scott | 243 | Nature. | Scott | 244 | Remorse. | Scott | 244 |
| Marriage. | Ingelow | 99 | Nevermore. | Lowell | 304 | do | Oberholtzer | 325 |
| do | Ingelow | 101 | Nobleness. | Lowell | 375 | Repinings. | Burns | 106 |
| do | Robinson | 202 | November. | Dorr | 21 | Reporter. | | |
| do | Arnold | 208 | Obstinacy. | Burns | 102 | Resignation. | Washburn | 319 |
| May | Baxter | 42 | October. | Talman | 361 | Retrospection. | | |
| do | Lowell | 376 | Opinion, Public | Scott | 244 | | Ivory | 315 |
| Melrose. | Scott | 242 | Opportunity. | | | | Newman | 30 |
| Memory. | Lytton | 187 | do | Locker-Lampson | 39 | Reverses. | Scott | 244 |
| Miracle. | Ingelow | 100 | do | Hull | 86 | Rhoderick Dhu. | Burns | 105 |
| Mirth. | Newman | 29 | Orphans | Ingelow | 101 | Ruins. | Piatt | 285 |
| do | Burns | 105 | Pain. | Ingelow | 101 | Sagacity. | Lytton | 190 |
| Mischance. | Burns | 105 | do | Lytton | 190 | Satire. | Ingelow | 98 |
| Modesty. | Ingelow | 98 | Paradise. | Arnold | 211 | Science. | Lowell | 375 |
| Moon | Ingelow | 100 | Pardon. | Arnold | 211 | do | Gustafson | 307 |
| do | Arnold | 208 | Parting. | Ingelow | 98 | Scorn. | Burns | 106 |
| Morn | McCarthy | 458 | Passion. | Lytton | 188 | Scotland. | Scott | 243 |
| Motherhood. | Robinson | 202 | Past. | Locker-Lampson | 40 | do | Martin | 431 |
| do | Martin | 431 | Patience. | Ingelow | 99 | do | Ingelow | 97 |
| Music. | Newman | 29 | Patriotism. | Burns | 106 | Sea. | Moore | 173 |
| do | Ingelow | 99 | do | Scott | 243 | do | | |
| do | Ingelow | 394 | Peace. | Dorr | 21 | Self-admiration. | | |
| do | Addison | 392 | do | Valentine | 457 | | Mitchell | 288 |
| do | Arnold | 392 | Penance. | Newman | 30 | Selfishness. | Lowell | 373 |
| do | Brainard | 392 | Perhaps. | Lytton | 190 | Self-love. | Lytton | 190 |
| do | Brainard | 392 | Perseverance. | Scott | 245 | Sensibility. | Burns | 106 |
| do | Butler | 392 | Pleasure. | Burns | 105 | Sensuality. | Scott | 245 |
| do | Byron | 392 | Poets. | Scott | 242 | Septemher. | Baxter | 42 |
| do | Byron | 392 | do | Scott | 242 | do | Bellamy | 97 |
| do | | | Poet, The | Lowell | 373 | do | Gallagher | 338 |

| | | | | | | | | |
|--------------------|-------------|-----|----------------|---------------------|-----|------------|---------------|-----|
| Silence. | Dorr | 21 | Thackeray. | | | Woman. | Butler | 256 |
| do | Deletombe | 66 | Locker-Lampson | 40 | do | do | Byron | 256 |
| do | Ingelow | 100 | Thanks. | Burns | 106 | do | Byron | 257 |
| do | Lytton | 188 | Thought. | Newman | 30 | do | Byron | 257 |
| do | Robinson | 202 | do | Willson | 161 | do | Byron | 257 |
| Sin. | Newman | 30 | do | Robinson | 202 | do | Byron | 257 |
| do | Woolson | 65 | Tide. | M. H. Bates | 176 | do | Byron | 257 |
| do | Burns | 105 | Time. | Burns | 105 | do | Byron | 257 |
| do | Mitchell | 288 | do | Scott | 244 | do | Byron | 257 |
| do | Gallagher | 341 | do | Gallagher | 341 | do | Byron | 257 |
| Slavery. | Lowell | 375 | To-morrow. | Dorr | 21 | do | Byron | 257 |
| Sleep. | Ingelow | 100 | Too Late. | Lytton | 190 | do | Byron | 257 |
| do | Ingelow | 102 | Tramp, The | Lowell | 376 | do | Byron | 257 |
| Solitude. | Newman | 29 | Trees. | Lowell | 376 | do | Campbell | 257 |
| do | Lowell | 374 | Tree-toad. | Riley | 10 | do | Chaucer | 257 |
| Song. | Lytton | 188 | Truth. | Newman | 30 | do | Chaucer | 257 |
| Sorrow. | Ingelow | 99 | do | Willson | 161 | do | Abraham Coles | 257 |
| do | Ingelow | 100 | do | Scott | 242 | do | Crabbe | 257 |
| do | Scott | 242 | do | Lowell | 374 | do | Dryden | 257 |
| do | Scott | 243 | do | Lowell | 375 | do | English | 258 |
| do | Piatt | 285 | Unattained. | Ingelow | 101 | do | Field | 258 |
| do | Lowell | 375 | do | Lytton | 189 | do | Gay | 258 |
| Soul. | Lytton | 188 | Uncertainty. | Scott | 245 | do | Gay | 258 |
| Spring. | Moore | 173 | Unity. | Ingelow | 97 | do | Gay | 258 |
| Stars. | Ingelow | 100 | Unsatisfied. | Piatt | 285 | do | Goldsmith | 258 |
| St. Augustine. | Rude | 90 | Usury. | Mitchell | 288 | do | Granville | 258 |
| Stonewall Jackson. | | | Vacilation. | Mitchell | 288 | do | Hale | 258 |
| | Williams | 50 | Valentine. | Newman | 30 | do | Hathaway | 258 |
| Storm. | Buchanan | 155 | Value. | Lytton | 190 | do | Ingelow | 250 |
| Storms. | Scott | 244 | War. | Scott | 243 | do | Jonson | 258 |
| Strawberries. | Esling | 425 | Wishes. | Ingelow | 102 | do | Longfellow | 258 |
| Success. | Kent | 225 | Woe. | Scott | 243 | do | Lyttleton | 258 |
| Sun. | Washington | 450 | Woman. | Woolson | 62 | do | Lyttleton | 258 |
| Sunshine. | Jenks | 372 | do | Burns | 105 | do | Mackay | 258 |
| Suspicion. | Mountcastle | 223 | do | Lytton | 188 | do | Moore | 258 |
| Sympathy. | Newman | 30 | do | Lytton | 189 | do | Moore | 258 |
| do | Arnold | 211 | do | Arnold | 211 | Womanhood. | Ingelow | 102 |
| do | Scott | 244 | do | Scott | 243 | Words. | Lowell | 376 |
| do | Gallagher | 341 | do | Scott | 245 | Work. | Riley | 10 |
| do | Martin | 431 | do | Gallagher | 341 | do | Ingelow | 101 |
| do | Clymer | 435 | do | Lowell | 374 | Wrath. | Burns | 102 |
| Tailholt. | Riley | 10 | do | Lowell | 376 | Yesterday. | Lytton | 187 |
| Taxes. | Lowell | 376 | do | Baillie | 256 | Youth. | Dorr | 21 |
| Teachers. | Lowell | 373 | do | Barrett | 256 | do | Ingelow | 99 |
| Teazles. | Harlow | 235 | do | Beaumont & Fletcher | 256 | do | Burns | 105 |
| Temperance. | | | do | Browning | 256 | do | Scott | 243 |
| | McKinnie | 195 | do | Browning | 256 | do | D. B. Collins | 348 |
| Temptation. | Burns | 105 | do | Burns | 256 | | | |

INDEX OF POETS.

Those marked * are accompanied with biographical notice; those marked † by illustration.

| | | | |
|------------------------------|-------------|-----------------------------|---------|
| Adams, Oscar Fay | 117 | *†Deletombe, Alice S. | 65-262 |
| Aldrich, Thomas Bailey | 117-255 | Dick, Cotsford | 385 |
| Allen, Elizabeth Akers | 382 | *†Dickinson, Charles M. | 236 |
| Allston, Washington | 112 | Dixon, Constance E. | 128-388 |
| Andrews, William P. | 253 | Dobson, Austin | 387 |
| Arnold, Matthew | 252 | *†Dolson, Eugene C. | 479 |
| *†Arnold, Sir Edwin | 205 | *†Dorr, Julia C. R. | 15-399 |
| *†Badger, William Whittlesey | 53 | Dowd, Alice M. | 387 |
| Baer, Libbie C. | 128 | Dowd, Emma C. | 397 |
| Bangs, John Kendrick | 255 | Dowling, Bartholomew | 251 |
| *Barker, Annie E. Hubbard | 299 | Drabble, Ella C. | 127 |
| *†Barlow, George | 405 | *Draper, James Sumner | 468 |
| *†Barnes, John W. | 365 | *Duke, R. T. W., Jr. | 55-386 |
| *†Bates, Arlo | 161 | Edmonds, E. M. | 253 |
| Bates, Charlotte Fisk | 117-118 | *†Efnor, Lottie C. | 367-380 |
| *†Bates, Margret Holmes | 173 | Eilshemius, Louis Michael | 396 |
| *†Baxter, James Phinney | 2-40 | *†Esling, Charles H. A. | 423 |
| *†Bell, Orelia Key | 211 | *†Ferris, Lucy D. W. | 241-261 |
| *†Bellamy, Orlando R. | 95 | Field, Eugene | 264 |
| Benton, Joel | 398 | Fisher, Frances | 111 |
| Benton, Myron B. | 252 | *Flanders, Christopher P. | 320 |
| Birdseye, George | 118 | Freneau, Philip | 108 |
| Blackie, John Stuart | 115 | Fullerton, John | 127-491 |
| Bourdillion, Francis W. | 112 | *†Furber, Aurilla | 83 |
| Bowen, Herbert W. | 118 | *Gallagher, William Davis | 278-336 |
| Boynton, Julia P. | 387 | Gilder, Richard Watson | 118 |
| *Bradlee, Caleb D. | 349 | Goodale, Dora Read | 254 |
| Brereton, Jane | 254 | *Goode, Kate Tucker | 297 |
| *Brown, Theron | 308 | *Goodwin, H. M., D. D. | 73 |
| Browning, Elizabeth Barrett | 377 | Gosse, Edmund | 387-379 |
| Browning, Robert | 115 | Graham, James | 264 |
| *†Buchanan, Robert | 149-385 | Grant, Robert | 391 |
| Bunner, H. C. | 118 | *†Griffith, George Bancroft | 167 |
| *†Burns, Robert | 102 | *Griswold, Hattie Tyng | 425 |
| Burton, Richard E. | 118 | Guiney, Louise Imogen | 107 |
| Butts, Mary F. | 247 | *†Gustafson, Zadel Barnes | 303 |
| Byrd, William | 383 | Hardy, Mary Earle | 255 |
| Byrom, John | 118 | Harger, C. M. | 386 |
| Campbell, Thomas | 255 | *†Harlow, William Burt | 232 |
| Carleton, Will | 126 | *Harper, John M. | 361 |
| *Carney, Julia A. F. | 441 | Harte, Francis Bret | 108 |
| Cheney, John Vance | 118 | *†Harvey, Matthew James | 470-484 |
| Clark, James G. | 482 | Havens, Mattie R. | 482 |
| *Cleaveland, Charles Lorenzo | 179 | Hayne, William H. | 118 |
| Cleveland, E. H. J. | 247 | Henderson, M. E. | 385 |
| *†Clymer, Ella Dietz | 404-432 | Henry, J. Waller | 397 |
| Coates, Florence Earle | 262-397 | *Hewitt, John H. | 213 |
| Coleridge, Hartley | 115 | *Hewlings, Lucy M. | 436 |
| Coleridge, Sara | 112 | Higginson, Ella | 129 |
| Coleridge, Samuel Taylor | 255 | Higginson, Thomas Wentworth | 117 |
| *†Coleman, Augustus A. | 439 | Holmes, Oliver Wendell | 125 |
| Coleman, Charles Washington | 256 | Howe, Julia Ward | 245 |
| *†Collins, Dennis B. | 347 | Howells, William Dean | 261 |
| Collins, Mortimer | 255 | Hubner, Charles W. | 263 |
| Colman, George | 254 | *†Hull, Elizabeth White | 85 |
| Cone, Helen Gray | 253-398-488 | Ibbetson, Peter | 488 |
| *Cooper, George | 11 | *Ingelow, Jean | 97 |
| Cranch, Christopher P. | 263 | *†Ivory, Bertha May | 313 |
| Crawford, Mrs. | 112 | Jeffrey, Isadore G. | 246 |
| *Crofton, Francis Blake | 67 | *†Jenks, Edward Augustus | 368 |
| Cross, Allen Eastman | 385 | Jenks, Mary Leslie | 396 |
| *Davis, Alonzo Hilton | 412 | Jenyns, Soame | 394 |
| *†Davis, Ida May | 473 | Jones, Sir William | 118 |

| | | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------------|-------------|
| Johnson, Margaret | 394-491 | Renfrew, Carrie | 262 |
| *†Kent, Lucian Hervey | 223 | *†Riley, James Whitcomb | 3-111 |
| *Kerr, Robert | 225 | *†Richardson, Mary E. M. | 196 |
| *Ketchum, John B. | 43 | Roberts, Charles G. D. | 388 |
| Kipling, Rudyard | 129 | Robinson, A. Mary F. | 264 |
| Knight, Matthew Richey | 118 | *Robinson, Harriet H. | 200 |
| Krout, Mary H. | 107 | Rollins, Alice Wellington | 120 |
| Latimer, Mrs. E. W. | 130 | Roydón, Mathew | 384 |
| Landor, Walter Savage | 118-254 | *†Rude, Ellen Sergeant | 86 |
| Lawless, Margaret H. | 116 | *†Russell, Amos Bryant | 475-490 |
| *Leggett, Benjamin F. | 355 | *Saltus, Francis S. | 263-269-481 |
| Lewis, Matthew Gregory | 119 | Sanborn, Isaac W. | 492 |
| Lippmann, Julie M. | 129 | Sangster, Margaret E. | 488 |
| *Lloyd, J. William | 463 | Scollard, Clinton | 120-388 |
| *†Locker-Lampson, Frederick | 37 | *Scott, Clement | 90 |
| Longfellow, Henry W. | 252 | *†Scott, Sir Walter | 242 |
| *Lowell, James Russell | 119-373 | Sears, Edmund Hamilton | 245 |
| Lüders, Charles Henry | 119-256-391-492 | Sheridan, Richard Brinsley | 247 |
| Luttrell, Henry | 254 | Sherman, Frank Dempster | 117-120 |
| *†Lytton, Lord Robert | 183 | *†Sherwood, Kate Brownlee | 21 |
| Mace, Frances L. | 388 | Shoemaker, W. L. | 263 |
| Mahany, Rowland B. | 261-394 | Sims, George R. | 378 |
| *†Manville, Marion | 329 | *Spencer, Hiram Ladd | 79 |
| Marston, Philip Bourke | 253-385 | Stanhope, Philip | 254 |
| *†Martin, George | 429 | *Stanley, Ada | 72 |
| Martin, W. Wilsey | 119-125-256-398-492 | Stedman, Edmund Clarence | 117-386 |
| *†Marvin, Edward P. | 71 | *Stevens, Sarah J. D. | 326 |
| *†Mason, Mary Augusta | 47-252-399 | Still, John | 384 |
| *†Mathis, Juliette Estelle | 461 | Stockhard, Henry Jerome | 388 |
| Matthews, James Newton | 116 | *†Swafford, M. | 217 |
| Maxwell, Hu | 262 | Swinburne, Algernon Charles | 115-487 |
| *McAuslane, William Thomson | 451 | Sylvester, Joshua | 383 |
| McArthur, P. | 256 | Tabb, John B. | 264 |
| *McCarthy, Laura S. R. | 457 | Talfourd, Thomas Noon | 385 |
| McCreery, J. L. | 110 | *†Talman, John | 359 |
| *†McKinnie, Patterson Leon | 193 | Tennyson, Alfred, Lord | 120-261 |
| McMaster, Guy Humphrey | 107 | Townshend, Chauncy Hare | 120 |
| Meredith, George | 116 | Trench, Richard Chenevix | 255 |
| *Meynell, Alice | 176 | *†Valentine, Edward A. U. | 455 |
| *†M'Gregor, Donald Fritz-Randolph | 341 | Vannah, Kate | 387 |
| Mitchell, Marion Juliet | 256-386 | Von Logan, Friedrich | 119 |
| *Mitchell, S. Weir | 286 | Wakefield, Nancy Priest | 110 |
| Montefiore, Edith Lenore | 491 | Wallace, W. DeWitt | 120 |
| *Moore, Augusta | 169 | Walpole, Horace | 254 |
| Moore, Clement C. | 382 | *†Walton, Sarah Stokes | 332 |
| Morris, George P. | 248 | *†Ward, James Thomas | 127-464 |
| Morris, Lewis | 119 | Warton, Thomas | 112 |
| *†Morris, Sarah Louise | 417 | *Washburn, Dexter Carleton | 318 |
| Moulton, Louise Chandler | 253 | *†Washington, Lucy H. | 446 |
| *Mountcastle, Clara H. | 220 | *Webster, Augusta | 343-481 |
| *Munkittrick, Richard K. | 316 | *Webster, George W. | 231 |
| Myers, Ernest | 115 | *†Wells, Harry Laurenz | 229 |
| *†Newman, John Henry | 27 | *Werner, Alice | 31 |
| *†Nourse, Laura A. S. | 353 | *†Wetherbee, Emily Greene | 77 |
| *†Oberholtzer, Sara Louisa | 323 | Wheeler, William | 120 |
| Olmstead, William Chadwick | 119 | White, Henry Kirk | 256 |
| Opper, Emma B. | 487 | Whitman, Walt | 126-261 |
| O'Reilly, John Boyle | 119 | Whitman, S. H. P. | 386 |
| Osgood, Frances Sargent | 119 | Whittier, John Greenleaf | 116-125-485 |
| Pain, Barry | 487 | Williams, Francis Howard | 116 |
| Phelps, Elizabeth Stuart | 485 | *Williams, Selina Tarpley | 49 |
| *†Piatt, J. J. | 291 | *†Willson, Forceythe | 155 |
| *†Piatt, Mrs. S. M. B. | 119-279 | Wilson, Robert Burns | 254 |
| Pierce, Grace Adele | 396 | Wilson, A. Stephen | 120 |
| *Powell, E. P. | 419 | Wolfe, Charles | 251 |
| *Praed, Winthrop Mackwirth | 444 | Wolcot, John | 120 |
| Preston, Margaret J. | 116-386 | *†Woolson, Constance Fenimore | 59 |
| Pyle, Katharine | 397 | Wordsworth, William | 252 |
| Randall, James Ryder | 109 | | |

INDEX OF AUTHORS OF PROSE SKETCHES.

| | | | |
|--------------------------|--------------|----------------------------|--------------|
| Adams, Enoch George | 470 | Lewis, Edwin H. | 155 |
| Aikin, Mary Hermo | 463 | Lockhart, Arthur John | 79 |
| Archibald, Mrs. George | 15 | Mace, Frances L. | 169 |
| Barnard, Daisy | 53 | Manning, Helen | 361 |
| Barney, A. C. | 353 | Marsh, Celia H. | 475 |
| Barrows, Justin S. | 320 | McBryde, A. A. | 366 |
| Baxley, Claude | 49 | McCabe, Lida Rose | 21 |
| Beale, Mrs. Angie | 95 | McIntyre Robert | 412 |
| Brown, Bailey Aldrich | 355 | M'Mechan, Archibald | 67 |
| Brown, G. O. | 213 | Michel, Nettie Leila | 59, 279, 425 |
| Butterworth, Hezekiah | 236, 308 | Mooney, Thomas | 341 |
| Cardwell, Mary E. | 217 | Monash, David F. | 232 |
| Cathcart, George R. | 102, 242 | Moulton, Charles Wells | 231 |
| Chace, George C. | 326 | M. S. I. B. | 225 |
| Champion, Nettie L. | 286 | Nason, Emma Huntington | 444 |
| Clapp, Marion E. | 417 | Natt, Phebe Davis | 455 |
| Clark, James G. | 299 | Neff, Lizze Hyer | 196 |
| Collier, Thomas S. | 269 | Newsam, William Cartwright | 183 |
| Colquitt, Mell R. | 211 | Norton, I. Robert | 72 |
| Connolly, Daniel | 316 | Parker, Benjamin S. | 291 |
| Cross, Charles B. | 179 | Pfrimmer, W. W. | 3 |
| Dickinson, Charles M. | 47 | Reade, John | 429 |
| Duncan, James A. | 297 | Reynolds, Oscar A. | 220 |
| Eagan, Maurice Francis | 423 | Ricord, F. W. | 349 |
| Edwards, John | 479 | Ridpath, John Clark | 473 |
| Egleston, N. H. | 73 | Rollins, John R. | 77 |
| Eyles, F. A. H. | 90, 205, 343 | Root, Orin | 419 |
| Felch, W. Farrand | 65 | Sanders, Lloyd C. | 147 |
| Ferris, J. M. | 241 | Sears, Ellen | 468 |
| Fitz-Simmons, James | 347 | Sexton, James A. | 193 |
| Geary, Eugene | 313 | Sheeleigh, M. | 323 |
| Glover, William | 71 | Steele, Carrie Lee | 359 |
| Harris, Alfred W. | 336 | Struthers, Helen | 332 |
| Hering, James W. | 464 | Thurman, Henry A. | 55, 161 |
| Hervey, Arthur | 405 | Titus, Rev. Anson | 40 |
| Higginson, Ella | 229 | Townsend, Nellie | 451 |
| Hobart, Sarah D. | 83 | Tynan, Katharine | 176 |
| Huse, Alice R. | 461 | Tyson, Mary E. | 11 |
| Jackson, Richard H., Jr. | 43 | Wallace, W. DeWitt | 173 |
| Japp, Alexander H. | 37 | Walter, Charles T. | 318 |
| Johnson, Rossiter | 368 | Ward, Jeannette | 373 |
| Johnston, Alma Calder | 432 | Weber, L. | 365 |
| Kent, H. B. | 223 | Webster, R. N. | 457 |
| King, I. Arthur | 27, 167, 441 | Westbrook, Lucinda H. | 85 |
| Krusen, Christie | 86 | Willard, Frances E. | 446 |
| L. H. D. | 303 | Winslow, Celeste M. A. | 31 |
| Larcom, Lucy | 200 | Woodward, Theron R. | 436 |
| Lawless, Margaret H. | 329 | Young, Martha | 439 |

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| A broad horizon round me sweeps. | 469 | As the inhastening tide doth roll. | 177 |
| A captive nightingale in busy mart. | 386 | As swayeth in the summer wind. | 304 |
| Achievement still demands. | 118 | A sunbeam kissed a river-ripple,—Nay. | 118 |
| Across the river's rippling sheen. | 237 | A sweet, red rose in the forest grew. | 342 |
| Across the silent, purple hills. | 396 | At daybreak when the somber angel Night. | 95 |
| A cultured mind! Before I speak. | 391 | At daybreak, with no earth-born shadow near. | 491 |
| A fair, sweet blossom, latest of its kind. | 48 | A thousand hearts beat fast to-day. | 111 |
| A fickle sprite and very bold. | 219 | Aurora leaves her early couch. | 318 |
| A flash of light across the night. | 27 | Austere, sedate, the chisel in his hand. | 253 |
| A forethought of the fated reign of peace. | 67 | Autumn Leaves! O autumn leaves! | 80 |
| A grim companion followed me. | 129 | A wave of summer's overflow. | 476 |
| Ah, as radiant as thy face is. | 262 | A widow—she had only one! | 38 |
| Ah! think we listened there. | 207 | A woman when accused by post. | 120 |
| Ah, whispering something again, unseen. | 126 | "Back from the darkness to the light again!" | 118 |
| Ah! who, with tearless eye serene. | 220 | Backward, turn backward, Time in your flight. | 382 |
| A hurrying form in the dark. | 176 | Bayard, awaken not this music strong. | 117 |
| A jaunty white hat, of outrageous size. | 319 | Beautiful, beautiful forest bird. | 450 |
| Algeria, Algeria. | 342 | Beautiful isle of the sea! | 11 |
| A light and gentle hand doth touch the keys. | 232 | Beautiful river! trembling with light; | 73 |
| A light wind wooed a floweret once. | 256 | Beauty is of the Soul, and Soul is Form. | 74 |
| A little while to love. | 433 | Because I choose to keep my seat. | 55 |
| All else lies far beneath me, or above. | 252 | Because the way is long, and we may never. | 254 |
| All solemn and slow and somber. | 365 | Beneath the blue of Italian skies. | 226 |
| All the place is haunted. | 218 | Beside that fountain, 'neath the summer sky. | 68 |
| All things are full of life this autumn morn. | 294 | Beyond his silent vault green springs went by. | 343 |
| All things seem to him as they used to seem. | 316 | Beyond lies a valley of silence. | 464 |
| Alone I walk the morning street. | 293 | Bloomfield, thy happy-omened name. | 256 |
| A maid I knew had lovers two. | 324 | Blow gently, winds of June. | 399 |
| A man knelt through the livelong day. | 162 | Blue is the sky overhead. | 287 |
| Ambition plays inconsequential part. | 462 | Both young and fair, thy portrait speaks thee so | 127 |
| Amid the din the human soul lies sleeping. | 119 | Brother Bartholomew working-time. | 107 |
| Amid the wrangling and the jar. | 33 | Brave soldiers born of Freedom's cause. | 194 |
| An angel fair, of high celestial birth. | 256 | Build a little fence of trust. | 247 |
| An angel, with three lilies in her hand. | 91 | Build me a bark, love, that we may sail. | 432 |
| And so they pass along the receding line. | 201 | Builder of numbers vast and intricate! | 116 |
| And thou art gone, most loved, most honored friend! | 112 | "But a week is so long!" he said. | 17 |
| And thou, too, gone! one more bright soul away. | 115 | But two events dispel ennui. | 119 |
| And you are dead, my beautiful, my beloved. | 463 | By the bed the old man waiting. | 308 |
| An equal mind attain? ah, list! | 120 | Call me not, love, unthankful or unkind. | 184 |
| Angelic statues waked to life by Thought. | 440 | Can true Love turn to Hate? | 398 |
| Angels are we, that once from heaven exiled. | 255 | Christ turns the master-key at last! | 167 |
| An immortelle of a tender thought. | 331 | Climbing the path that leads back nevermore. | 116 |
| An original something, fair maid. | 255 | Clouds, glory-fringed, floating through depths sublime. | 74 |
| A pedigree! Ah, lovely jade! | 391 | Columbia, thy veterans are marching. | 53 |
| A poet loved a star. | 185 | Combing out the gold-brown tresses. | 325 |
| A portrait hangs upon my parlor walls. | 335 | Come for arbutus, my dear, my dear. | 325 |
| A pot of gold! O mistress fair. | 391 | Come from thy silent, shadowy dominions, | 176 |
| A pretty face! O maid divine. | 391 | Come, gentle Sleep! attend thy votary's prayer. | 120 |
| A rain-drop, made a diamond by the sun. | 256 | Come go with me, my soft-eyed dove. | 464 |
| A Rondelet. | 264 | Come to the lake of the Dismal Swamp. | 217 |
| Art thou thinking of me my beloved? | 223 | Contented lie the noontide resting herd. | 164 |
| A Sabbath day, by musical Lodore | 235 | Couldst thou in calmness yield thy mortal breath. | 112 |
| As a flower from the sod looks up. | 436 | Could I hit on a theme. | 29 |
| A secret is a thing my friend confides to me. | 255 | Count not the trampled dead spared any strain. | 162 |
| As dyed in blood, the streaming vine appears. | 118 | Crimsoning the woodlands dumb and hoary. | 291 |
| A song for the old wooden church in the grove | 44 | Cuddle doon close to me, laddie, laddie. | 413 |
| A song to cool my lady. | 213 | Dark lined on the gray horizon. | 365 |
| A spirit, so old legends say. | 320 | Dark the halls, and cold the feast. | 485 |
| As some fair Nun holds up the Cross. | 55 | | |

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| Day hath her sounds, but night her silences. | 241 | "God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim. | 6 |
| Dead! And the bold brain strickens in the bone. | 385 | God give you peace! your life will have its longings. | 84 |
| Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east. | 377 | God hung His starry signal low. | 458 |
| Deal gently with the erring. | 441 | God made a woman,—and He stood aghast. | 411 |
| Dear Lord, out of innumerable ills. | 261 | God sendeth tears in mercy! | 443 |
| Dear love of mine, through whom I know. | 236 | God speed the day of prophecy. | 71 |
| Dear Poet of the human heart! | 442 | God's angels drop, like grains of gold. | 169 |
| Dear rosy Question! babbling all the day. | 125 | Good-bye, good-bye, dear Tennessee. | 183 |
| Death, a light outshining life. | 487 | Good-bye, if it please you sir, good-bye. | 282 |
| Death stands above me, whispering low. | 118 | Good night, my love! | 66 |
| Deep in history of our nation's past. | 479 | Good old Elder Lamb had labored for a thousand nights and days. | 126 |
| Deep in the cool and quiet grass. | 298 | Go, Triflers with God's secret. | 155 |
| Deep in the summer-time of long ago. | 95 | Gray swept the angry waves. | 286 |
| Deep in the whispering pine whose profile bars. | 116 | Great sea of Silence! rounding in our life. | 74 |
| Deeply in the virgin soil. | 360 | Great thoughts are mariners of the mind. | 118 |
| Dimna gae oot frae the farm, laddie. | 414 | Grown to man's stature! O my little child! | 17 |
| Do angels wear white dresses, say? | 282 | Hail ye wee bit daisy. | 413 |
| Down in our hawthorn meadow. | 50 | Happiest dreams were those that vanished. | 262 |
| Down in the dark, past the white of snow. | 246 | Hark at the lips of their pink whorl of shell. | 117 |
| Drink in, my soul, without alloy. | 425 | Hast thou been tempted so? | 86 |
| Each star that twinkles high. | 168 | Have you seen Katie? | 306 |
| Each trial has its weight, which, whoso bears. | 38 | Hearing sweet music, as in fell despite. | 255 |
| Empty the casket, the caged bird outflown. | 325 | He did not touch the sacred lyre to flatter kingly pride. | 297 |
| Endless aggregates of sand. | 225 | He entered; but the mask he wore. | 264 |
| Enough, I love you, after years and years. | 119 | He left the upland lawns and serene air. | 115 |
| Even as one within a midday heart. | 180 | He thought he once could sing. | 263 |
| Even, O God, from me, the wanderer. | 68 | He who builds the poorest. | 255 |
| Fainter and softer grows the intense blue. | 96 | He who died at Azan sends. | 206 |
| Fair are the lilies far away. | 434 | Here lies poor Jenyns, whose good taste and wit. | 394 |
| Fair as the curtains rich and rare. | 169 | Here lies poor Johnson; reader have a care. | 394 |
| Fair beams that kiss the sparkling bay. | 168 | Here still with Art's majestic tone. | 425 |
| Fair Brodick Castle by the sea. | 421 | Here where life found me, let me rest and shed. | 455 |
| Fair flower, that dost so comely grow. | 108 | Here's the lodge-woman in her great cloak coming. | 279 |
| Fair Friendship raised his placid mask and showed. | 117 | Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen. | 247 |
| Fair is the scene by mount and lake. | 452 | Her picture stands here in my study. | 318 |
| Farewell, sweet day. | 475 | His finest skill, his subtlest art. | 119 |
| Far, far away, in fields of waving gold. | 316 | His swart cheek tingled with the rain. | 162 |
| Far flow the rivers, the world is wide. | 84 | Hot hands from the toil of the trenches. | 309 |
| Far off a young state rises, full of might. | 291 | How dreadful is the languor of the soul. | 163 |
| "Father, look up and see that flag." | 214 | How glad I am that I wasn't a boy. | 443 |
| Feast not on promised joy with too great greed. | 492 | How many miles to Baby-Land? | 12 |
| First sweetly comes the rich warm of June. | 335 | How oft in record of the lives of men. | 480 |
| First the baby flew away. | 173 | How vain are human words to tell. | 350 |
| For all thy youth given up to me so worn and weary. | 405 | How sweet the girl! I saw her pass. | 398 |
| For Beatrice, a red rose, and a white. | 411 | How weird the night in Erin's sky. | 458 |
| For me the jasmine buds unfold. | 262 | Ho! ye who spend your strength for naught. | 71 |
| Four straight brick walls, severely plain. | 286 | Human love is very frail. | 170 |
| Forth from the dust we spring and run. | 173 | I lushed now forever, that beloved voice. | 253 |
| "Fred says his mother cannot tell." | 282 | I am all sad to-day, a sojourner. | 387 |
| Fresh flowers we bring to deck the graves. | 467 | I am an ugly lump of coal. | 316 |
| Friendly to all, or rich or poor. | 398 | I am content—My lowly birth. | 443 |
| Friend Whitman! wert thou less serene and kind. | 385 | I am not young, nor am I very old. | 371 |
| From early dawn he roamed about. | 15 | I asked my neighbor what he thought. | 429 |
| From tender smiles of blushing May. | 367 | I broke my fan, the fragile thing. | 314 |
| From the lake-side city, whose thousand spires. | 193 | I can not eat but little meat. | 384 |
| From the limbs of the leafless hawthorn tree. | 317 | I come from nothing; but from where. | 179 |
| Full late in life I found thee, glorious Keats! | 430 | I dreamed a dream last night. | 419 |
| Full oft the pathway to her door. | 119 | I dreamed; I saw a lily in my dream. | 294 |
| Gaunt wreckers watch the wintry coast at night. | 263 | I dreamt I was young again. | 451 |
| Gently and softly the mother bent. | 316 | I did not drive Hope out into Despair's dark night. | 417 |
| Give honor to all to whom it is due. | 195 | I do not ask to stand within thy sight. | 434 |
| Gleams the lightning's javelin. | 12 | I do not sing for Maidens. | 152 |
| God be thanked for happy mirth! | 366 | I gave thee jewels, priceless jewels set. | 435 |
| God bless the king!—I mean the Faith's Defender. | 118 | | |

| | | | |
|---|-----|--|-----|
| I have a lover. I. | 481 | In the winter-time, when the nights were long. | 480 |
| I have "cast forth my bread on the waters." | 223 | "Is life worth living?" asks the Cynic Sage. | 74 |
| I have just been learning the lesson of life. | 425 | "Is life worth living?" | 442 |
| I, having loved thee as none other soul. | 411 | It came upon the midnight clear. | 245 |
| I hear again the tread of war go thundering through the land. | 22 | It comes at length—the blessed rain. | 458 |
| I hear a step upon the stair. | 350 | It comes—it looms up in the darkness. | 32 |
| I heard a half song long ago. | 474 | "It might have been!" four little words. | 335 |
| I heard the call, but heedless turned away. | 174 | It is a morning of late May. | 43 |
| I hold a prism to mine upturned eye. | 263 | It is so strange I cannot make him speak. | 65 |
| I knew you from afar, O loved and loved! | 32 | It is subtle, and weary, and wide. | 280 |
| I know a valley that is low and green. | 129 | It is the Summer's great last heat. | 281 |
| I know not where the pastures of the Lord. | 96 | I've been love's outcast from my birth. | 170 |
| I know that deep within your heart of hearts. | 297 | I've gathered sea mosses, all wet with the sea. | 90 |
| I know the mirage. | 294 | Jesus thy name a joy imparts. | 452 |
| I lift my plumed cap and yield up my sword. | 315 | Joy stood upon my threshold mild and fair. | 481 |
| I look on the web of life to-night. | 353 | Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking. | 112 |
| I love him, and I love him, and I love. | 344 | Keep me, I pray, in wisdom's way. | 264 |
| I may not kiss away the tears that still. | 184 | King Colin and his gracious Queen. | 394 |
| I must not think of thee. | 178 | Kisses for your red cheek. | 308 |
| I only polished am in mine own dust. | 255 | "Knee deep! knee deep!" I am a child again. | 388 |
| I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold. | 252 | Know thou, my recluse, the one ideal face. | 303 |
| I put by the half-written poem. | 5 | Last night I dreamed the shouts came back. | 24 |
| I said unto my soul, "Be still, nor haunt." | 201 | Last night I tossed upon my bed. | 150 |
| I saw a picture of a soldier low. | 411 | Last night it rained. | 487 |
| I saw upon the bosom of a stream. | 316 | Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom. | 28 |
| "I see the champion sword-strokes flash." | 158 | Leaning my bosom on a pointed thorn. | 255 |
| I shall ne'er forget the spot. | 77 | Let gleeful muses sing their roundelays! | 162 |
| I sit at my work in the afternoon. | 332 | Let joy play on her richest organ. | 456 |
| I sometimes feel that I am strong to bear. | 434 | Let not e'en your left hand know the gift you bestow. | 90 |
| I stand between two lives, a life that's gone. | 434 | Let this red flower here on the cliff stay red. | 285 |
| I stood at eve, as the sun went down. | 378 | Let us depart! The flowers are dead. | 170 |
| I stood within the old wood. | 411 | Let us spread the sail for purple islands. | 59 |
| I strove with none, for none was worth my strife. | 254 | Let who will sing of cities grand. | 430 |
| I stopp'd to read the milestone here. | 293 | Like as 'tis told in holy writ. | 195 |
| I, the rose, am glad to-day. | 474 | Like a "swift shuttle" my days go by. | 50 |
| I told Hezekiah to tell Widow Gray. | 397 | Like breadths of Eden, bathed in smiles. | 309 |
| I, wakeful for the skylark voice in men. | 116 | Like some staunch patriot on a battle field. | 66 |
| I walked one day among great drifts of snow. | 231 | Lincoln, ordained to meet a country's want. | 89 |
| I wandered alone in the woods to-day. | 480 | Listless and languid all—no breath of air. | 44 |
| I wanted the sweep of the wild wet weather. | 487 | Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay. | 6 |
| I want the moon; it shines so bright. | 387 | Live swiftly, that thy slow years may not falter. | 163 |
| I weigh not fortune's frown or smile. | 383 | Long, straining strokes with a formless oar. | 456 |
| I woke at dawn from nothingness. | 347 | Long-rolling surges of a falling sea. | 119 |
| I would not wish to call to mind. | 120 | Look at them, list to them, murmuring leaves. | 419 |
| If I had seen you lying still and white. | 175 | Lord cure me by Thy healing hand. | 350 |
| If I lay waste and wither up with doubt. | 261 | Love cannot die! O then good-bye. | 388 |
| If I should see the King go by. | 24 | Love is a plant with a double root. | 119 |
| If I were Robin Redbreast. | 475 | Lover and mistress, sleeping side by side. | 163 |
| If love were life and hearts more tender were. | 48 | Madonna! most gracious Madonna! | 201 |
| If there is a doubt in your heart to-day. | 331 | Man-like is it to fall into sin. | 119 |
| If the shadows of the evening. | 475 | Man of the childlike heart and prophet eye. | 74 |
| If the stone be removed from thy sepulchred heart. | 54 | March draweth nigh, a monk of orders gray. | 118 |
| Immortal Newton never spoke. | 254 | May he who stands upon heights. | 195 |
| In amber slippers, the Princess Dawn. | 450 | Measure thy knowledge by the weight of it. | 185 |
| In all the land, range up, range down. | 151 | Men came and wondered when he died. | 56 |
| In country lanes the robins sing. | 391 | 'Mid life's fairest joys and its triumphs. | 367 |
| In dead, dull days I heard a ringing cry. | 385 | 'Mid the sea-silt and the sea-sand. | 162 |
| In her dark hair a lustrous jewel gleams. | 120 | Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour. | 252 |
| In hoary Kenilworth we wander yet. | 232 | Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord. | 245 |
| In life's small things be resolute and great. | 119 | Mint and buttercups and cresses. | 235 |
| In their ragged regimentals. | 107 | Must we then meet as strangers? | 12 |
| In the beautiful vale of Eussenthal. | 168 | My bonnie spray o' pink and green. | 362 |
| In the coming of His feet. | 262 | My God knows best! through all my days. | 349 |
| In the dark night forth going. | 435 | My inspiration died to-day. | 348 |
| In the molten-golden moonlight. | 186 | My knocking startles thee old seneschal. | 470 |
| In the mottled shade of the maple trees. | 359 | | |
| In the night, in the night. | 263 | | |

| | | | |
|---|-----|--|-----|
| My little love, do you remember. | 184 | One day, all satiate with sport. | 424 |
| My love is like a cherry tree. | 54 | One day in the dreamy summer. | 280 |
| My memory-clock I turn a little back, | 47 | One in her lonely mountain grave lies sleeping. | 387 |
| My mind to me a kingdom is. | 383 | On fabled California's flowery strand. | 24 |
| "My mother says I must not pass." | 281 | On parent knees, a naked new-born child. | 118 |
| My muse and I, ere youth and spirits fled. | 254 | On the sea of life a sturdy band. | 320 |
| My soul has its own secret; life its care. | 130 | Only a word! How good a thing. | 451 |
| My tongue hath oft-times stammered bashful- wise. | 256 | Only waiting for a letter. | 71 |
| Myself I force some narrowest passage through. | 255 | Others abide our questions—Thou art free. | 252 |
| Nature takes twenty years to mould a man. | 118 | Our Father smiles! Why should we shrink in fear? | 443 |
| Nature, the greatest painter, wrought at these. | 118 | Our hearts are with our native land. | 214 |
| Nay if thou must depart, thou shalt depart. | 208 | Our little Mabel, darling Mabe. | 439 |
| 'Neath lowering clouds and falling rain. | 476 | Out in the misty moonlight | 317 |
| 'Neath night's sable pinions safe folded in sleep. | 326 | Our joys may oft be tender shadows. | 169 |
| "News to the king, good news for all!" | 344 | Over a little leaf-strewn mound. | 12 |
| Nothin' to say, my daughter! | 111 | Over the river they beckon to me. | 110 |
| Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note. | 251 | Pale student, leave thy cobwebbed dim alcove. | 222 |
| Not a kiss in life; but one kiss at life's end. | 118 | Pap's got his patent-right, and rich as all creation. | 9 |
| Not in this life shall we meet, O my friend. | 385 | Pass the word to the boys to-night! | 91 |
| Not like the shifting sand beside the sea. | 180 | Peace! Peace! No tears nor shadows of regret. | 56 |
| Not that her blooms are marked with beauty's line. | 112 | Peering through the misty veil of darkness. | 354 |
| Not that I grieved you; no remembered thorn. | 120 | Plumes on his helmet, and sword to the shoulder. | 95 |
| Not yet! not yet! he cometh! | 220 | Poor hands! fold them over her breast. | 212 |
| Now somber-hued twilight adown the Swiss valley. | 167 | Proud emblem tree of the Empire State! | 89 |
| Now that thy kisses fall on lips and eyes. | 66 | Prune thou thy words, the thoughts control. | 29 |
| Now to my breast, thou slimy asp! | 331 | Put one arm here, and with the other fling. | 455 |
| October turned my maple's leaves to gold. | 117 | Queen of the Mystic Ring! | 307 |
| Oft by the side of snowdrifts cold, upspringing. | 78 | Search all the realms of matter and of mind. | 224 |
| O beautiful, royal Rose. | 17 | Seek Jesus, Seek Jesus. | 449 |
| O bright green leaf so perfect wrought. | 353 | Shakespeare! to such name sounding what succeeds. | 115 |
| O, Day of Wrath! | 468 | "She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away." | 206 |
| O Death, thy certainty is such. | 254 | "She is not dead," a mother sang and lifted | 413 |
| O fair and sweet in the summer morn. | 356 | She let her eyes demurely fall. | 317 |
| O distant land whose lips have never swelled. | 456 | She rose and sadly left Love's 'chanted land. | 314 |
| O Genevieve, I'd give the world. | 11 | She started suddenly from the moving mass. | 282 |
| O golden wonder of the wondrous Spring! | 256 | She visits me at my fireside. | 417 |
| O happy glow, O sun-bathed tree. | 344 | Silence and Night sequestered thee in vain! | 253 |
| O let me sing the pine tree. | 457 | Since our souls crossed, sweet soul. | 213 |
| O life I know! | 34 | Sir Goldenrod stands by and grieves. | 287 |
| O Love, delay thy winged feet. | 388 | Sitting, thinking, all alone. | 430 |
| O merciless edict, ye'er wanderin' here. | 412 | Sleep fell upon me as I watched the stream. | 492 |
| O, peaceful, blessed, glorious day. | 469 | Small warbler of the autumn night. | 310 |
| O poet spirit, nurtured from thy birth. | 116 | Softly underneath Hesperian curtains. | 43 |
| O queenly month of indolent repose! | 3 | Some day, some day of days. | 485 |
| O sleeping heart! beneath a summer sky. | 388 | Someone has whispered a word to me. | 344 |
| O soul of fire within a woman's clay! | 117 | Something I may not win attracts me ever. | 397 |
| O Superstition, could the world behold. | 430 | Something weighs on my mind to-night. | 342 |
| O touch me not, unless thy soul. | 435 | Sometime, some great white day of days. | 219 |
| O Thou, the everlasting one. | 241 | Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours. | 208 |
| O wind that blows out of the West. | 16 | Some weep because they part. | 117 |
| Oh! honeysuckles, rare and sweet. | 461 | So glad a life was never love. | 445 |
| Oh! ho! ho! midnight is soon. | 31 | So long I've been these ranks among. | 179 |
| Oh, Lord, with Thee is Death and Life! | 44 | So tired now, I fold my hands. | 49 |
| Oh, March is a riotous baby. | 317 | So you say you must hear all about the affair. | 299 |
| Oh, master of mysterious harmony! | 116 | Soul-easeful month, the fruitage of a year. | 397 |
| Oh! never did a mighty truth prevail. | 385 | Sounds of the winter too. | 261 |
| Oh, sweet silent star, on pinious of even. | 329 | Standing where the sunset embers. | 456 |
| Oh, the Spring-time is the rose-time! | 324 | Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form. | 338 |
| "Oh! weave us a bright and cheerful rhyme." | 482 | Star of the eastern sky. | 199 |
| Once in the night time I was looking up. | 56 | Step in, pray, Sir Toby, my picture is here. | 119 |
| Once it was white as the driven snow. | 324 | Still stings one bitter moment. | 162 |
| Once, long ago, in some sweet garden's hush. | 120 | Stretching to heaven its brown and leafless branches. | 78 |
| Once on a time, when sunny May. | 444 | | |
| One April morning when the Spring. | 371 | | |
| One ballade more before we say goodnight. | 399 | | |
| One balmy May I dreamed upon my breast. | 335 | | |

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| Strive not Love's stream, tumultuous, to stay. | 119 | The weary day had ended. | 196 |
| Such kings of shreds have wooed and won her. | 255 | The World's a sorry wench akin. | 39 |
| Summer's last sun, nigh unto setting, shines. | 125 | The world is wide and thronged with books and men. | 117 |
| Summer of sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away. | 60 | The world is wide enough to hold. | 285 |
| Sunlit and golden, fairy queen. | 492 | The world, not of nature around us. | 468 |
| Sweet bird! that ere the world awakes. | 423 | The world of books is a wonderful world. | 467 |
| Sweet, let me take that little hand so fair. | 315 | The world was tired, its work was done. | 450 |
| Sweet, perfect flower, that from the stagnant pool. | 235 | The words of the lips are double or single. | 119 |
| Talking of sects till late one eve. | 247 | The zone which binds the higher life. | 89 |
| Tell the truth, sweet; no. | 347 | Their advent is as silent as their going. | 56 |
| Ten years—and the hair on my temples. | 85 | There are signs within the sky. | 300 |
| The angels come, the angels go. | 294 | There are white lilies in the garden. | 306 |
| The April torrent shining at its source. | 254 | There be three hundred different ways and more. | 186 |
| The autumn's a gorgeous golden cup. | 317 | There have been forms of splendor, which the shroud. | 54 |
| The bees in the clover are making honey. | 292 | There have been poets that in verse display. | 115 |
| The bird, the wind and the sea. | 48 | There is a fate that knows my heart. | 128 |
| The carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads. | 156 | There is an old French air. | 488 |
| The chamber is low and dark and deep. | 73 | There is a place where those that love. | 72 |
| The characters of great and small. | 37 | There is a time, on history's page. | 127 |
| The cheerless sun hangs low. | 41 | There is ever a song somewhere, my dear. | 4 |
| The clouds roll black before the storm-tossed deep. | 229 | There is no blast howe'er so fierce it blows. | 120 |
| The dark dream curtains of the night. | 47 | There is no day but has its share of light. | 331 |
| The day came through the orient gates. | 482 | There is no death! The stars go down. | 10 |
| The day o'erbrims with splendor like a rose. | 41 | There is no death, 'tis but a change. | 354 |
| The days come in, and the days go out. | 50 | There is red for the rose and the maiden's cheek. | 48 |
| The despot's heel is on thy shore. | 109 | There is work to do for Jesus. | 449 |
| The earliest flowers of spring. | 161 | There! little girl; don't cry! | 5 |
| The forest stream is choked with yellow leaves. | 83 | There ne'er was filmy bridal veil. | 199 |
| The gates unclasped, the gold aisle oped to her. | 315 | There was an ape in the days that were earlier. | 255 |
| The ghostly heat of summer noon is laid. | 359 | "There was a rose," she said. | 280 |
| The glory has passed from the golden-rod's plume. | 125 | There's a feast undated, yet. | 178 |
| The glow and the glory are plighted. | 38 | There's a flush in the sky of crimson deep. | 12 |
| The harp has lost a precious string. | 349 | There's a sign in the times. | 53 |
| The heart abounds in hope. | 376 | These are the weeping moments of the year. | 253 |
| The heavy debts of those we love. | 120 | They drive the cows home from the pasture. | 107 |
| The "Kindly Light" hath led the willing heart. | 127 | They met in the heat of a Southern sun. | 281 |
| The lake is calm; and, calm the skies. | 185 | They pressed the sculptured lids. | 426 |
| The land is fair in the August light and the shadows lie in swoon. | 355 | They promised me a flower-bed. | 397 |
| The lilies do not toil, and the lilies do not spin. | 241 | They tell me she is dead. | 195 |
| "The little boy that went away," she said. | 414 | They tell me 'twas the fashion. | 488 |
| The lofty mountains lift their heads sublime. | 350 | Think not thy state so poor and mean. | 120 |
| The meadows are fragrant and blooming. | 366 | This holy day which marks the birth. | 440 |
| The meadows flame with golden-rod. | 317 | This iris-tinted shell. | 317 |
| The meadow lilies' scarlet cheeks. | 330 | This is the Burden of the Heart. | 161 |
| The mellow tint of purest gold. | 229 | "This is the house." | 282 |
| The mothers of our Forest-land! | 337 | This is the inner circle of the pines. | 180 |
| The night has a thousand eyes. | 112 | This one sits shining in Fortune's smile. | 117 |
| The night has come, the light has fled. | 350 | This picture placed these busts between. | 254 |
| The pen is still that wrote in living numbers. | 77 | This windy sunlit morning after rain. | 398 |
| The river lifts its morning mist. | 238 | Those little tiffs that sometimes cast a shade. | 118 |
| The river murmured as it glided by! | 196 | Thou airy spirit that hath burst. | 235 |
| The rose's heart is red, so red. | 474 | Thou art an angel of celestial birth. | 224 |
| The scented fields that made the summer's splendor. | 473 | Thou fond chameleon of man's varied thinking. | 491 |
| The shadows of the night are gathering fast. | 385 | Thou glorious splendor, trembling in Art's fane | 396 |
| The shower was over. A little Maid. | 396 | Thou monitor of Winter's reign. | 470 |
| The sunflower, clinging to its stalk. | 90 | Thou sturdy-minded prince of thought, to me. | 386 |
| The sunshine played upon the floor. | 423 | Thou wast not robbed of wonder when youth fled. | 253 |
| The sunshine sleeps upon the market-square. | 33 | Thou wert created first, and I from thee. | 434 |
| The sweetest note of the clearest flute. | 169 | "Three years! I wonder if she'll know me." | 371 |
| The twilight shadows creep along the wall. | 83 | Though British accents your attention fire. | 254 |
| The veil is thin between. | 399 | Though half his suit she favored. | 163 |
| The warm light fades from off the western sea. | 180 | Through all our lives we chase a golden prize. | 120 |
| | | Through mellow sunshine fall the golden leaves. | 120 |

| | | | |
|---|-----|---|-----|
| Thus a maiden, light and fair. | 212 | When Ænon died, I cried. | 83 |
| Thy lips, as if endowed. | 118 | When Bessie died. | 5 |
| Timothy grows in the tangle tall. | 488 | When chestnut burrs grow brusque and brown. | 231 |
| 'Tis a winter's night and the pitiless rain. | 479 | When first I looked into thy glorious eyes. | 386 |
| 'Tis but one more to-morrow. | 287 | When first I met you, little milk-white flower. | 201 |
| 'Tis early morning, and receding night. | 306 | When first we met the nether world was white. | 387 |
| 'Tis moonlight on the mountains. | 72 | "When Greek meets Greek, you know," he | |
| 'Tis the last hour of the dying year. | 450 | sadly said. | 18 |
| Too late you came; my days have sped. | 56 | When grim affliction fills each weary hour. | 360 |
| To miry places me the hunters drive. | 255 | When hawthorn hedges, foaming white. | 356 |
| To sleep! to sleep! The long bright day is | | When Heaven sends sorrow. | 28 |
| done. | 261 | When I was young the twilight seemed too | |
| Touch love with prayer. | 213 | long. | 264 |
| Two days in life I count most fair. | 386 | When last the maple bud was swelling. | 338 |
| Two points upon Life's grand horizon. | 50 | When lesser loves by the relentless flow. | 18 |
| Two souls diverse out of our human sight. | 115 | When morn awoke the sleeping flowers. | 439 |
| Two tireless little feet all day have trotted. | 469 | When my dreams come true. | 4 |
| 'Twas a terrible day, and we spent it fighting. | 330 | When summer stood full-robed in bloom. | 424 |
| 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all | | When the frost is on the punkin and the | |
| through the house. | 382 | fodder's in the shock. | 9 |
| Under my keel another boat. | 162 | When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on | |
| Under the bright room where they lay. | 406 | Eden's green and gold. | 129 |
| Underneath the beechen tree. | 293 | When the midsummer wanes and the fields | |
| Unless thy armor's strongest joint. | 169 | are loud. | 491 |
| Up here in my little room. | 319 | When the mists have rolled in splendor. | 300 |
| Upon the sea the pictured moon. | 163 | When the night comes down. | 241 |
| Upon the valley's lap. | 440 | When the sun in warmth and splendor. | 326 |
| Vain, ah! vain was your art. | 68 | When the young poet wrought so unaware. | 386 |
| Warrior of God, man's friend, not laid below. | 120 | When they go silently. | 300 |
| "Was't yesterday? Yes, 'twas yesterday!" | 372 | Where drowsy willows nod and sigh. | 42 |
| Watched by the stars the sleeping Mayflower | | Where mountains pierce empyrean blue. | 230 |
| lies. | 80 | Where, where will be the birds that sing? | 79 |
| Weary, weary, weary. | 80 | Wherever I wander, up and about. | 149 |
| Wee, tiny thing! thy floral stem. | 368 | Which I wish to remark. | 108 |
| Weep not for me. | 28 | White summer tints the spring's pale cheek. | 362 |
| "Well hit!" (Ah, soft and pale she lay.) | 407 | White water lilies bring I you to wear. | 84 |
| We build with strength the deep tower-wall. | 177 | White, white is the morning! | 96 |
| We are the dead, O Living Rock. | 335 | Whither away, thou brawling stream. | 170 |
| We did not meet in courtly hall. | 445 | "Who shall be greatest?" so asked they of | |
| We light on the fruits and flowers, and purest | | old. | 349 |
| things. | 255 | Who bides his time, and day by day. | 4 |
| We met but for a moment's space. | 92 | Whom first we love, you know we seldom wed. | 184 |
| We met 'neath the sounding rafter. | 251 | Why art thou sad, O soul! | 467 |
| We never meet; yet we meet day by day. | 178 | Why fall the leaves? | 230 |
| We read of a marvelous island fair. | 218 | Why should my heart abide disconsolate. | 200 |
| We sigh in vain to utter. | 429 | Will the day ever come, I wonder? | 18 |
| We strayed together where the path. | 298 | With fingers all knotted and bony. | 310 |
| We were friends and comrades loyal though I | | With pipe and flute the rustic Pan. | 387 |
| was of alien race. | 32 | With outstretched hands I follow thee. | 80 |
| We'll bear our burden as we may. | 426 | With thine compared, O sovereign Poesy. | 120 |
| Were I not I, and could I be. | 180 | Without one kiss she's gone away. | 388 |
| What deeds of son, what deeds of sire. | 22 | Woodman, spare that tree! | 248 |
| What does he think, I would like to know. | 462 | Ye earnest little choir of the pond. | 456 |
| What do I see? | 418 | Ye look to the skies, with your hoary peaks. | 214 |
| "What hundred books are best, think you?" | 255 | Ye must have dropt down last night from the | |
| "What is a gem?" I asked a man of age. | 342 | skies. | 49 |
| What is't to be a Queen? | 418 | Yes, "Laugh, and the world laughs with | |
| What is the North Wind's boast? | 199 | thee." | 442 |
| What new notes to a minstrel may remain? | 128 | Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew. | 59 |
| What profits that the softly fingering light? | 456 | Yes; sweet it was. | 408 |
| What seest thou, where the peaks about thee | | Yon lily star shines in the purple sea. | 317 |
| stand? | 386 | You dear little aeronaut clearing the air. | 50 |
| "What shall I lay on the altar shrine?" | 426 | You knew—who knew not Astrophel? | 384 |
| "What sweets are golden?" | 232 | "Your beautiful Maud is fancy-free." | 305 |
| What thoughts disturb thy downy rest? | 231 | Your poem must eternal be. | 255 |
| What we would do were other's woe. | 48 | Your own fair youth you care so little for it. | 179 |
| What! wilt thou throw thy stone of malice now. | 344 | Young Hildegarde, beside her cottage door. | 174 |
| What would you say. | 288 | | |

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CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1891.

| | |
|--|---|
| JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER Steel engraving by George W. Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y. | Frontispiece. |
| JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY Portrait by Marceau & Power, Indianapolis, Ind. | <i>W. W. Pfrimmer</i> 3 |
| GEORGE COOPER | <i>Mary E. Tyson</i> 11 |
| JULIA C. R. DORR Portrait by Stimpson, Appleton, Wis. | <i>Mrs. George Archibald</i> 15 |
| KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD Portrait by R. F. Hughes, Toledo, O. | <i>Lida Rose McCabe</i> 21 |
| JOHN HENRY NEWMAN Pen and ink sketch by Bradley, Buffalo, N. Y. | <i>I. Arthur King</i> 27 |
| ALICE WERNER | <i>Celeste M. A. Winslow</i> 31 |
| FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON Portrait drawn by George du Maurier, 1872. | <i>Alexander H. Japp</i> 37 |
| JAMES PHINNEY BAXTER | <i>Rev. Anson Titus</i> 40 |
| JOHN B. KETCHUM | <i>Richard H. Jackson, Jr.</i> 43 |
| MARY AUGUSTA MASON Portrait by Cobb, Binghamton, N. Y. | <i>Charles M. Dickinson</i> 47 |
| SELINA TARPLEY WILLIAMS | <i>Claude Baxley</i> 49 |
| WILLIAM WHITTLESEY BADGER From portrait by L. Alman, New York. | <i>Daisy Barnard</i> 53 |
| R. T. W. DUKE, JR. | <i>Henry A. Thurman</i> 55 |
| CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON With portrait. | <i>Nettie Leila Michel</i> 59 |
| ALICE S. DELETOMBE Portrait by W. Z. Fenner, Gallipolis, O. | <i>W. Farrand Felch</i> 65 |
| FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON | <i>Archibald M'Mechan</i> 67 |
| REV. EDWARD P. MARVIN With portrait. | <i>William Glover</i> 71 |
| MRS. ADA STANLEY | <i>I. Robert Norton</i> 72 |
| REV. H. M. GOODWIN, D. D. | <i>N. H. Egleston</i> 73 |
| EMILY GREENE WETHERBEE Portrait by Leck, Lawrence, Mass. | <i>John R. Rollins</i> 77 |
| HIRAM LADD SPENCER | <i>Arthur John Lockhart</i> 79 |
| AURILLA FURBER Portrait by Essers, St. Paul, Minn. | <i>Sarah D. Hobart</i> 83 |
| ELIZABETH WHITE HULL Portrait by H. W. Lawhead, Gilman, Ill. | <i>Lucinda H. Westbrook</i> 85 |
| ELLEN SERGEANT RUDE Portrait by W. A. Cox, St. Augustine, Fla. | <i>Christie Krusen</i> 86 |
| CLEMENT SCOTT | <i>F. A. H. Eyles</i> 90 |
| ORLANDO R. BELLAMY Portrait by Osborn, Oswego, Kas. | <i>Mrs. Angie Beale</i> 95 |
| JEAN INGELow. FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS | 97 |
| ROBERT BURNS. FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS With portrait. | <i>George R. Culheart</i> 102 |
| SINGLE POEMS | 107 |
| PERSONAL POEMS. A COLLECTION OF SONNETS | 112 |
| A COLLECTION OF QUATRAINS | 117 |
| PRIZE QUOTATIONS | 121 |
| QUOTATIONS ON POETRY | 123 |
| CURRENT POEMS | 125 |
| BIBLIOGRAPHY | 130 |
| NOTES | 131 |
| THE EDITOR'S TABLE | 136 |
| BIBLIOGRAPHY OF BOOKS OF POEMS PUBLISHED IN 1890 | 137 |

TERMS.—\$2.00 a year in advance; 50 cents a number. Foreign, nine shillings. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit by post-office or express money order, drawn on New York, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk. Terms to clubs and canvassers on application. Magazines will be sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued. Best number, exchange free, in good condition, or corresponding bound volumes in half morocco, elegant, gilt, gilt top, for \$1.00, subscriber's paying charge both ways. Poems on bound volumes, 35 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.*

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A QUARTERLY REVIEW

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APRIL 1891

CHARLES WELLS MOULTON
BUFFALO N Y

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY.

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1891.

| | | |
|--|--|-----|
| ROBERT BUCHANAN | <i>Lloyd C. Sanders</i> | 147 |
| Portrait by J. C. Armytage. | | |
| FORCEYTHE WILLSON | <i>Edwin H. Lewis</i> | 155 |
| Sketch by Bradley, Buffalo, N. Y., from photo by Sonrel, Boston, Mass. | | |
| ARLO BATES | <i>Henry A. Thurman</i> | 161 |
| Portrait by Marshall, Boston, Mass. | | |
| GEORGE BANCROFT GRIFFITH | <i>I. Arthur King</i> | 167 |
| Portrait by Jackson & Kinney, Portland, Me. | | |
| AUGUSTA MOORE | <i>Frances L. Mace</i> | 169 |
| MARGRET HOLMES BATES | <i>W. DeWitt Wallace</i> | 173 |
| Portrait by Marceau & Fowler, Indianapolis, Ind. | | |
| ALICE MEYNELL | <i>Katharine Tynan</i> | 176 |
| CHARLES LORENZO CLEAVELAND | <i>Charles B. Cross</i> | 179 |
| ROBERT, LORD LYTTON | <i>William Cartwright Newsam</i> | 183 |
| Portrait by Emil Rabending, Vienna. | | |
| PATTERSON LEON MCKINNIE | <i>James A. Sexton</i> | 193 |
| Photogravure by Globe Lithograph Co., Chicago, Ill. | | |
| MARY E. M. RICHARDSON | <i>Lizzie Hyer Neff</i> | 196 |
| Portrait by Labour, Sedalia, Mo. | | |
| HARRIET H. ROBINSON | <i>Lucy Larcom</i> | 200 |
| SIR EDWIN ARNOLD | <i>F. A. H. Eyles</i> | 205 |
| With portrait. | | |
| ORELIA KEY BELL | <i>Mell R. Colquitt</i> | 211 |
| Portrait by Mrs. L. Condon, Atlanta, Ga. | | |
| JOHN H. HEWITT | <i>G. O. Brown</i> | 213 |
| MRS. M. SWAFFORD | <i>Mary E. Cardwill</i> | 217 |
| Portrait by Wright & Holloway, Terre Haute, Ind. | | |
| CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE | <i>Oscar A. Reynolds</i> | 220 |
| LUCIAN HERVEY KENT | <i>H. B. Kent</i> | 223 |
| Portrait by Weatherup, Westfield, N. Y. | | |
| ROBERT KERR | <i>M. S. L. B.</i> | 225 |
| HARRY LAURENZ WELLS | <i>Ella Higginson</i> | 229 |
| With portrait. | | |
| GEORGE W. WEBSTER | <i>Charles Wells Moulton</i> | 231 |
| WILLIAM BURT HARLOW | <i>David F. Monash</i> | 232 |
| With portrait by Dorst, Syracuse, N. Y. | | |
| CHARLES M. DICKINSON | <i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> | 236 |
| With portrait by Evans, Binghamton, N. Y. | | |
| LUCY D. W. FERRIS | <i>J. M. Ferris</i> | 241 |
| With portrait. | | |
| SIR WALTER SCOTT | <i>George R. Cathcart</i> | 242 |
| From a painting by Sir H. Raeburn, 1808. | | |
| SINGLE POEMS | | 245 |
| PERSONAL POEMS. A COLLECTION OF SONNETS | | 252 |
| A COLLECTION OF QUATRAINS | | 254 |
| QUOTATIONS ON WOMAN | | 256 |
| CURRENT POEMS | | 261 |
| BIBLIOGRAPHY | | 264 |
| NOTES | | 266 |
| THE EDITOR'S TABLE | | 269 |
| FRANCIS SALTUS SALTUS. A STUDY OF HIS POETRY. | <i>Thomas S. Collier</i> | 269 |

TERMS.—\$2.00 a year in advance, 50 cents a number. Foreign, nine shillings. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit by post office or express money orders, draft on New York, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk. Terms to clubs and canvassers on application. Magazines will be sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued. Back numbers exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in half morocco, elegant, gilt, gilt top, for \$1.00, subscribers paying charge both ways. Postage on bound volume, 35 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.*

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BUFFALO N Y

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1891.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER | Portrait by Roche, Louisville, Ky. | Frontispiece |
| SARAH M. B. PIATT | Portrait by Guy & Co., Cork, Ireland. | <i>Nettie Leila Michel</i> 279 |
| S. WEIR MITCHELL | | <i>Nettie L. Champion</i> 286 |
| JOHN JAMES PIATT | Portrait by Guy & Co., Cork, Ireland. | <i>Benjamin S. Parker</i> 291 |
| KATE TUCKER GOODE | Portrait by Perkins, Baltimore, Md. | <i>James A. Duncan</i> 297 |
| ANNIE E. HUBBART BARKER | | <i>James G. Clark</i> 299 |
| ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON | Portrait by Watery, London, England. | <i>L. H. D.</i> 303 |
| THERON BROWN | | <i>Hezekiah Butterworth</i> 308 |
| BERTHA MAY IVORY | Portrait by Scholten, St. Louis, Mo. | <i>Eugene Geary</i> 313 |
| RICHARD K. MUNKITTRICK | | <i>Daniel Connolly</i> 316 |
| DEXTER CARLETON WASHBURN | | <i>Charles T. Waller</i> 318 |
| CHRISTOPHER P. FLANDERS | | <i>Justin S. Barrows</i> 320 |
| SARA LOUISA OBERHOLTZER | With portrait. | <i>M. Sheeligh</i> 323 |
| SARAH J. D. STEVENS | | <i>George C. Chase</i> 326 |
| MARION MANVILLE | Portrait by Pryor, La Crosse, Wis. | <i>Margaret H. Lawless</i> 329 |
| SARAH STOKES WALTON | Portrait by Tichenor, Burlington, N. J. | <i>Helen Struthers</i> 332 |
| WILLIAM DAVIS GALLAGHER | | <i>Alfred W. Harris</i> 336 |
| DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH M'GREGOR | Portrait by Wendel, New York. | <i>Thomas Mooney</i> 341 |
| AUGUSTA WEBSTER | | <i>F. A. H. Eyles</i> 343 |
| DENNIS B. COLLINS | Portrait by Lloyd, Troy, N. Y. | <i>James Fitz Simmons</i> 347 |
| CALEB D. BRADLEE | | <i>F. W. Ricord</i> 349 |
| LAURA A. S. NOURSE | Portrait by Atkinson, Moline, Illinois. | <i>A. C. Barney</i> 353 |
| BENJAMIN F. LEGGETT | | <i>Bailey Aldrich Brown</i> 355 |
| JOHN TALMAN | With portrait. | <i>Carrie Lee Steele</i> 359 |
| JOHN M. HARPER | | <i>Helen Manning</i> 361 |
| JOHN W. BARNES | Portrait by Purcell, Macon, Mo. | <i>L. Weber</i> 365 |
| LOTTIE CAMERON EFNOR | Sketch by Bradley, Buffalo, N. Y. | <i>A. A. McBryde</i> 366 |
| EDWARD AUGUSTUS JENKS | With portrait. | <i>Rossiter Johnson</i> 368 |
| JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL | | <i>Jeannette Ward</i> 373 |
| SINGLE POEMS | | 377 |
| PERSONAL POEMS. A COLLECTION OF SONNETS | | 385 |
| A COLLECTION OF RONDEAUS | | 387 |
| QUOTATIONS ON MUSIC | | 392 |
| CURRENT POEMS | | 394 |
| BIBLIOGRAPHY | | 400 |
| NOTES | | 401 |
| THE EDITOR'S TABLE | | 402 |

TERMS.—\$2.00 a year in advance; 50 cents a number. Foreign, nine shillings. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit by post-office or express money orders, draft on New York, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk. Terms to clubs and canvassers on application. Magazines will be sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued. Back numbers exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in half morocco, elegant, gilt, gilt top, for \$1.00, subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on bound volume, 35 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.*

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OCTOBER 1891



CHARLES WELLS MOULTON

BUFFALO N Y

M. R. C.

THE MAGAZINE OF POETRY

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1891.

| | |
|--|--|
| ELLA DIETZ CLYMER | Frontispiece. |
| With portrait by Sarony, New York. | |
| GEORGE BARLOW | <i>Arthur Hervey</i> 405 |
| With portrait by Debenham, Brighton, Eng. | |
| ALONZO HILTON DAVIS | <i>Robert McIntyre</i> 412 |
| SARAH LOUISE MORRIS | <i>Marion E. Clapp</i> 417 |
| With portrait by Melander, Chicago, Ill. | |
| E. P. POWELL | <i>Orin Root</i> 419 |
| CHARLES H. A. ESLING | <i>Maurice Francis Eagan</i> 423 |
| With portrait by Broadbent & Taylor, Philadelphia, Pa. | |
| HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD | <i>Nettie Leila Michel</i> 425 |
| GEORGE MARTIN | <i>John Reade</i> 429 |
| With portrait. | |
| ELLA DIETZ CLYMER | <i>Alma Calder Johnston</i> 432 |
| LUCY M. HEWLINGS | <i>Theron R. Woodward</i> 436 |
| AUGUSTUS A. COLEMAN | <i>Martha Young</i> 439 |
| With portrait. | |
| JULIA A. F. CARNEY | <i>I. Arthur King</i> 441 |
| WINTHROP M. PRAED | <i>Emma Huntington Nason</i> 444 |
| LUCY H. WASHINGTON | <i>Frances E. Willard</i> 446 |
| With portrait by Worden, Boston, Mass. | |
| WILLIAM T. MCAUSLANE | <i>Nellie Townsend</i> 451 |
| EDWARD A. U. VALENTINE | <i>Phebe Davis Natt</i> 455 |
| With portrait by H. B. Shaeffer, Bellefonte, Pa. | |
| LAURA S. R. MCCARTHY | <i>R. N. Webster</i> 457 |
| JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS | <i>Alice R. Huse</i> 461 |
| With portrait by N. H. Reed, Santa Barbara, Cal. | |
| J. WILLIAM LLOYD | <i>Mary Hermo Aiken</i> 463 |
| JAMES THOMAS WARD | <i>J. W. Hering</i> 464 |
| With portrait by Cooper, Westminster, Md. | |
| JAMES SUMNER DRAPER | <i>Ellen Sears</i> 468 |
| MATTHEW JAMES HARVEY | <i>Enoch George Adams</i> 470 |
| With portrait by A. P. Drew, Dover, N. H. | |
| IDA MAY DAVIS | <i>John Clark Ridpath</i> 473 |
| With portrait by Marceau & Power, Indianapolis, Ind. | |
| AMOS BRYANT RUSSELL | <i>Celia H. Marsh</i> 475 |
| With portrait. | |
| EUGENE C. DOLSON | <i>John Edwards</i> 479 |
| With portrait by H. B. Lindsley, Auburn, N. Y. | |
| SINGLE POEMS | 481 |
| CURRENT POEMS | 487 |
| PRIZE QUOTATIONS | 492 |
| BIBLIOGRAPHY | 493 |
| NOTES | 493 |
| THE EDITOR'S TABLE | 494 |
| INDEXES | 495 |

TERMS.—\$2.00 a year in advance; 50 cents a number. Foreign, nine shillings. Booksellers and Postmasters receive subscriptions. Subscribers may remit by post-office or express money orders, draft on New York, or registered letters. Money in letters is at sender's risk. Terms to clubs and canvassers on application. Magazines will be sent to subscribers until ordered discontinued. Back numbers exchanged, if in good condition, for corresponding bound volumes in half morocco, elegant, gilt, gilt top, for \$1.00. subscribers paying charges both ways. Postage on bound volume, 35 cents. All numbers sent for binding should be marked with owner's name. *We cannot bind or exchange copies the edges of which have been trimmed by machine.*

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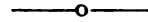


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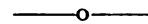
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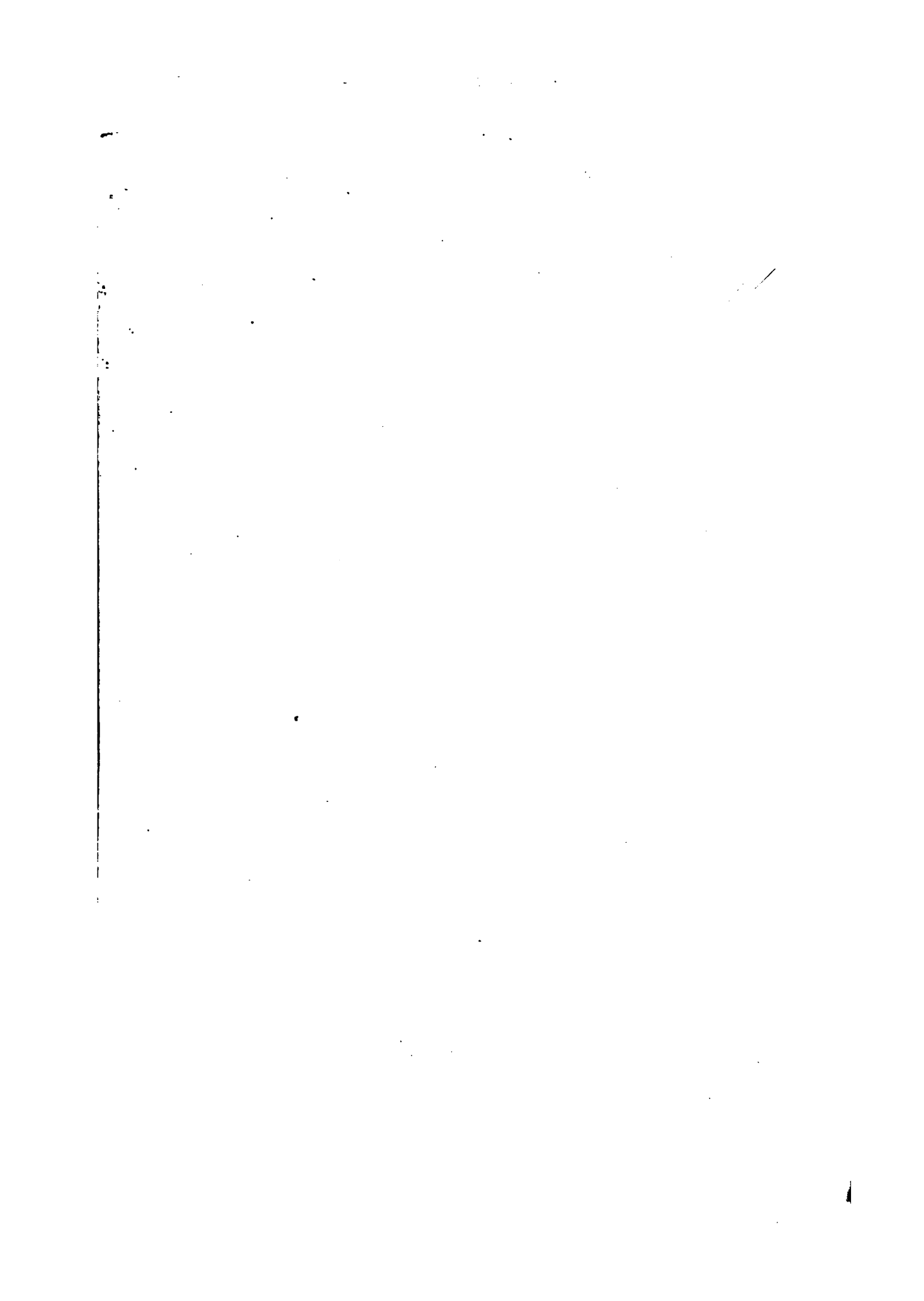
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